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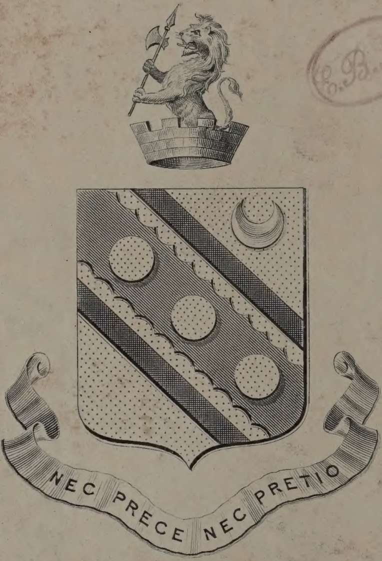
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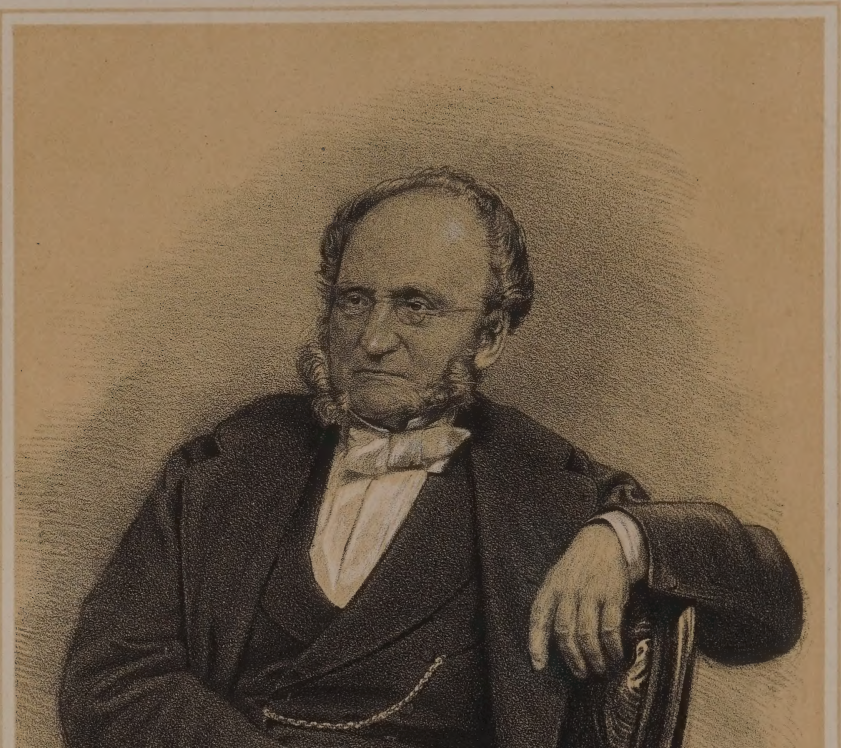

A. B. Granville M.D. FRS

AUTOBIOGRAPHY OF

A. B. GRANVILLE,

M.D., F.R.S.,—BEING

EIGHTY-EIGHT YEARS OF THE LIFE OF A PHYSICIAN

WHO PRACTISED HIS PROFESSION IN
ITALY, GREECE, TURKEY, SPAIN, PORTUGAL, THE WEST
INDIES, RUSSIA, GERMANY, FRANCE, AND ENGLAND.

EDITED,

WITH A BRIEF ACCOUNT OF THE LAST YEARS OF HIS LIFE,
BY HIS YOUNGEST DAUGHTER,

PAULINA B. GRANVILLE.

VOL. I.

HENRY S. KING & CO.,
65 CORNHILL, & 12 PATERNOSTER ROW, LONDON.
1874.

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TO

THE REV. AUGUSTUS KERR,
WALTER LONG,
ARTHUR ALLEYNE,

AND

TO THEIR YOUNGEST SISTER,

PAULINA,

MY BELOVED SURVIVING CHILDREN,

I Inscribe

THE PRESENT RECORDS OF MY LABORIOUS CAREER IN LIFE.

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Page 6, line 28. *For* Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria, *read* Francis.
,, 21, footnote. Le Code de l'Athéisme is erroneously attributed to J. B. Mirabeau, it having been written by Baron d'Holbach.

AUTOBIOGRAPHY

OF

DR. A. B. GRANVILLE.

CHAPTER I.

Birth—Reflections on an infant—Parentage—The Bozzi family—Chevalier Rapazzini—Bevil Granville.

On the seventh day of October, 1783, at early morn, at Milan, Maria Antonietta Rapazzini added a third son to the progeny of Carlo Bozzi, her husband, which in process of time extended to the number of nine children, of all of whom I remain the solitary survivor.

There were festivals and rejoicings on the occasion at the palace of the Postmaster-general of the Austro-Lombard provinces in Milan, which building the father of the new-born infant occupied in virtue of his office as chief in that department, and the young stranger, in accordance with the custom and religious rites of the country, was at once placed under the *patrocinium* of St. Augustine, with the name of Augustus, at the baptismal font.

When a son is born to a father occupying some conspicuous station, a host of reflections present themselves to the anxious and sanguine parents, relations, and even to ordinary friends of the family, as to his future destiny. "What is he likely to be?" Will he exercise any influence over his fellow-men, and carve out for himself a career of usefulness creditable to his kindred? Or is he fated to follow the humdrum course of his nearest ancestors, and die as most die who were "fruges consumere nati," and nothing more?

Such, or pretty nearly, are the conjectures that arise on similar occasions. But no one ever thinks of asking those other questions—"Is this tiny creature—this speck of humanity, now at this moment added to the millions of beings already in existence—destined to exercise any influence, and of what kind, on the fate of other human creatures born at the same instant in his own or in any other country? Will this little stranger exercise any influence on some one or other of the people who occupy a more or less distinguished position in the world, with whom he is likely to come in contact at a future time? Such reflections occur to me now, having before me, besides the recollection of the date of the year and day of my birth, a seemingly inexhaustible mass of written memoranda and reminiscences culled in various parts of the world, and which I, the obscure entity just emerged into existence in one of the streets of Milan, was destined to be connected with or implicated in.

General and public events of importance were not wanting to mark the year of my birth so as to impress it strongly on my memory in after years—none greater or more pregnant with significant results than the declaration of independence by the United States of America. I find many such reminiscences; for example, the suppression of the Academia della Crusca at Florence, the opening of the Campo Santo at Pisa, and the Peace of Versailles, all occurrences of 1783. And was not that terrible convulsion of Nature, which shook the Italian peninsula, destroyed Messina, and (not far from Milan) swallowed up in an instant the city of Casal Nuovo, with its 5000 inhabitants and their Princess Grimaldi, likely ever after to bring to my mind the date of the year in which it was (as the Preacher in Holy Writ says) my "time to be born"?

If from a natural feeling, considering my present position in this country, I experience an inward pride at my connection with English blood on my mother's side, the more intimate relation with my father's line of descent is no less a source of self-gratulation, and has influenced materially my career on many occasions. Carlo Bozzi, my father, filled during a period of sixty years, under the Austrian Archdukes and the subsequent republican government, the place of Postmaster-general—a post analogous to that held by Sir Francis Freeling and by Sir Rowland Hill in this country. In virtue of his office, he, with his family, occupied the half of the large edifice called the Post Office, at the back of the archducal palace; the other half forming the residence of the Director-general. To the latter post, during the subsequent and short reign of the Vice-King placed by Napoleon over Italy, my father might have readily succeeded, from his popularity and seniority, had he not, from innate modesty, which might be called shyness, declined the offered promotion on grounds that showed how indifferent he was to civil distinctions and how free from ambition.

Having passed my youthful days under a rough republican *régime*, neither the pride of genealogy nor the means of making it available ever entered my head. I knew there was noble blood in our family, but I had never made any boast of the fact.

The family of Bozzi is of great antiquity in Lombardy, and the name is peculiar to that part of Italy, being chiefly confined to the branches of a single tree, the founder of which was settled in the town of Arona, situated on the smiling borders of the Lago Maggiore, well known for the colossal bronze statue of St. Charles Borromeo, the pious and philanthropic Archbishop of Milan. Its Latin equivalent in those days was Bosius, or Botius.*

In Milan our own was the only family of that name in a population of 200,000 inhabitants. At Genoa, relatives had long been settled as merchants; and there was also a branch at Verona, where the Museo Bozziano † still exists—a remarkable collection of fossils from the Euganean Hills, presented to the town by one of my ancestors.

In connection with the learned profession I adopted, I may mention that my father was the fifth direct lineal descendant of Bartolomeo Bozzi, or Bosius (as the name was written in the Lombard Latin of the 16th century), well known in the history of Milan as a learned scholar, poet, physician, and the friend of St. Charles Borromeo already mentioned, whom he constantly attended in his pious visits to the pest-hospital and the dwellings of the poor stricken with the terrible plague which, for more than six months, scourged the city of Milan in 1576. Bosius, or Bozzi, had a brother (my great-great-uncle) who settled as a merchant at Genoa at the same epoch, scared away by the plague from his native city of Milan. One of his descendants passed over into Corsica with a government appointment at the time when the all-powerful Republic of Genoa held that island, and there he finally settled. Mazzuchelli, among the writers on the family of Bozzi, cites a Paolo and a Carlo, Christian appellations, by-the-by, which have been religiously preserved and adopted in every subsequent generation. Bartholomew was also a patronymic adopted in the family, such having been the name of Carlo Borromeo's friend and of the Bozzi who made Genoa and Corsica their country.

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* See Mazzuchelliz "Scrittori d' Italia," article Bozzi. My paternal coat-of-arms bears on an azure fess two bulls gules regardant, denoting our unmistakable descent from the aboriginal Italians; for, according to Gellius, the word *Italos* signifying *Bos*, that animal became the symbol of Italy, and hence such families as carried that representation on their shield or escutcheon are descendants of the aboriginal Italians.

† Ittiologia Veronese del Museo Bozziano, colla versione latina. Verona, Giulari, 1796, 2 vols. fol. Del Conte Giovanni Bozzi. Reprinted in Verona in 1808 with many plates.

My father was one of a family of four children—two sons and two daughters, whose mother belonged to the family of Negri, merchant bankers of that name still subsisting in Milan, who claim to be descended from the Negri of Florence.

My mother, Maria Antonietta, was one of four daughters of the Chevalier Rapazzini, who filled an important post under government in the Secretary of State's Department. He was superannuated at eighty-three years of age, and died in 1799, without ever having known a day of ill health or bodily suffering. Rapazzini in 1761 took for a second wife a very young English lady, born in Italy, whither her father, Bevil Granville, a Cornish gentleman implicated in some political troubles, had withdrawn, and where his wife, Rosa Granville, had presented him with a daughter. This daughter, also named Rosa, grew up and was educated in a convent, which she left at the age of fifteen to become the wife of Rapazzini and the mother of his daughter Maria Antonietta, who in due time married Carlo Bozzi, and was my mother.

The Chevalier Rapazzini had been in the habit, to the last week of his life, of calling on foot at our house every day to inquire after the health of the family, and in order to avoid the stairs he always insisted on one or two of the children being exhibited to him on the balcony in the inner court. He was in the act of sipping his chocolate in bed one morning when he expired, eighteen months before reaching a century. He left a son, Antonio Rapazzini, who obtained the place his father had occupied under the government, and became Secretary of State for the Interior in the time of the Cisalpine and Italian Republics during the French occupation, which post he held down to the day of his death, at the age of sixty.

My mother had received an education of the most cultivated kind, including a knowledge of Latin, which enabled her to direct her three boys in their early grammatical exercises and themes. She had read much herself, and possessed the art of applying the varied information she had thus acquired. Two years before the Revolution she had had the honour of being appointed *Lettrice* (Reader) to the reigning Archduchess of Austria.

My father's brother settled in Genoa and engaged in shipping and banking operations, and there, at an advanced age, he died a few years after my visit to him in 1802, leaving a considerable fortune, none of which, however, went to his nephews or nieces. Of my two aunts, one, whom I knew but little, was the widow of a general officer in the Austrian service; the other, Teresa, had early in life retired into a convent, where she lived to a good old age in the exercise of every pious and moral duty. She was permitted to visit her relations in the town, and was a fine portly dame, with much good sense, but little culture.

Up to the period of his death, in 1826, my father had never had a day's illness, and I cannot recollect a single instance of his having kept his bed for a day, or having had occasion for medical advice. The first symptoms of indisposition manifested themselves soon after the visit of Ferdinand, Emperor of Austria, to Milan, on which occasion the Emperor desired my father to be presented to him, that he might reward him for sixty years of faithful service. The excitement of the occasion brought on that illness which proved fatal to him at the age of eighty-three. In his personal appearance, my father exhibited a perfect specimen of the *ancien régime.* He was above the middle height, rather stout, and a good figure. He wore powder to the last, but not with the view of concealing any indication of old age, for not a single hair on his head had turned grey. He persevered—and I think he must have been unique in that respect—in wearing silk stockings with knee and shoe buckles throughout the bustling and stirring times of the revolutionary changes in Italy, when every one hastened to adopt either a republican or a military kind of attire, and when the appearance of hair-powder and silk stockings exposed the wearer to the suspicion of Royalism, and consequently to danger. Even in the worst of weathers, whether on foot or in a carriage, he would not go out otherwise than in such a garb. The last time I saw him was in 1819, when he had attained his seventy-sixth year, on which occasion I presented him to the widow of the great Lord Ellenborough. There was not a wrinkle on his face, and his teeth were as intact and as white as when he was twenty years of age. He lived very abstemiously, took regular exercise, retired to bed early, and never ate suppers, although he dined always at two o'clock. He rose early, and after dinner invariably indulged in half an hour's siesta.

My eldest brother, born in 1780, died on the 29th of July, 1852, after having filled the post of Governor, or Delegato Imperiale, of the city and province of Como first, and next of Bergamo, for a long period of years, not only under the Austrian, but successively under the republican and French rule. He had been created Cavaliere d' Orobiofili and Knight of the Iron Crown by the Emperor Ferdinand, while visiting his sub-alpine provinces and residing in the official palace of his Delegato in Bergamo. Born under the rule of Austria in Italy, and employed by the Austrian government, when the French invaded Lombardy in 1796, he followed the fortunes of Austria, emigrating to avoid the French military conscription. Continuing in the Austrian service under adverse not less than prosperous circumstances, this most excellent man was never abandoned by his superiors, but found at length a dignified repose in an elevated civil position.

CHAPTER II.

1783—99.

Infancy—Remarks on wet-nursing—Go to school at the age of six—An educational question—Mathematics a check to imagination—Enter the Collegio di Merate—Fondness for classic authors and Latin poetry—Obtain a certificate with a qualification—Invasion of Lombardy by the French, and entry of Bonaparte into Milan—A republican ringleader—Return home—A tendency for the Church—"Le Système de la Nature"—Desultory occupations—Try Architecture, Music, and Painting.

It is needless to mention all the marks of affection lavished on the little stranger after he had been recalled from the hands of an honest, handsome, and cheerful wet-nurse, who with her husband, a farming man, lived on the hills of Brianza, the so-called garden of Lombardy, a few miles distant from Milan. No healthier place or more invigorating air could have been selected in which an infant should pass the first two years of his existence. Perhaps I owe my innate taste for cheerful scenery to the hills clad with vineyards, growing in well-cultivated prairies chequered with the tiny lakes of Annone and Pusiano, and traversed by the rapid Adda, which daily met my infant eyes. That taste I have never lost, and it has been a frequent source of gratification to me, whether contemplating a real or a well-painted landscape.

The good nurse, who had lost her own child at its birth, became so attached to her nursling, that throughout the succeeding years of her life she would often make inquiries after him, and send long strings of "castagne secche" (dried chestnuts) for the grown-up *bambino* to munch. Years after, when I visited Milan for the first time since I left home, the good creature hobbled down from her native hills into the "big city," to see and most warmly embrace her foster child.

How do I know that the excellent constitution I have enjoyed through a long life may not have been rendered so by the pure and healthy nourishment I imbibed in my early days, rather than that it was a chance gift due to my birth? With the light of my long experience as a physician, I cannot on general principles assent to the propriety of extending for a lengthened time the period of suckling an infant; still less am I an advocate for a strange wet-nurse, except in extreme cases; but it is better at all events to give an infant alien nutriment from a thoroughly healthy woman, than suffer it to imbibe diseased milk from a mother in bad health, who is herself injured by the process of suckling her offspring. On reflection I am disposed to believe, from many professional facts that have made a great impression on my mind, that in consigning to a vicarious mother a fragile babe inheriting tendencies to disease, not of the body physical only, but of the body intellectual also, those tendencies have been neutralized, if not actually eradicated, by healthy wet-nursing.

After this professional homily, this will perhaps be the place to introduce some remarks that might have been more appropriately inserted in a preface. There is no book, whether on general or special subjects, however insignificant, out of which a reader may not learn something he was ignorant of before. Likewise, in the written life of any individual, however obscure, who has devoted himself to the public service, there will be found in the narrative of its events, faithfully and unreservedly told, some facts, some occurrences or adventures, useful and instructive to some, amusing (perhaps the contrary) to many others. In my own case especially, as a professional man, whatever opinions I may offer from time to time, some tangible advantage may be derived from them as lessons, cautions, or as advice deduced from a long experience, which must thus far be valuable. Of this truth many illustrative examples will be found scattered through these volumes. Furthermore, when an autobiography has been made the butt of supercilious criticism, and condemned, we can still gather from its pages some moral lessons to guard us against vanity, ambition, errors of judgment, precipitate conclusions, and over-sanguine expectations.

I am setting down these reminiscences of my earliest years when within a few months of completing the 88th year of my age. The track is long through which memory will have to shadow forth many events, chapters of accident, and the ups and downs of life.

A sound and healthy constitution does not necessarily imply intelligence, or the disposition to do as you are bidden. Temper may depend on health; but the last does not always ensure a good temper. I perfectly well remember, being sent at six years of age, as a very troublesome boy and much in the way, to learn reading, writing, and arithmetic at a small preparatory school in our neighbourhood. It was kept by an old lady, for whom, and her married daughter, who showed me great kindness, I entertained a sincere regard to the end of their lives.

It was not long before I was transferred to a more important pedagogue named Castoldi, who styled himself "Professor of Mathematics and Classical Learning," and who was desired to initiate me into the mysteries of commercial matters, as my father intended I should become a merchant. At all events, here was a step in the education of an unruly boy. I think that my progress at this second academy was slow, and by no means promising. There were too many idle schoolfellows. The most vivid impression I retain is that of reading out on one occasion, by way of exercise, a circumstantial and detailed account of the death of Louis XVI., in the "Milanese Gazette," extracted from the "Gazzetta di Lugano," then the most popular journal of the day for foreign news. I was much affected by that tale of blood, and shed tears, for which I got well laughed at. But the perusal of that single event was the turning-point to my frivolous young mind for more serious reading, and history, whether ancient or modern, became henceforth my favourite occupation during the hours of recreation. This habit of serious reading accompanied me through the academic institutions or colleges I was placed in afterwards, and had the effect of withdrawing me from the greater number of my companions, whom I beheld daily engaged in sports and games in the playground during their leisure hours.

Livy and Tacitus became my favourite authors when I had reached my twelfth year, and the daily themes on Cornelius Nepos given to me by my master, led me to look for a richer biographical store of information in Plutarch, which formed one of the principal books in the upper classes of the "literæ humaniores." My acquaintance with Latin, in which I had made steady progress, enabled me to enjoy these writers, whose difficulties of style I overcame by referring to the editions "in Usum Delphini."

Were it allowable to one who writes his own biography to make a leap from twelve years of age to the "three-score years and ten," and by the aid of accumulated knowledge and experience to judge and determine which is the preferable education for the first of the two mentioned periods, I should condemn at once the mode of training very young people's minds which was adopted in my own case, a mode more or less pursued still among most continental nations.

A writer at the commencement of the eighteenth century, in an essay "Sur l'Esprit humain," declares that, "En pédagogie, comme en médecine, il faut s'en tenir à l'expérience; et un vieux praticien vaut cent fois mieux qu'un innovateur spéculatif qui ne sait que soutenir des thèses et débiter des paradoxes." This is all very well as a bit of eloquence, but the many improvements in public instruction that have taken place since the date of the essay in question, show that progress has been made when old experience has been disregarded. "Mathematics," said Abbé la Chapelle, when treating of the nature of that science, "is a study that extinguishes imagination. To combine, therefore, the study of writers in classical learning, which is intended to give a full development to the imagination of young people, with mathematics, is an injudicious association in our system of the earliest education. The theory of numbers has a captivating attraction on some young minds. They feel so attached to it, that some of the ancient writers whose language they are expected to learn (and when we say language, we mean sentiment and opinions) become utterly indifferent to them. Hence a slow or difficult progress in the very branch of knowledge which is to form the true foundation of a complete gentlemanly education. Besides, the time required for mastering this desirable object is necessarily so lengthened by its own inherent difficulties, that to charge the mind at the same period of life with an additional subject of learning which demands undivided attention, is to paralyze it between two pursuits, the complete success of either of which is thus rendered unattainable."

This is what I experienced when placed under the before-named Castoldi, a well-known teacher of Latin and mathematics. I became only a tolerable arithmetician and a sorry Latin scholar until, by good luck, an acquaintance of my mother, the Padre Emenegildo Pini, Professor of Experimental Philosophy in the Lyceum of S. Alessandro, recommended that I should be entered as a pupil in that establishment (an analogous one to our St. Paul's school), directed by the Padri Barnabiti. This religious confraternity was universally held to be not inferior to the Jesuits as teachers, though they professed different psychologic and ethic principles. This high school, or Lyceum, situated in the centre of Milan, enjoyed great and merited reputation for learning and science. There I studied the Latin grammar, the literæ humaniores, poetry, both Latin and Italian, and received the first rudiments of mechanical philosophy. I still remember some of the rudimentary experiments in that science, with which chemical knowledge was combined, and which our friend Padre Pini showed us in class. To that single fact I owe my after-life attachment to experimental science, which I was destined at a distant period of my life to impart to others in a public medical school in London.

At the age of fourteen my father removed me from this public school, and placed me in the same college in which my two elder brothers had been educated, and in which I remained eighteen months, visiting my family only during the few holidays, which were not of long duration. As the school of S. Alessandro was preparatory to the collegiate rule of Merate, the place to which I was now sent, so was the Collegio di Merate the introductory institution to the University of Pavia, which was to be my ultimate destination.

Merate, twenty miles from Milan, is an exceedingly pretty and healthy village among the undulations of the Cisalpine range of hills, in the same joyous district of Brianza in which I had been nursed. The Adda, a very important river issuing from the lake of Lecco, only a few miles distant, was but a short walk from the college, and afforded an opportunity for boating as at Eton and Oxford, with this difference, that we had here a rapid and deep stream of real *aqua cærulea.* At this college severer studies were pursued, and I acquired a still greater taste for historical reading: Tacitus, Livy, Polybius, besides Cæsar and Plutarch, being my favourite authors. I did not neglect Mathematics, in which, however, I made but slow progress, finding them to interfere with my other more congenial studies. On the contrary, I took warmly to Latin poetry; Virgil, Horace, and Ovid being ever in my hands. I also made steady advances in Latin versification, a pursuit in which I was much encouraged by the Professor of *Belles Lettres.*

At the distribution of prizes at the termination of the first term of my collegiate education, I received "il primo premio di Poesia;" but the announcement of the prize was accompanied by a qualifying opinion of my personal character from the Rector, which greatly damped the satisfaction of my parents. I was reported to be of a restless disposition, of an aspiring spirit, always dissatisfied with the present, and aiming at bringing about changes in the plan and management of the institution to which I belonged. Nor had I been calumniated in that respect. The circumstances which induced this restlessness of disposition were more than sufficient to produce it in a vigorous youth full of life and health, not ill looking, and otherwise socially accomplished, who had constituted himself the centre of a circle of young collegians whose parents were almost all acquainted one with the other, forming a class apart and select in the society of the capital.

The very nature of my classical readings—the story of Virginius, of Caius Licinius, and far more modern annals, that of Nicolo Rienzi the Roman tribune, whose life, written in Latin, we read in secret; all this, coupled with the surreptitious perusal of political newspapers, in which we found the stirring proclamations of the new republican government, tended to make me desire to become a *caporione*, a ringleader in fact.

The French had invaded Italy, and had been for about two years masters of Milan, which city Bonaparte had constituted the capital of the Cisalpine Republic. The impression left on my mind on the 15th of May, 1796, of the first sight of the "little man" who commanded the troops that had just crossed the Alps to drive the Imperial Eagles of Austria from the fair face of Lombardy, is as vivid at this day as in that on which I first received it. An under-sized man, with a lank, sallow face, rather compressed than meagre, or, as he himself used to say, "J'étais un vrai parchemin"; with sparkling eyes, overshadowed by straight black hair, which, descending over a large forehead, came down the sides of the head and touched the shoulders. A grey overcoat covering a double-breasted uniform edged with gold embroidery, and buttoned up to the chin; a black neck-cloth, a tri-coloured sash round his waist; white cashmere breeches, and top-boots well spurred, but rusty looking, and a small, square, black cocked hat with ostrich feathers and a tiny tri-coloured cockade under a gold loop completed the costume. His sword was in its scabbard, not carried in the right hand, as was the case with all who followed him. Riding a white horse that seemed nearly exhausted with fatigue, he came at an easy pace through the Porta Romana towards the archiepiscopal palace, in which he was to take up his residence, and in the vicinity of which we lived. He was followed by his tattered infantry battalions, the heroes of Montenotte, Millesima, and Lodi, looking very much like the tatterdemalions Falstaff refused to lead through Coventry. Reviewing them shortly after, "Soldats," said Bonaparte, "vous êtes nus, mal nourris; on nous doit beaucoup!" and soon were these famished and weary soldiers fed, newly equipped, and officered by men who, as they defiled past us in the Piazza del Duomo, were pointed out as Massena, Augereau, Berthier, Lannes, Victor, and the young aide-de-camp at the battle of Mondovi, Murat, destined to become the commander-in-chief's brother-in-law, Governor of Milan, and lastly King of Naples; he who, the son of an innkeeper, exclaimed, when led to execution as a deposed king, "Malheureux Prince!"

The opportunities of seeing Bonaparte while he remained in Milan were many, and I used to avail myself eagerly of them, that I might gaze on the man whom I already considered "L'homme du Siècle." Josephine, his wife, and Caroline, his sister, I used likewise often to see.

On the 22nd of September of the same year I witnessed another but more imposing display of the French troops, during a great public festive demonstration to celebrate the fifth anniversary of the French Republic. Bonaparte and his wife were then established in the Palazzo Serbelloni, a magnificent building in the great public gardens of Milan. Many a time I beheld them walking in those gardens while the military band was playing to the air composed by Chenier:—

"La République nous appelle,
Sachons vaincre ou sachons périr;
Un Français doit vivre pour elle,
Pour elle un Français doit mourir."

Those two republican listeners to that patriotic canticle from the balcony of the Duke Serbelloni, would, in a few more years, encircle their brows with the imperial diadem of Gaul and with the Iron Crown of the Lombards!

The French army had not long been in undisputed possession of Lombardy before the republican doctrines which they strove to disseminate penetrated into the retired cloisters of our college at Merate, and got the mastery of my weak and inexperienced judgment. Many of the principal citizens had adopted republican doctrines, although with the people the sight of a French soldier would frighten them as much as a Croat of the Austrian army had done before. But in a fresh proclamation we were told: "The French nation is the friend of all nations. Gather around our flags in confidence: your religion, your property, your customs will be religiously respected," and we believed! What, however, gave us unbounded satisfaction, was the establishment of an independent republican government for the whole north of Italy, at the head of which were placed the most notable of our fellow-townsmen—Melzi and Sommariva. This gave us confidence, and when we learned at college that a stable government had been formed, with responsible ministers, all Italians, our joy knew no bounds. For my part I became a determined "Patriota," a denomination answering to that of the French "Jacobin," and in that character I set about making proselytes among those who were opposed to the new order of things.

So successfully was this carried out that at last we rose in a body, disclaiming all kinds of discipline, and contrived to plant a Tree of Liberty in the centre of the great playground of the college. Around this we assembled to swear fealty to the republican government, and I delivered an extempore oration on the occasion, reminding my hearers of the glorious days of Roman liberty of which we read daily. A manuscript ode, written by myself, who was called "il poeta" (the poet) by my fellow-collegians, was sung to a patriotic tune of the day well known among the boys, the senior class (i maggiori) joining us almost unanimously. The affair in the course of a few weeks became so serious that the clerical heads of the college deemed it right to have recourse to the minister of police, Count Porro, then only Citizen Porro.* He came down with an escort, and addressing us in very flattering language, promised that our demand to have a regular uniform while at college should be complied with. The introduction also of several alterations in our hours of study and recreation was to be duly considered.

My position after this disturbance became anything but pleasant, and as friend after friend left for home, some because their period of college life had expired, others because desirous to avail themselves of the regular autumnal holidays, I saw myself left almost alone to meet the bad humour and scowls of the Reverend Fathers. But I had an object to gain in continuing at college, which was to qualify myself more thoroughly for my examination for matriculation at the university. Accordingly I availed myself of the skill and learning of Padre Ambrogio, a young member of the confraternity, and a man of very superior attainments, who had taken a great fancy to me. I continued my classical readings with him unremittingly, and obtained at last the privilege of being privately examined once more, and this time carried off more creditable certificates from the college.

My reception by my father, notwithstanding these credentials, was not so warm as I could have wished. My dear mother, who had been in the habit of looking over my Latin exercises when I used to come home in the evening from the elementary school, hearing me now read off-hand in Italian some of Cicero's epistles to Tullia, and an ode or two of Horace in the Milanese dialect, could not resist the pleasure of embracing her child, who now stood before her almost a grown-up man, and she interceded for a kinder reception from my father. He, however, could not so readily get over his antipathy to my leaning to the Jacobinical doctrines of the French. Born and bred under Austrian rule, and trusted and honoured by them, he could not in so abrupt a manner turn round and become a Jacobin himself.

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* This person became not long afterwards, on the return of the Austrians, one of the persecuted patriots whom Silvio Pellico mentions in his interesting work "Le mie Prigioni;" and, singularly enough, a couple of years later, Porro and I found ourselves shut up together in the House of Detention as Jacobins, the same in which many years afterwards Pellico himself was confined.

Father and son were reconciled at last, and now the question arose as to what should be done with the son. There was in the University of Pavia (which had of late years outstripped the famed University of Padua) a scholarship left to the family of Bozzi, in the Collegio Borromeo,* by our ancestor, the physician of the holy Milanese cardinal of that name, and that scholarship, which had already served in the education of my two elder brothers, John and Anthony, was a great temptation. But the question was, for what particular pursuit in life should my university education be undertaken? When consulted in the matter—and at sixteen in those times (when the military conscription carried off all boys as good for soldiers) a youth was considered capable of joining a family council—I hesitated, and in reality did not know what I should like to be. At one period of my earliest schooldays I had shown a great inclination for the Church, had often attended the services as a young acolyte at mass, or joined the singing choir in the organ-loft. On one terrific occasion, in the first month of my sojourn at the College of Merate, I had been blinded by lightning which struck the bells of our chapel while they were being rung during prayers, to which we had been summoned with the hope of allaying the storm. One of the boys was killed, while all the rest, bent on their knees before the altar, were prostrated and benumbed by the electric fluid. My feelings were so impressed by this occurrence, that I then almost made a vow to devote myself to the service of the Church. Indeed, soon after this time I had contrived while at home to convert an empty room adjoining our sleeping apartments into a little chapel with an altar, over which was an image of the Virgin Mary, before whom were lighted wax candles. At this altar I used to go through the full ceremony of the mass, with one of my young brothers as acolyte, the proper vestments being supplied by my two sisters, the incense by the cook, and I was sorely vexed if the rest of the young family did not attend. In fact, it became a settled point that I was to be "il prete della famiglia"—the parson of the family.

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* Botius, or Bozzi, the physician and friend of St. Charles Borromeo, obtained from him, in 1558, two perpetual scholarships (Borse) on behalf of the Bozzi family when the Archbishop founded the college in Pavia, which has ever since been known under the name of Collegio Borromeo.

The arrival of the French, however, put to flight all ideas of that kind, and the perusal of "Le Système de la Nature," incorrectly attributed to one of the leading philosophers of the revolution,* completely extinguished all my clerical inclinations. I shall have to confess in the course of this narrative how much harm the reading of this book had done me, and how happy I feel at the reflection that the subsequent continuous perusal of Holy Writ under English interpretation, has served to restore that peace of mind and assurance as to my future destiny which my initiation into the contents of the work just mentioned had completely destroyed.

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* This work, justly styled "La Code de l'Athéisme," which many years after suggested an analogous book in this country—"Vestiges of Creation"—was attributed for some time to Diderot, and at one time to Dettolbach, two of the leading encyclopedists who brought about the French Revolution. It was again attributed to Mirabeau, the eloquent orator of the États-Généraux; but here lies the error, for it was not he, but a relative of his, Jean-Baptiste Mirabeau. He also published other philosophical works of the same character, such as "Réflexions sur l'Évangile" (London, 1769), and the "Examen Critique du Nouveau Testament" (London, 1777).

Notwithstanding the state of doubt and suspense I was in as to my probable position in the world, I was not idly disposed; on the contrary, I occupied my time in acquiring what might be considered mere accomplishments. Full of indulgence, my father suffered me to wânder from one course of learning to another, feeling convinced that this desultory plan would fix me at last to one which could be turned into a profession. At all events, if it did not, the variety of knowledge I should acquire, all referable to the fine arts, would turn to my benefit whatever my ultimate profession might be.

Milan is endowed with a vast public establishment called the Brera, due to the Jesuits, who in 1572 erected an immense college of Roman architecture by Richini,* in which are contained an extensive public library of 250,000 volumes, a gallery of pictures, a cabinet of coins and medals, a school of design, and finally, an observatory rendered classical by the celebrated astronomer Criani, the friend of Maskelyne and Herschel, and whom I had also the honour of knowing. To these several sections of the great establishment I had daily access, passing generally four hours in the library and the rest of the day in attending lectures on the fine arts, confining myself especially to architecture. In the latter pursuit I was much encouraged by my cousin Pietro Pestagalli, the architect of the Duomo or Cathedral, who had erected the Scurolo or Crypt of St. Charles Borromeo, the great altar of S. Fedele, and the large saloon in the office of the Land Census, then the largest room having neither pillars, posts, nor any coved arches whatever to support the flat roof. This room, which afforded table-space for some hundreds of clerks to draw and plan the territorial possessions of all the landed proprietors in the Austrian provinces of Lombardy, is still an object of curiosity for strangers to visit.

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* Now called Palazzo delle Scienze e delle Arti. It is the permanent seat at the same time of the Instituto Reale delle Scienze di Milano.

In architecture I made considerable progress; so much so, that I almost fancied myself intended for an architect, and some hints passed that I should enter my cousin's office. Music, which was also taught classically in the Brera, in its turn attracted my volatile disposition for three or four months, during which time I attended the lectures on thorough-bass and composition of Zingarelli, a composer of many operas between 1790 and 1806. This ended in enabling me to compose a few waltzes, contre-danses, and canzonettes for the guitar, an instrument then much in vogue among serenading youngsters, and that was the only result of my musical tuition. In this matter I have ever since thought that I made a great mistake in not adhering to my music-master, who had formed some of the best composers of his time—Generali and Mercadante, for example, the latter the rival of Paer and Rossini in subsequent years.

With these multitudinous ways of running after general knowledge, which occupied the six days in the week, one might imagine that enough was done to enable me to fix on some definite plan of profitable education. My dear mother, however, whose portrait had just been painted by the celebrated Signora Corneo, had noticed how earnestly and attentively I had contemplated that lady in her operations. The fair artist herself appeared flattered, and taking a liking to the stripling, proposed she should perfect the drawings he had commenced at the Brera, and instruct him in the art of colouring. The offer, eagerly accepted by me, was assented to by my parents, and as no other day in the week was at my disposal, Sunday, after mass, was chosen for one hour's lesson. After a few lessons the hour was extended to two, until at last our *séances* became the subject of *sotto voce* whisperings among the servants. This coming to the ears of my father, he at once and peremptorily desired me to desist from my visits to the studio of the Signora Corneo. Of course a few Sundays thus passed were not likely to make a Titian of me; nevertheless, the pupil had been so enthusiastic, and so encouraged in his work, that he actually presumed to sketch and colour his instructress's handsome countenance. With this souvenir I never parted until, with other of my traps, it went to the bottom of the sea off the Berlingas Rocks on the coast of Portugal, when the English man-of-war schooner, the *Millbrook*, was shipwrecked in the month of April, 1808, on board of which vessel I was assistant-surgeon.

CHAPTER III.

1799—1801.

What is he to be?—Enter the University of Pavia—Ugo Foscolo—Zeal for republicanism—Monti—An amateur actor—Italy's invaders—Arrested and imprisoned in S. Antonio—Professor Rasori and others my companions—Transferred to a convent—Manzoni—Spallanzani: his discoveries—Antonio Scarpa—Professor Rasori and the Brunonian doctrine—Volta: his discovery of voltaic electricity.

THIS desultory life was not likely to continue long. Tempus fugit! and I was not in the position to exclaim, with the coolness of Sixtus V., "et dum fugit calefaciamus nos," for while he had clutched the splendid tiara he had coveted, my own lot, or chance of being anything in the world, was undetermined. No advance had yet been made towards a proper selection of a profession that should secure me a comfortable status in the world.

My father's landed property consisted of farms near Lodi and Parma, where, besides the usual cultivation of rice, maize, and corn, cheese was made and silkworms were reared, in which last interesting occupation, by-the-by, I took no small share as a boy. But no agricultural speculations are more uncertain than silk farming; the alternatives of a successful year or the reverse being most discouraging. Savings in money, which my father had been careful to place as portions or dowries for his daughters in the Bank of St. George at Genoa, a species of national bank well known for its stability and honour, had been swept away by the French generals on their overthrow of the old Genoese Republic. These treasuries were confiscated, and no one was more rapacious at that kind of work than Massena, whom I often met riding to the Palazzo Doria, a little way out of Genoa, which he had usurped for his own head-quarters. The official appointment of my father, with the advantage of a residence, were sufficient to sustain that style of living which the head of a public department was expected to maintain; but there was no surplus to rely upon for the establishment of a family, seven of whom were living. This consideration made it imperative that the third son should apply himself seriously to some plan for securing a subsistence. Fortunately, a good friend of the family, the celebrated Doctor Rasori, who occupied the post of Rector of the University of Pavia, in which he also filled the chair of pathology, stepped in to decide the important question, and it was determined that his young friend should be educated for a physician. Accordingly I was entered at the University of Pavia.

Professor Rasori had recently returned from the University of Edinburgh, whence he had brought the two Latin volumes of the new doctrine of the Brunonian system, which he had translated into the Italian language, and not long afterwards converted into his own peculiar and antagonistic system, entitled "Del Contrastimolo."

By a happy coincidence, Rasori having been commissioned by the republican government of the day to investigate a terrible epidemic which was ravaging the city of Genoa, he selected me, an undergraduate of one and a half year's standing, to accompany him in the capacity of his medical secretary. During my short stay in that superb marble city, I had the advantage of my uncle's hospitality. Of him I have spoken before. Here it was that my personal acquaintance commenced with Ugo Foscolo, whose name had become a household word in Italy through his "Ultime lettere di Jacobo Ortis," recently published. He was at the time a subaltern in the Cisalpine army. I met him again at Milan in 1814, when he had been promoted to the rank of major in a foot regiment. He had then published "I sepolcri," and was one of the most ardent advocates for the regeneration of Italy, for which reason he was compelled to flee from Genoa and betake himself to England, where, at his cottage near Regent's Park, we often met before his death. Here he made many friends who, eminent scholars themselves, knew how to appreciate and rightly value the Italian poet and Philhellene.

As soon as the professor's report was complete we returned to the university. No student could have been more fortunate than I was during the three years (or four medical sessions) extending from 1799 to 1802. I had the benefit of being trained under such men as Joseph Frank, Spallanzani, Moscati, Scarpa, and Volta, at that time the great luminaries of the University of Pavia, destined most of them to become such to the world at large. It is the pride of my old age to be able to look to the scientific as well as to the friendly correspondence which the two last-named philosophers, as well as Professor Rasori, condescended to carry on with their former pupil down to the time of their death—Volta in 1826, Scarpa in 1832, and Rasori, to whom I owe so much, in 1834. At that time I was in full practice as a physician in London, a fact on which those good old teachers never failed to congratulate me in their letters. Such autographs are precious memorials which I happily preserve and religiously keep, with many other valuable documents of early life that did not accompany me in my seafaring excursions.

It was expected by my family that no further difficulty could possibly intervene during the fixed period I should have to pass at the university. The state of the country seemed to promise peace, at all events for that short time, and the tendency towards French and republican doctrines having become more general, the tranquillity of our seat of learning was deemed secure. But "Fata obstant." During a short absence of Bonaparte from Milan, both that metropolis and other neighbouring cities, including Pavia, revolted, sounded the tocsin, and looked for the return of Beaulieu and Wurmser, the ejected German generals, who had been hovering almost at the gates of Milan. Quickly the Hero of Lodi sped back with a handful of grenadiers and three hundred cavalry, and soon restored order in the capital, shooting a few of the ringleaders. At the same time young General Lannes, being despatched to repress a popular tumult at Pavia which menaced the city as well as the students, who had all declared for the new order of things, captured and shot seventy or eighty rebels, and pursued the rest of them as far as Binasco, a village half-way to Milan, to which he set fire, destroying both the village and the inhabitants, who had raised the Austrian standard. General Lannes insisted on the university studies being continued. No change was to be made in our condition, and the university buildings were placed under the protection of the military. It is scarcely necessary to note that a large majority of the undergraduates were rank Jacobins at heart like myself; not the medical students only, but most of the undergraduates in all the other faculties.

Since the glorious establishment of the Kingdom of Italy under the Red Cross of Savoy, many are the names I have remarked in the public journals of persons who had been fellow-collegians of mine. Some of these, or their fathers, had while in Milan, during the short vacation, frequented with me what were called "Circoli Constituzionali," there to spout ribaldry and republican nonsense, and had joined me in editing and publishing a daily sheet, entitled "Giornale senza titolo," principally intended to extol the French and depreciate the Austrians, as well as the other governments that were in alliance against France. I perfectly remember that the worst diatribes against Thugut,* the powerful minister of Francis II. of Austria, and the successor of Minister Kaunitz, and also against Pitt, the premier of England, were indited by myself, who knew as little of the political state of England as I knew of that of Japan. But abuse of the English was the great point, and I, as the "Inglesino" (a family sobriquet), was selected for that important object. Some of the lampoons were choice poems!

My zeal for the promotion of republicanism stopped short at nothing which did not interfere with my attendance on my classes. When at Milan, I joined Villa, Cattaneo, Pallavicini, Ugo Foscolo, and Monti, the celebrated poet, author of "Aristodemo," to represent the tragedies of Alfieri in a large-sized theatre erected by a society called Filodrammatici, composed of several gentlemen who had purchased a church (!) from the government, in which the theatre was established, called Teatro Filodrammatico, which still exists by the side of the Teatro della Scala. In this amateur theatre I took my part, acting with Signora Monti, the wife of the poet, as splendid a figure of Juno as any sculptor or painter could desire to represent. The performances, which were gratuitous, and by private admission only, were attended by all the *élite* of Milan, and likewise by many distinguished families from the provinces. In fact, it had become the height of fashion to be admitted to the Teatro Filodrammatico, the amateur actors of which could vie with the best professional artists, aided as we were by such an accomplished tragedian as Signora Monti herself, to whose histrionic celebrity Madame Ristori alone in modern times has approached. Whether through her influence, or from a youthful ambition to be noticed and made much of, I became at last so attached to my new occupation that I almost neglected my more serious studies, and would absent myself from college on the paltriest excuse.

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* The very humble origin of this minister lent a handle to all the squibs thrown at him. His father was a boatman, whose real name was Tunicotto—Germanice, Thunicht; in French, Vaurien. The Empress Maria Theresa, in creating him a baron, changed his name to Thugut (do well).

The mild but incessant remonstrances of my dear mother, the representations of a much attached elder sister, and, lastly, the pressing arguments of a fair member of our philodramatic corps—la Signora Gavazzi, a most charming person, who in due time became the mother of the famed "Father Gavazzi," well known in London—all this pressure, gently exercised on a sensitive heart and mind for the purpose of dissuading me from the pursuit of a desultory mode of life, had the desired effect, and for a time I applied myself, seriously as well as incessantly, to the business of my medical education.

Unfortunately the political state of Italy at that epoch was one not at all calculated to favour a continuation of so desirable an improvement in my character and conduct. The reputation of a Jacobin I had originally earned by my conduct at the College of Merate accompanied me in private life to Milan, and also to the university. Had the new order of things established in Lombardy continued, that circumstance might have proved of service to me. But the sudden restoration of the old Austrian rule in Milan, brought about by the repeated losses sustained by the French troops commanded by Moreau, Serrurier, Championet, Scherer, and others, who at last were totally defeated by the Austro-Russian armies commanded by Suwarow, entirely altered the aspect of affairs, and rendered that reputation not only unsafe, but a dangerous qualification of my character.

On the 29th of April, 1799, Suwarow at the head of his victorious troops had marched into Milan, having before rested some days in Pavia, when the undergraduates had the opportunity of beholding an almost semi-barbarous reception of one of the sons of the Emperor Paul, the young Archduke Constantine, who had been sent by his father to learn the art of war at the head-quarters of so famous a captain. It was my destiny to behold this young prince, a mere stripling then, thirty years later at the head of sixty thousand Polish soldiers, part of whom he was reviewing outside Warsaw, where he ruled as Viceroy of Poland.*

Thus had the Austrians retaken the capital of Lombardy, which they had surrendered three years before to General Bonaparte, now far away in Egypt. In this achievement they were mainly and powerfully aided by the great Russian commander at the head of several thousand soldiers, a motley mass, as I perfectly well remember, consisting of Russians, Cossacks, Kalmucks, and every race of barbarian of which the great northern empire of Russia was then composed. The terror inspired by these hordes of semi-savages on their approach to Milan was such, that a deputation was despatched to the commander-in-chief, humbly soliciting him to direct that the Kalmucks in particular, and the Cossacks if possible, should encamp outside the wall. The lower classes believed that the Kalmucks were anthropophagi, and that they had hooks to their fingers and toes. The reputation of the Cossacks was not so terrific, but their pilfering propensity, and their filthy habit of swallowing any offal that came in their way, of which frequent examples had been witnessed in the towns through which these irregular troops had marched on their road to the capital of Lombardy, had rendered them objects of disgust, if not of so much terror as their kindred fellow-soldiers from Tartary.

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* See my work on Russia, "St. Petersburg," vol. ii., p. 529, 2nd edition.

Suwarow complied in part with the solicitations of the Milanese, although by the rigour of his discipline and the severity of his punishments of all military offenders he rendered himself hateful at the same time. The Italians, however, had not long to lament the presence of their Russian invaders; for disputes having arisen between the two chiefs of the Austro-Russian armies occupying the north of Italy, and the Court of St. Petersburg having about this time shown symptoms of receding from the general crusade against France, Suwarow with his many thousand followers withdrew from Lombardy into Switzerland, there to meet a more equal match to himself for skill and bravery than he had encountered in Scherer and Championet, the two French generals whom Suwarow had defeated with so much ease in the plains of Lombardy. Massena fully atoned for the blunders of his two countrymen, and among the Helvetic mountains he taught a severe lesson to the Russian commander, from the effects of which he never fully recovered. The departure of the Russians, I remember, diffused universal joy in the bosom of every citizen, and once again the public streets and gardens were thronged with women and children, who had before entirely withdrawn from the public gaze through the terror which the unbridled licentiousness and violence of the northern soldiery had spread abroad.

With the Austrian army there came from Vienna to Milan a Count Cocastelli (a species of Germano-Italian Fouché) as the imperial representative and Commissario del Governo to administer the Lombard provinces. Armed Austro-Russian troops occupied every part of the extinguished Cisalpine Republic, and the old Austrian *régime* was once more re-established, punishing severely and in the most arbitrary manner all such persons as would or could not conform with the new order of things.

One of the very striking changes which the French invasion of Italy in 1796 had brought about in the habits of society, was a relaxation of religious discipline and of the observance of its duties. The suppression of almost all the convents and nunneries, and the shutting up of the churches, together with the prohibition of all Church festivals and processions, of which the Milanese had been remarkably fond in olden times, could not but tend to diminish the zeal for and attachment to religion, and ultimately to almost obliterate both. Not satisfied with closing the temples of God, many of these had been converted by the leading Jacobins into debating-rooms, or arenas where any person so inclined might attend, and, under the protection of its title of Circolo Constituzionale, take part in the public discussions which were held every night on subjects principally political and anti-religious.

At one of the principal of these clubs, not far from our residence, I used to be a frequent attendant, and young as I was I would often ascend the Tribuna, as it was called, but which was no other than the pulpit of the church, and in extempore speeches (rhapsodies they must have been) I would address the congregated multitude in warm and often violent language against the antiquated archducal system, and in support of the great innovation then going on throughout Italy. My good father, who had always been a staunch adherent to the House of Austria, and who with difficulty could reconcile himself to the republican spirit of the times, viewed my conduct with displeasure, and often in his mild and placid manner strove to dissuade me from the course I was pursuing. But the spirit of liberty and equality had seized my brain, and I was delighted at being hurried along with so many thousands of my fellow-citizens by the whirling rapids of republicanism.

I was a mere youth in 1799, little more than sixteen years of age, when I entered as an undergraduate in the University of Pavia, a scholar in the Collegio Borromeo. Rather tall, with hair cut *à la Brutus*, affecting the republican dress and with an independent spirit, the part I had taken in all the patriotic demonstrations at our public schools, and especially at the College of Merate during the establishment of the Cisalpine Republic two years before, together with the freedom I used in expressing my sentiments after the return of the Austrian troops to Milan, rendered me an object of suspicion to the restored government of Austria. I was therefore narrowly watched by the police both while at Milan and at Pavia; not that any considerable apprehension of mischief was entertained from such a stripling as I was, but because it was deemed necessary to show examples of severity to the students of the schools, who, without exception, had all been converted to republicanism. My juvenile antecedents marked me out for an early display of the Austro-Milanese watchful political interference, and the opportunity was not long wanting. One afternoon a few priests in short white surplices, and conveying the Host from one of the churches, drew near me in the Piazza del Duomo. Among them was one in gaudier vestments walking under a canopy held over him, and proceeding, in accordance with the custom of the Romish Church, to administer the viaticum to a moribund person. As this procession passed me, I believe I omitted to take off my hat, at least so I was told, and never bowed or bent my knees. Instantly I was seized by a commissary of police and two of his agents, who took me at once to the nearest police magistrate.

After a long examination I was the same evening committed to the State prison, established since the restoration of the Austrian rule within the walls of a suppressed convent called S. Antonio, which the monks had previously abandoned. Well do I recollect the agony of feeling I experienced at being locked up in a monk's cell for the night, at the anxiety which I knew my parents would feel, especially my dear mother, whom I loved most tenderly. I asked permission to write home, but the favour was not granted. I offered money to the keeper to send a messenger to my father, but nothing could or would be done that night.

The cell I was confined in had a division, in which were two or three barrack-looking beds. Here I discovered that I was not alone in my confinement. Professor Rasori, who had been my teacher and principal, and Count Porro, ci-devant Citizen Porro, the same who, as Minister of Police under the republican *régime*, had come down to Merate two years before to set the Reverendi Padri in good order, were sharing with me this temporary prison, the windows of which, looking into the street, were stoutly barred. There was also a smaller ventilating window over the door, which we were allowed to keep open (it being summer-time), and through which we could observe all that was passing in the corridor, into which opened several other cells (now prisons), affording an opportunity of verbal communication with our opposite neighbours and others not far distant where the same facility of a ventilating window existed.

In the morning, when through those means of communication the news had spread that a mere boy had just been brought in and incarcerated as a *patriota*, cries of execration against the tyranny of the Chief Imperial Commissioner Cocastelli came from all the little windows.

Then I learned, and felt a sort of pride at the information, that I was sharing my political fate with many illustrious individuals who had held conspicuous places in the republican government of the country, such as Moscati, Villa (a fellow-collegian much older than myself), Reina, who had been one of the Directors, Mazzuchelli, Villatta, and Generals Lecchi and Zucchi. They were destined to be exiled, as indeed they were soon after, to the Bocche di Cattaro, a wild and desolate place on the coast of Dalmatia, where not a few of them perished in a short time.

As to my own fate, the intercession of my father as a man in office, joined to that of my mother, who, as I said before, had been *Lettrice* to the last Archduchess, succeeded in getting me released from incarceration; but on one condition (suggested, I have always suspected, by my father to the authorities), that I should pass two weeks in the Convent of the Capuchin Friars, connected with a very fashionable church on the Corso di Porta Orientale, immediately facing the great public gardens. Thither I was conveyed one evening in a hired carriage, accompanied by two inspectors of police. Being admitted without delay, and the Portinajo having signed the receipt of my person, which my conductors had brought with them, I was at once placed in a monk's cell with a young novice, whose personal appearance immediately attracted my sympathy. That night I neither undressed nor lay down, and well it was I did not, for soon after midnight a bell sounded in the convent, which my companion informed me was a summons for us to appear in the choir of the chapel to early matins. Here I found all the monks assembled, the altar brilliantly illuminated, and the organ playing. Our voices sounded melodiously through the lofty, arched edifice, itself in perfect darkness. All this was very congenial to me, not as a matter of devotion, but of pleasure, music invariably delighting me, and nothing being more agreeable to my senses than the plain chant of the morning canticles of the

Romish Church. I showed myself a complete adept at all the ceremonies (for had I not gone through them all in person only three or four years before?). Monks of all ages and degrees congratulated the youthful penitent on his docility and aptitude; the eldest and the most venerable white-bearded among them predicting my speedy conversion to true religion. Not so my young cell companion, who was kneeling by my side, and who could scarcely restrain his laughter at the serious manner in which I was going through the whole ceremony. He had learned enough, he thought, from the few words I had uttered that night in our cell to think that mine was no real devotion, but imposture; and we had a hearty laugh together afterwards, with which my first night of restraint terminated.

Next morning I learned that the young novice (who it was expected would soon assume the habit of a full monk) was destined to be my companion during the whole period of my intended sequestration, in the hopes that I should profit by his example in attending to the admonitions and lessons we were to receive conjointly from the prior of the convent, who had undertaken to reform the unruly and atheistical young Milanese. I was therefore placed at once "a fare gli esercizii"—a disciplinary religious process which Massimo d' Azeglio was made to go through by his father and instructors a few years later at Turin, under nearly similar circumstances of domestic arrangement, and which process he has so well described in the sixth chapter of his autobiography, entitled 'I miei Ricordi," edited by his amiable daughter, Alessandrina. I shall only further refer to the process in question by stating that, at the end of a week's retreat from the world and a self-examination, the "Esercizii" ended in a general confession of sins, absolution of them, and the partaking of the Communion *more*

Romano. This process I went through in my second week of detention, after which my father's carriage came to fetch me home a regenerated and holy person.

I was warmly embraced all round, but by none more so than by my dear mother, who was bathed in tears of joy at again beholding the son she had been told was going to perdition. Sure enough it might have come to that had I continued in the convent many weeks longer as the associate of a young, dissolute spendthrift, who had been compelled to take refuge in a monastic life to avoid the temptations to which a handsome person, wealth, and noble descent, with a high but worldly education, rendered him susceptible.

The three weeks spent in confinement, partly political, partly religious, produced effects on my mind very different from what was expected. It did not make me love religion more, it did not make me hate Austrian rule less, but it made me at once sensible of the fact that the great men I had met in my captivity at S. Antonio could boast of a reputation for talent and abilities to which I could make no claim. I felt humbled, and from that moment resolved to adhere strictly and perseveringly to my medical and scientific studies, and suffer no more temptations to divert me from the career I had entered upon and meant to pursue. In this resolve I had many motives to encourage me. Ours had at this time become a university of such renown, that strangers flocked to it from every part of the civilized world, attracted by the immense reputation of its professors. I remember the name of one among my fellow-students, nearly of my own age, though not in the medical class, who became ten years later a poet of sacred verse of no mean merit, and afterwards a tragic writer of great repute, which he was destined to eclipse by an historical romance that found a place on the shelves of every national and foreign library in the shortest space of time. I refer to Alessandro Manzoni, and to his "I promessi sposi." *

On looking back to those days I am almost bewildered by my scholastic reminiscences: the many new philosophical subjects started; the many scientific facts first divulged and illustrated; the novel and highly important doctrines broached and firmly established within a period of four short years, from 1798 to 1802, through the labours and discoveries of Spallanzani, Scarpa, Volta, besides the purely medical and successful teaching of Joseph Frank, Rasori, Moscati, and Brera. Throughout the whole period of my university career, all these great intellects, while instructing their numerous pupils, were laying the foundation of new physical laws which (in the case especially of one of the discoverers) were to change completely the doctrine regarding electricity, and lead to extraordinary results the termination of which no one can anticipate, for the progress has been almost continuous, I may say, perpetual ever since, and their applicability and importance to mankind inexhaustible.

I remember how, after my first year's attendance in class, and when I had just begun to appreciate whatever I was taught, I grieved with the whole university when the death was announced of one of our oldest professors, Spallanzani, whose lectures and experiments, intended to disprove the false doctrine of Needham on the spontaneous reproduction of animal life, were just then listened to with something amounting to enthusiasm. I recollect, and some degree of surprise is added thereto by the light of my subsequent life and instruction, the contention going on between him and his colleague Volta on the subject of those very expe-

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* Manzoni a few years after leaving the University of Pavia made his *début* as a poet with five sacred hymns, entitled "La Nativita," "La Passione," "La Risurrezione," "La Pentecoste," and "Il Nome di Maria."

riments, which Volta maintained did not logically contradict those of the English naturalist in his essay on the "Generation of Organic Bodies," Volta being inclined to adopt the same idea, and doubting the soundness of Spallanzani's experiments. Our profound professor of natural history, however, found no difficulty in satisfying all the *savants* of Europe that he was right, and that the English microscopist, as well as his advocate, was wrong. A work, entitled "Opuscoli Scelti," which gave an account of this interesting controversy, was read by the undergraduates with the same intense interest which the undergraduates of the Cam and the Isis annually take in their rowing contests.

Perhaps even this curious investigation of Spallanzani must yield, if not in interest, at least in importance, to another which was being carried on almost simultaneously; namely, the phenomenon of digestion in men and animals possessed of a stomach. This process he explained by assuming and proving the existence of an acid principle in the stomach, to which he gave the name of "gastric juice," and in virtue of which food was converted into chyle, the primordial element of the blood. Experiments in his own person, repeated often with many of the domestic animals, as well as by means of cooked and raw animal substances long immersed in gastric juice properly obtained, all submitted to the attention of the students, carried conviction to our minds, which in my individual case has continued unchanged through life.

Our valued teacher was taken from us when scarcely three-score and ten. He died at the end of 1799, in the arms of his constant friend and attendant, Professor Scarpa, the most eminent surgeon and anatomist of his day, whose skill, however, could not stay the ravages of a disintegrating renal disease. Spallanzani had been professor of natural history at Pavia for a period of thirty-one years, having been appointed to that chair by Maria Theresa in 1768. He had accepted the political revolution in his country without a murmur.

The name of Antonio Scarpa brings back recollections of my educational life neither so remote nor so purely scholastic, for the teacher had been pleased to make his pupil his friend. Twice, at two distinct periods of my post-collegiate life, did I meet him in that character. In 1814, when I proceeded from London to revisit my paternal roof, I also visited my Alma Mater for the satisfaction of greeting him. Scarpa had never forgotten the years he had passed in England, attending Hunter's and Cruikshank's lectures, and receiving instructions in surgery at the hospital from Pott. He used to speak of them to me as if they were living still. Once more I visited him in 1819, since which time I had the satisfaction of a continuous correspondence with him until his death, which took place in 1832.

Scarpa was an aristocratic-looking person, with a pleasing countenance, a gentle and compassionate look, which told well with his patients. A contemporary and correspondent of Scarpa—I allude to the late Sir Astley Cooper—often reminded me of the Pavese professor. Less robust than his British contemporary, and not so colossally built, yet the Italian lived to a greater age, and was able to carry on some of his labours, certainly not among the least in value, when verging on eighty! Such were his observations on aneurism, on the ligature of the principal arteries, and on the treatment of hydrocele by injection. His greatest and most important works, which established him as *facile princeps chirurgicorum*, are too generally known to require quotation in this place; yet I cannot resist the pleasure of recalling how he enthralled our attention when he unravelled before us, in clear and simple language, with a human heart in his hand, the delicate nervous fibriles that meandered through that mysterious organ as he traced them in their course with his scalpel. No anatomist had before his time pushed so successfully forward such an investigation, the benefits of which have been fortunately secured to the world through an unrivalled work of science and art.

Scarpa lived in one of the most showy palaces in Pavia, where he had richly and tastefully furnished apartments, and a gallery of pictures by ancient masters. I may as well mention in this place that the Collegio Borromeo, one of the most conspicuous edifices in the university, was erected after the design of the celebrated architect Pellegrini.

Of my purely medical instructors at Pavia (as I observed in another place) I entertain the most lively recollection and grateful remembrance. I have experienced the benefit of their instructions through a long life of hard professional exertion, and it has been with great satisfaction that I have, when necessary, had recourse to the perusal of the writings which have stamped their unfading reputation.

Perhaps I ought not to pass over in silence, lest I should be suspected of partiality to one who was my early patron, the bold innovations with which one of those medical professors, Rasori, opened his course in 1799, the very year of Spallanzani's death. Professor Rasori, full of the theories of the Edinburgh lecturer, Dr. John Brown, the opponent of Cullen, had just introduced those theories into Italy, and, following the example of that extraordinary man, had commenced his career at Pavia by a work entitled "Del preteso genio d' Hippocrate" (1798-9), in which he attempts to refute all the aphorisms of the philosopher of Cos, including at the same time in his condemnation the works of Galen, Celsus, and Dr. Sydenham. Young minds in those days were evidently elated at anything that sounded like a revolt against old and long-established principles, especially in the case of a system of medicine like the Brunonian, which simplified at once the study of medicine and of materia medica into two classes of disease—the sthenic, or those depending on an excess of excitement; and the asthenic, those resulting from a deficiency of it.

The success of so novel a doctrine was as prompt as it was great, and I plead guilty of having been captivated by it; especially as I found one of the medical professors, Joseph Frank, a man of unsuspected character and respectability, countenance and teach the novel doctrine with zeal. This Brunonian doctrine was the one with which I was imbued when I left the university, and which I set myself to put in practice for the first few years of my independent and wandering life, until dearly-bought experience led to a thorough change and a more rational mode of recognizing and treating disease.

Rasori, however, atoned for his medical as well as philosophical errors in more serious works, which his knowledge of the English, German, and French languages enabled him to understand, and among which I may mention his translation of Darwin's "Zoonomia," a work I eagerly sought and read in its beautiful original idiom when I had once settled in England and had become conversant with the language in which it is written. Of the few philosophical works I then read (it is now sixty-eight years since), I do not remember to have perused one that afforded me more pleasure or information, or after which I felt my mind more elevated.

Those of my children, or of my children's children, by whom I am surrounded, and who, from inclination, reading, study, or any other circumstance, shall chance to devote their time to scientific pursuits, and shall have become acquainted with the marvellous progress electricity has made from the time of their parent's first education at the university, will enter readily into those feelings of pride which he now experiences at having been not only an ocular witness of the birth of the voltaic pile and its wonderful phenomena, but also a learner to whom those phenomena and the agents employed had been divulged and explained by the immortal discoverer himself in person. I have had the good fortune of hearing Sir Humphry Davy, Gay-Lussac, Biot, Faraday, and Tyndall discourse on electricity; I have witnessed the decomposition of the alkaline salts and oxides by the same agency, the creation of the terrestrial and maritime telegraphs through the same power, and, in common with thousands upon thousands of hearers or spectators, I have stood amazed at the wondrous and startling facts brought out by a mighty agent which the sagacity of man has enabled him to snatch from the recondite bosom of Nature some thousands of years after the universal creation by the fiat of God! But how shall I describe the feeling which, in common with my fellow-students in the class of experimental philosophy at Pavia, we experienced on the day when the immortal Volta in our presence called into existence this mighty power! He first placed (explaining as he proceeded the order and the reason of it) two round pieces of dissimilar metal in contact, and upon them a paper moistened in salt water; then, having repeated this pairing of the two metals, one on the top of the other (secured betweeen slender glass rods), to the number of one hundred couples, he showed us on the instant, and made us feel the electric spark!

It was not then the fashion in Italy, as I have often witnessed since in England, to express admiration by the clapping of hands at the successful result of a scientific lecturer's experiment, so no such demonstration took place that I can remember. But had that fashion prevailed at Pavia, as it does at the Royal Institution of Great Britain, we were so lost in wonderment at the moment that no such noisy demonstration was likely to have suggested itself. Ours was fascination. For although the luminous appearance of the electric spark as the result of friction on glass or resin was familiar to us all, who had witnessed Nollet's and Cavallo's experiments repeatedly, the production of the same phenomenon by the contact of two dissimilar metals (a phenomenon not evanescent, but continuous as long as the pile remained intact and the paper moist) was a striking fact which almost produced stupefaction.

Thus it was that, in the class-room of mechanical philosophy in the University of Pavia, at the commencement of 1800, voltaic electricity had its birth. Forthwith, on the first vacation-day, the undergraduates who had more cash than others set about procuring a certain number of *soldi*, which were duly scoured, and an equal number of *lire*, from home. Next they cut out round pieces of the size of the coins from their linen, which were wetted with salt and water, and so built up voltaic piles, producing and studying the phenomena exhibited, imitating in that respect the example of our professor. Such scenes were too striking not to have left that sort of impression on the memory which enables me at the distance of almost seventy years to remember them like a thing of yesterday.

Pupils and professors from Padua, Bologna, Pisa—the three most renowned universities of Italy—flocked actually to Pavia, and some of us were flattered at being able to repeat to the strangers the experiments which our wardrobe and the contents of our purses gave us the means of performing. I remember Galvani, coming over from Bologna on the occasion, showing us his frog experiments, and engaging in an earnest and animated discussion on the then-called animal electricity with our eminent professor. Dr. Walli, a great supporter of Galvani, and an antagonist of Volta, was also of the number. He and I were destined to meet again some years later in a different country and under very different circumstances.

Volta became an idol: we venerated our teacher; nor was he undeserving of our affection and reverence. His simplicity of character, suavity of manners, correctness and lucidity of diction, combined in a person of imposing appearance, distinguished him from the rest of our learned *docentes.* The last time I saw this wonderful man was at his villa near Como in 1814, where he had just received a visit from Sir Humphry Davy. Whence the English writer of the life of that illustrious chemist could have derived the opinion put into Sir Humphry's mouth which we read in that life, namely, that "Volta's person had a mean and rustic appearance," has been to me a subject of great wonderment, being so wholly at variance with the truth.

It may well be supposed that, what with military assaults, and what with the taking and retaking of the town of Pavia, the execution of the rebels within it, and the burning of Binasco near it, between 1797 and 1799, neither literary, scientific, nor technical education could proceed prosperously. The French clashed with the Austrian rule, and only when the latter prevailed in 1799 were we a little quieter. That was the period when Volta was working at his great scheme. Lectures were often suspended and the great classes closed. The curriculum of studies got into confusion, and when the Austro-Russian invaders, masters of the country for a short period only, left us, and the order of studies was restored, it became necessary to define afresh our relative positions and rank. Being within a year and a few months of my final examination, I applied to the Rector, Scarpa, for a certificate of my matriculation, which testimonial, filled up and signed with his own name, I am proud to possess with such an autograph attached to it. It formed one of the few records I was able to preserve of my early days through all my subsequent travels and difficulties.

As the period for my examination was approaching, a great change took place in my political views. Detesting the "Tedeschi," I do not know whether I did not hate the French and their and our republican principles more. The time strictly required for my scholastic duties was never encroached upon by frivolous occupations, but I found time for acquiring a smattering of both French and German to please my dear mother, and danced and played and sang with my many fair cousins and my two sisters, and, as often as opportunity offered, accompanied them into society, or frequented with them "La Scala," or the comic theatre. Thus the more serious studies, mingled with the lighter accomplishments of social life, were supposed by my good parents to have qualified me for a *gentiluomo*.

CHAPTER IV.

1802.

A diploma—Reception at home—The conscription—Monti and Lattanzi—Produce a poem in terza rima—Study practical surgery in L' Ospital Maggiore—Determine to escape the conscription—Bid a last farewell to my mother—Reach Genoa—Music an impediment to a professional man—Join a party of comedians as *secondo amoroso*—Journey to Venice—Visit Ferrara—A declamation from Dante—Arrive at Venice—Disappoint the impresario—Singular rencontre—End of a real play.

At length, after the spring session of 1802, in the nineteenth year of my age, I presented myself before my eminent and kind teachers, with the view of attaining, after the requisite and usual examinations, the *summi honores* of the Laurea. These trials over, a diploma of doctor of medicine was awarded to me *toto senatu concurrente ;* and, bidding adieu to the authorities and to those of my colleagues who had still some time to remain at the university, I rejoined my family, by whom I was of course received as a youthful prodigy. Unfortunately, a domestic event which had happened a few months previously had cast a gloom over our circle, and had especially afflicted my dear mother. My eldest brother's name had unluckily been drawn in its turn for the conscription. No personal interest or official intercession availed to save him from that fate, not even the fact that he already held a government appointment obtained during the Austrian administration. My mother, disconsolate at the idea of her eldest hope going to confront the disasters and dangers of a soldier's life, had been greatly shocked, nor did her nerves recover their tone even after my brother's successful evasion by taking refuge in the nearest Austrian camp.

Now again a fresh danger of the same kind was presenting itself. On the actual completion of the nineteenth year of his age, that is, within a few months, another of her sons, her own Benjamin, would have to go through the same ordeal of a chance ballot for military service. It is true that in my case I could escape the military conscription as a common soldier by electing to be appointed as an *officier de santé* (the lowest grade in French military surgery), for whom there was great need at the time in the army of the Repubblica Italiana, for such was then the political status of Lombardy; but for this I individually felt not the smallest inclination. The little I had seen of the life led by the medical officers of the Franco-Italian troops stationed at Milan and at Pavia had not been such as to make me at all desirous to be permanently placed among their number.

There was yet time for reflection before adopting any resolution as to my movements and plans, and so I was left undisturbed by my good parents to think and determine for myself. In this lull from life's turmoils, with my past just closed by an act that flattered my vanity, and my future before me, vast and undefined; with rocks and breakers behind me, and an immense horizon before me without a speck to fix my attention, I was often reminded of the part I had taken in the representation of Monti's great tragedy of "Aristodemo" at the Philodramatic Theatre. In that I played the part of Tyrant, and, dressed in a toga, stalked on the stage with all the gravity of a hero, to break out with an interrogative exclamation, "Appio, che fai?" much in the way of Hamlet's "To be, or not to be?" the only difference between us, that whereas the Roman asked himself whether he should continue to be a tyrant, the Dane inquired how far it was better to die than to live. I, on my part, had now only to ask myself, "Well, what am I to do?" for I was doing nothing. The season for action was come, and the question must be settled.

However, my time was not wasted. I had become very studious and fond of reading, and the great public library of the Brera, where I soon became known as an *habitué*, afforded me every opportunity of becoming acquainted with the best modern literature, as well as of refreshing my knowledge of the ancient classics. I selected Seneca's Epistles for a day manual, and in Italian poetry, parts of the "Divina Commedia" became my constant themes.

Monti, a great admirer and worthy imitator of the Florentine maestro, was just then publishing periodically in Milan, in detached cantos, a poem in terza rima, entitled "La Mascheroniana."* It was in commemoration of the illustrious mathematical professor at Pavia, recently deceased, who was also an acknowledged poet. In the first canto Monti imprudently scourged a rival popular poet of the day, named Lattanzi—a Roman like himself—with this single line—

"Scapato al remo, e al Tiberin capestro"

(escaped from the galleys and the Roman gibbet†).

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* This poem, published under the title of "In Morte di Lorenzo Mascheroni," cantica di V. Monti (Milan, 1801), had a political intention. The author being a member of the secular clergy, with the title of Abate, though a married man, was a partisan of Pius VI., whom the Franco-Roman patriots had attacked and vilified. These it was the poet's great aim to vilify in turn, and thus in his first canto he represents the leaders of the Roman revolution—

"Altri Stolti, altri vili, altri perversi,
Tiranni molti, cittadini pochi,
E i pochi o muti, o insidiati, o spersi;"

a stanza worthy of Dante for terseness, force, and truth.

† In these our days this line reminds one of the withering sarcasm the great Stanley (the Derby of 1869) cast on Ministers for submitting to the Demagogue of Ireland—"The cords, the ladder, and the hangman rather." Nothing could surpass the scorn Lord Stanley threw into his tones, his look, and his whole gesture when pronouncing this damning line of Hotspur.

On the day after Monti's publication, Lattanzi issued a canto of equal length in terza rima also, with the rime obligate of Monti's own poem, and I care not to add how abusively the latter was treated by his rival. Both poems were republished in their original in this country in an Italian bi-monthly periodical called "L' Italico," edited by myself. This poetic *duello* at Milan continued for several cantos in succession, and threatened to be a *duel à mort.* Its periodical appearance was looked for with as much impatience as the periodical issue of "Childe Harold" in the days of Byron in this country, and its perusal formed rallying points in the two most famous social circles of the capital; the one presided over by "La Monti," the other by "La Lamberti," a magnificent woman, a true Aspasia, who patronized Lattanzi, and before whom his impromptu replies to the author of "Aristodemo" were read before publication. I was admitted to both circles as a rising young worshipper of the Muses, and was moreover acquainted with both poets personally, for Lattanzi frequently met me at the great public library, where he worked at the same table. My acquaintance with his opponent has already been mentioned.

Fascinated alike by the captivating goddesses who presided over the rival circles, a sudden idea came into my brain, namely, to attempt the reconciliation of my two friends by the publication of an independent canto, also in terza rima, which should appear unexpectedly directly after the issue of Monti's fourth canto and Lattanzi's reply. No inkling of my intention was suffered to transpire, and the unexpected appearance of my verses probably produced more effect than their intrinsic merits. I assumed a perfect liberty as to rhyme, but strictly adhered to the Dantesque metre and its idiomatic terms.

The poem found a ready circulation. In it I evoked the shade of Mascheroni (as did the Witch of Endor the spirit of Samuel) to chide in stern and cutting words the folly and suicidal acts of the contending poets, censured those acts, and rebuked the writers for disgracing "La bell' arte che Apollo e Dante honora."*

Mascheroni's spirit bids them rather to rouse the now smothered patriotism of their countrymen, as expressed in one of my own lines—

> "Fra le ugne tedesche, e i Franchi artigly."

The Parnassian strife ceased at last, and two of the poems, like many productions of temporary and local interest, in due time passed away and were forgotten; but not so the one from Monti's pen, which retains still its classical rank in modern Italian literature. "Quid fit" of my own parvus libellus; nescio. To judge from the reviews of the period, I may assume that it was not wholly without merit.

In the midst of all this social and agreeable intercourse, I still found time to improve my acquaintance with practical surgery, already studied under Antonio Scarpa, the first operative surgeon of his day at Pavia. Accordingly I devoted a couple of hours each day to attending at L'Ospital Maggiore, erected in 1456 by Duke Frederico Sforza, where I had the benefit of Paletta's instructions in operative surgery. As a connection of one of the benefactors of that institution, I had a sort of claim to the instructions I was seeking, one of my maternal aunts, Teresa, having married into the noble family of Fumagalli, whose chief had bequeathed to the hospital one million of Milanese livres (£3500). According to immemorial custom, his full-length portrait, with those of a hundred other benefactors, is exhibited during several days in each year, and many are the specimens of painting by ancient masters of celebrity to be seen among them.*

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* "Insin a qui l'un giogo di Parnaso
Assai mi fù; ma hor con ambedue
M' è hu opo intrar nel aringo rimaso."—*Paradiso.*

I have ever since had frequent and good reasons to rejoice at the step I took in attending the surgical practice of this institution; and when once I had completed my course I really felt that I had nothing more to learn in this world. With such a conviction I cannot pretend to remember the many and various ideas and projects with which my brain became bewildered at this period of my life. I felt that having received from a careful, indulgent, and wise father the best fortune he could bequeath to a son—a complete education, with a sound and healthy constitution—I had no right to continue to be a charge on him when there were other and younger children looking for similar benefits and advantages. I therefore determined to set out at once in search of a career in the wide world, relying on my own resources and qualifications to secure me a livelihood. I knew at the same time, that though I might obtain my father's assent to my hap-hazard and undefined scheme, I never could hope to succeed in gaining my good mother's approval of an expatriation which, in her estimation, would be full of peril, and probably end in our never meeting again, a natural and, as it proved to be, a true presentiment. My preparations, therefore, for leaving Milan were to be kept a profound secret. The only relative I made cognizant of my plan in part was my uncle at Genoa. To him I applied by letter to procure me a passport as a citizen of the Ligurian Republic, and as a merchant, that I might pass unsuspected through the Cisalpine frontiers, and reach the capital of Liguria undisturbed by either police or soldiery. I alleged as a reason for the step, that I had some plan to suggest to him connected with my intention to proceed from Genoa to Barcelona on some mercantile business, of which my family for the present was to remain in ignorance.

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* This, the most interesting and unique collection of portraits in Italy—the only country in which pictures can be exposed to view in the open air—is exhibited under the extensive porticoes which surround the principal quadrangles of this vast edifice, whose style, truly Lombard of the 15th century, is itself an object of attraction. The portraits, painted by the best artists of the day at the expense of the administration, and either full length or half size, according to the amount received from the respective benefactors, are exposed on the 20th of March and two following days. A subscriber of 100,000 lire was entitled to a full-length portrait as large as life; one of half-size being painted of a subscriber of 50,000 lire, and a kit-cat of a subscriber of half the latter sum.

Furnished with the required passport, and supplied with a moderate sum of money given me by an aunt, I gathered together my papers, credentials, and a few books, and these, with a light wardrobe, were placed in a hired *calessino*, which would be sent back at the end of my journey. Leading my mother to suppose I was only going to Pavia for a few days to see my old professors, I embraced her tenderly and with a heart bursting with emotion and sad presentiments, but still brave and steady in my purpose, from some vague conviction that I was destined to see the world and do great things. I then entered my light vehicle, and with my trunk by my side set off at once, turning my back on what was really a "sweet home," never to dwell again in it until twelve years after, and then only as a temporary visitor to my father, bereaved of my beloved mother.

A journey from Milan to Genoa by the narrow passage of La Bocchetta, before the days of railways was no trifling undertaking. In a light two-wheeled carriage, with a heavy trunk by my side, a skittish horse that at any moment might, from fatigue or an unlucky slip, tumble down some Apennine cliff, and smash himself and driver together—this, I say, was no trifling undertaking. My horse, however, was equal to the journey as far as Pavia, whither I was then directing his steps with the intention of passing the night there, and once more give a last look at the scene of my serious studies. Thus far the animal well knew the road for he had often travelled over it; but when I reached that dreaded and difficult pass, La Bocchetta, which I had never crossed otherwise than in a heavy public conveyance, I confess I doubted not a little my charioteering skill. On approaching the more difficult descent on the other side, and on the verge of some bottomless abyss, I thought I would leave the carriage and lead my horse; but on reflection it occurred to me that in such a situation I should not have the same command over the animal as when seated behind him, the reins tight in hand. So I continued slowly and cautiously in my descent, enjoying all the while the magnificent view of the bay and city of Genoa, until all danger was over and I reached Campo Marone for a halt and a night's rest.

At Genoa I was sure of good quarters and a hearty welcome. My uncle, a successful whaler, was a single man, and absorbed in business. His own hardy mariners after eighteen months' or two years' absence would return home with prodigious cargoes of oil. His men were looked upon as the most prosperous, as they were also the hardiest, of the northern navigators carrying the Genoese flag. The good gentleman had really believed that I meant what I had written from Milan, and he at once proposed to appoint me supercargo to one of his ships trading along the coasts of France, Spain, and Portugal, to distribute to his correspondents their supplies of oil. But I soon explained to him that anything *fishy* would not suit a man brought up as I had been, and that my pretence to take a part in his concern was to mask the real object of my visit, which was to escape the conscription to which I should become amenable in a short time. Now that I was under the protection of the Genoese flag I deemed myself safe. "Not quite sure of that, my good boy," said the old gentleman; "the French authorities rule paramount with us as they do at Milan, and it will be difficult to conceal yourself long here without detection, unless you consent to live quietly." This I agreed to do, for after all it was by no means my intention to settle in Genoa. But how could a young fellow just emerged *ex ephebis*, like Pamphilus in the "Andria," playing the guitar, possessing a fine tenor voice, and his head full of the latest canzonettes, resist the temptation thrown in his way on the third night after his arrival, of joining a party to serenade La bella Pallavicini (a Marchesa and a prime toast, as well as my townswoman), who had just arrived at the albergo "La Croce di Malta," and only for a few days? We did go, and the tenor being recognized in the little orchestra, was invited to join the conversazione upstairs. There was renewed the pleasant friendly intercourse which had been frequent in Milan, where the lady in question held supreme sway. Her name, which it delighted me so much to pronounce then, became many years after one I almost abhorred, when her grandson, grown to be a general in the Italian army, ordered the discharge that shattered the leg of Garibaldi at Aspromonte.

It is my fixed and well-considered opinion, that to a young man engaged in serious pursuits, the prodigious waste of hours of the night, and not unfrequently even of the day, which music is certain to entail, is perhaps its least evil, more particularly to one who has to practise a learned profession. But there are other and even more serious disadvantages to be deprecated under the circumstances, which will occur to the minds of most men of the world, dangerous alike to both soul and body. In the course of sixty years of inter-social life, I have not known a single individual remarkable for musical talents as an amateur in early life, monopolizing all the invitations at evening parties, receiving all the petting and charming *accueils* of the fair sex, who proved good for anything else afterwards. On my first settling in London as a half-pay naval surgeon in the early part of this century, what most stood in my way was the fact that at the brilliant soirées of Lady Charleville in Piccadilly Terrace, I had often alternated the recitations of one of the authors of "The Rejected Addresses" with my singing "Io que soy contrabandista, y a nadie tengo miedo," accompanied by the guitar. That fashionable reputation stuck to me long enough to make me abjure my talents, for whenever the name of the "Doctor" was mentioned or recommended, the icy remark invariably followed—"Oh, he who used to play and sing on the Spanish guitar, you mean." Let no prudent father be anxious to make of his son a musical dilettante!

My joyous life at Genoa was not destined to last long, for my uncle one day came in great distress to inform me that inquiries had been made by the Minister at War of the Ligurian Republic, at the suggestion of the city authorities in Milan, as to whether a certain conscript, whose name had been inserted in the urn for an approaching ballot, was not in some part of the Ligurian territory, for in case his name should be drawn he would be expected to make his appearance at head-quarters, or be declared a deserter. I was aware that there was no trifling with the powers then in Milan, for they were entirely under the tyrannical rule of the French Commandant de Place, who was no other than the dashing and handsome Murat, recently married to Caroline Bonaparte, and who cared very little for either President Melzi or the Directors of the Italian Republic. In such an emergency I had no other resource left than to retire speedily from Genoa, and seek refuge somewhere out of the control of republican laws—I who had foolishly advocated their principles, and had invoked their sway in my boyish Jacobinical Saturnalia.

It served me right. Austrian territory was now my only "Camp of Refuge." There I might perchance meet with my eldest brother, who I knew had not only succeeded in joining the Austrian head-quarters when he left Milan a refugee conscript, but had since obtained a civil appointment in one of the eastern cities recently ceded by the French to the Emperor of Austria. The difficulty was, how to cross the frontiers without a passport, and such a document in my own name was out of the question. A brilliant thought occurred to me, and on the spur of the moment I communicated it to my uncle, who approved of it as the best *pis aller* for the occasion.

A popular and renowned company of comedians—"La Compagnia Fabbrichesi"—had been performing with great success for several months at the Teatro Carcario in Milan, a jewel of a theatre for its beautiful structure, the work of the architect Canonica, the same who erected the great amphitheatre in Milan capable of holding 20,000 spectators. This company had afterwards come to Genoa, where they had been performing to crowded houses in the Teatro Carlo Felice, and they were now about to leave for a winter's engagement at one of the seven theatres of which Venice boasts during the Carnival.

I presented myself to the impresario, and sought to be enrolled as a member of his company. He had just lost the services, from illness, of his "secondo amoroso." This part I offered to undertake if approved on a trial, which was to be strictly private. My experience with the amateur Filodrammatici now stood me in good stead, and I was accepted. The engagement, mutually signed, was for three months, exclusive of the time spent in the journey with the company to Venice. As may be supposed, I did not insist on the amount of salary. Indeed, I knew that to be a fixed sum according to the rank occupied in the company. Mine was the second, and the title spoke for itself both as to my standing and also as to the sort of business I had to undertake, respecting which it was stipulated that I should invariably appear before my audience "nel più gentil addobbo," that is, dressed like a gentleman. I was ready to agree to anything so that I could but get on the list of the company, for which the manager in the ordinary course of things obtained a general passport on his own personal responsibility from the authorities, specifying the number, but not necessarily the individual names. I, however, gave mine, in order to obviate any suspicion either on the part of the manager or among those who were about to become my companions for a time. By converting my christian name into the diminutive, and calling myself Signor Augustini, "secondo amoroso," I complied with the requisite formalities of the Genoa police, suppressing only my family name. The thing succeeded completely, and in less than three days the company quitted Genoa in four public carriages for Piacenza, there to embark on the river Po, with the object of proceeding the rest of the journey by water on that wide and uninteresting river. But as it was the intention of Signor Fabbrichesi to stop by the way at three or four of the largest cities we were to pass, it suited my taste and disposition quite well. All I had to hope for was, that among the number of my companions during the journey I might find some congenial spirit, witty and agreeable as players are said to be, and were wont to be in the days of Goldoni, "the brief abstracts and chronicles of the times." Above all, I trusted that the "seconda amorosa" was neither ugly nor vulgar, and would not prove too *exigeante.*

How well do I remember, as if it were an occurrence of the other day, the curious ark into which I entered as it lay opposite the city of Piacenza below the bridge of boats, with a motley and merry company of ladies and gentlemen, attended by servants of every capacity and status! Of Papagalli and Bolognese pugs there were several. A cembalo and a harp, with a violin or two and a clarionet, were also shipped; these few instruments being intended simply to enable the tenor and "la cantatrice" to practise some of their parts during the lengthy voyage, for although the Fabbrichesian renown had been acquired by tragic and comic representations, there was not unfrequently introduced a farce or burletta of which music was a component part, as in the case of the French vaudevilles.

The vessel engaged for us was of the class called *Bucintoro*—an immense flat-bottomed boat decked over two-thirds of her length; but without any division whatever between decks from stern to stern. The floor was covered with matting, and light was admitted through a series of small square windows on each side. The deck, forming the covering of the great saloon, as I may call it, had the form of a waggon top, and served only for the *Capitano* and four boatmen to walk over in the exercise of their calling, sometimes rowing, sometimes pushing the boat with long poles, and at other times spreading out either a lateen or a square sail to catch the breeze and so help us on in our movements.

Our progress was slow, and the course monotonous to such a degree, that by the third day I had become habitually drowsy, and unfit to play the *amoroso* either in the second or in any lesser degree. For one instant only was my energy awakened on beholding one morning all my companions rushing to the upper deck with telescopes and opera glasses in hand, which they directed to a ruined looking castle that loomed at no great distance as we arrived opposite the confluence of the Adda river. I was reminded by the "Signor Poeta" of the company, that what I beheld was the Castle of Pizzighettone, in which had been immured the ill-fated royal captive of Pavia until it pleased his imperial captor to transfer him to safer keeping in Spain. To one who for three successive summers had been in the habit of perambulating the Parco which surrounds Pavia and a part of his own college, the very field on which, in 1525, the fatal conflict had taken place that cost Francis I. his whole "*hormis l'honneur,*" the view of the dungeon assigned to him after capture was sufficient to rouse me from the cramped state of mind from which I was suffering through an idle and monotonous existence.

Our first halt was at Cremona. The arrangement was, that such members of the company as wished, and could afford, to lodge on shore, should do so during the halt. Each person had a fixed sum doled out for the night's expenses, which included the principal repast; for in our bulky ark, unlike that which carried our early ancestors to the top of Ararat or the Finger Mountain, there were no means for decent cooking on board, and still fewer contrivances for decently sleeping at night, except for the ladies. The vessel would therefore at the end of each day touch at some important town. Anxious to keep up my assumed character, I used always to be among the foremost applicants for the daily dole to be spent on shore.

It was late when we reached Cremona, and I did not care to waste hours in revisiting a city I knew already. I preferred rest at the Albergo delle due Torri. Some of our very early risers next morning ascended the Torrazzo, or great tower, the loftiest in Italy, rising to about 400 feet, for the purpose of enjoying an extensive south view of the Valley of the Po, the many tributary streams entering the great river through its north and south banks, with names some romantic through poetical legends, some historical, others rendered classic as fields of battle, or as the birthplace of an illustrious minstrel or a valorous chieftain, all now more or less known as involved in the political conflicts of the last half-century.

The next station was Casal Maggiore; and then came Guastalla. This is the southernmost bend of the River Po, which thence assumes a sudden direct northward course as far as Borgoforte, in the immediate vicinity of Mantua. Readers of public journals will recollect, at the bare mention of these names, the scenes of those sanguinary struggles between the Italo-Gallic troops and the Austrian army, which in our own days were to settle definitively the fate of Italy and of the gallant House of Savoy.

It happened that Guastalla was the native city of our prima donna, and a delay was promised to enable her to visit her family. From some strong feeling of apathy, probably the effect of the dull life I was leading, I had not taken much notice of the lady, whose whole behaviour entitled her to our respect. She was a splendid woman, and acted her parts admirably, for I had seen her on the stage both at Milan and in Genoa. Strange to say, when solicited to read to us during some of the hours of our tedious voyage, she admitted her inability to do so. This probably arose from the fact, that of all the members of the company constituting what was called the first class or set, the only one who could read out, or do so in a perfect manner—such as I have never witnessed at any subsequent period of my life, except in the case of Mrs. Siddons, or her niece, Fanny Kemble—was the buffo or comic actor, who is called "Caratterista," of the company. He was a gentleman by birth, and had adopted the stage from a pure and earnest passion for an histrionic life. A prima donna would never consent to place herself in competition with a buffo, however gravely and tragically he might declaim. So she declined absolutely to give us the opportunity of judging of her ability in that art which is the groundwork of a real actress. But there was a grain or two of ill-humour in the case, I suspect, for as some French writer, whose name I forget, has observed—" Il est rare qu'une femme parfaitement belle soit aimable : elle croit communément que la nature a tout fait pour elle ; qu'il suffit de se montrer pour enchanter et séduire, et que ce moyen les vaut tous."

On arriving at Borgoforte some wished to land and proceed to visit the neighbouring fortress of Mantua, which was destined fifty years later to become one of the angles of the formidable quadrilateral, that made but a sorry figure after all. But Signor Fabbrichesi and the majority of us protested against any more delay on our way, and we proceeded at once to Lago Scuro. Here the immediate vicinity of Ferrara offered us the best chance of hospitality, as well as the opportunity, dear to Italians, to behold the house in which Ariosto had lived, and at the same time the Lunatic Hospital of St. Anne, in which Duke Alphonso II. confined Tasso during those intermittent attacks of mental delusion to which he was subject.

The house in which the writer of " tante coglionerie," Lodovico Ariosto, had lived is distinguished by a Latin inscription which I could not well decipher. But young as I was, and a half-fledged poet myself, I deemed it a piece of good fortune to have seen the house in which " un tanto poeta"—the Italian Homer (as Professor Cardelli styles him)—had lived and had composed his forty-six cantos of the " Orlando Furioso."

Returned on board from this, which was to be the last land excursion, and resuming the concluding portion of our water journey, we all seemed of a sudden to have got into good-humour with one another, or into that mood in which a mixed assemblage of gentlemen and their fair companions find themselves after a long and silent repast, if they have had the luck of concurrent libations of Rhenish and Sillery Mousseux. We chatted on what we had seen, and were about to see presently at Venice, some members opening their lips who had never found words before. The prospect of being so near the goal of our desires had much to do with raising our spirits. The prima donna even, descending from her stilts, condescended to ask me to give them a specimen of my talent in declamation. Her request being backed by that of others, including my seconda amorosa, I was induced to comply with it, and proceeded to recite from memory (suiting the action to the words) that most affecting episode in the fifth canto of the "Inferno," which is susceptible of as much play as a whole part would be in a duodramatic performance of the most heartrending character. A *sussuco*, or low whisper of approbation, accompanied my delivery of—

"Questi che mai da me non fia diviso
La bocca mi bacciò tutto tremante,"

the seconda amorosa curling her lips in disdain at the words. My triumph, however, was at the very next verse, when, with all the poet's intended indignation, I broke forth with—

"Galeotto fù il libro e chi lo scrisse."

"Bravo, bravo!" universally; "Benissimo!" from the statuesque prima donna, who congratulated the company on having secured such a representative of the tender passion among their number. Here was evidently an opening to a more cordial acquaintance between us, so little did she suspect that I had been all along playing a part which it had been my preconceived determination to cast off as soon as it had served my special purpose.

Venice we reached in small boats obtained at Mestre, and on the evening of the tenth day after leaving Piacenza, the Fabbrichesi company saw themselves installed in the quarters provided for them in the vicinity of the Teatro S. Benedetto—myself excepted, who requested permission to occupy an independent apartment at the Albergo d' Europa. Strange as the society was with whom I spent those ten days, considering the suddenness of the introduction, the absence of all motives of reciprocal sympathies, and that mine was but a false position within their circle, I adopted the great Frederick's principle, as expressed in one of his epistles to Voltaire—"After all, what is most desirable in the world, is to live in peace. Let us then live foolishly with fools, that we may live quietly."

Our good impresario would not suffer me to indulge long in so tranquil a mood, for in less than four-and-twenty hours I was summoned one morning to the theatre to read a part in a comedy in full company on the boards, preparatory to its being studied afterwards for an immediate representation. There were at that time two very popular play-writers—Camillo Federici and il Marchese Albergati, who disputed between them the palm of pre-eminence in dramatic writing. Their productions were always sure to attract, for old Goldoni was set on one side. I was not therefore surprised when Signor Fabbrichesi selected for my *début* a play by the former author, which had always been a great favourite with the public at S. Benedetto. The play was entitled "I pregiudizi dei Paesi piccoli," an original production, not a translation of "Les préjugés des petits pays." The play, I remembered, had "fatto furore" at Florence, at Milan, and also at Genoa, and was always sure to attract "folla" at any of the Venetian theatres.

The part assigned to me was that of il Barone Odoardo, who had surreptitiously married a young lady unknown to, and in disobedience of, his father. Now supposing me to have been serious in assuming the career I had, for a very different object, thus far followed, a character of any sort on the boards, still less one representing a clandestine Benedict, would not have suited me. But I had a paramount objection to the part, stronger than any I could allege; namely, that I neither wished nor did I in good earnest mean to appear before the public, and so I distinctly declared to the worthy impresario, who had anticipated a "star" in his recruit. The result of this unexpected laconic declaration and determination to refuse to work in accordance with our agreement was a citation before the imperial Austrian Commissioner of Police, a species of dignified civil magistrate appointed to decide in all disputed cases of written engagements, no matter of what kind. I received visits from more than one of my *ci-devant* travelling companions; but I was deaf to all entreaties, and the question was left for judicial decision. Little did I suspect under what circumstances the decision would be given, for on the following morning, when before the Imperial Commissioner the plaintiff and defendant appeared, the latter found himself in the presence of his eldest brother! His surprise and astonishment at so unexpected a recognition, not less than my own, may readily be imagined. The whole secret was now divulged: private explanations were given, apologies offered and accepted, sums received as salary or for board were refunded, and thanks to a gentle pressure on the part of the man in authority, the escapade was not only excused, but declared by the impresario as a most successful *dénoûment* of a troublesome plot worthy of the stage.

CHAPTER V.

1802–3.

Venice—Farewell to Italy—The Quarnero—Le Bocche di Cattaro—Meleda, the place of St. Paul's shipwreck—Arrive at Cephalonia—The Ionian Islands in 1803 and 1870—Sir Charles Napier's opinions—Reach Corfu—Society there—Meeting with Mr. Hamilton—Become physician to the English Embassy—First step towards England.

My brother had at once removed me from the Albergo d' Europa to his own official residence. I did not find him quite so complaisant a relative as my uncle at Genoa. He did not approve of the scheme I had so successfully carried out in escaping (as he had himself done before) the military grip of Bonaparte, though he rejoiced at my success. But he peremptorily insisted upon my breaking off at once, and for good, all connection with the merry Fabbrichesians, which I readily promised to do, with only one reservation, that I should be permitted once to witness the performance of our prima donna in the first representation she might give in any of her principal parts in tragedy. Enchanted was I when the performance did take place, as must have been all those who witnessed and showered applause on her as the Antigone of Alfieri. I felt at the moment that I was in the presence of no mean representative of the wretched Bœotian princess. Here was an Italian Melpomene. Truly I exhibited a great proof of submissive acquiescence to my brother's desire when I could, as I did, resist the temptation of going to express in person to the great actress my feelings of admiration.

The consideration of what should be my next course was adjourned for a few days, my brother wishing to introduce me to some of the leading physicians and literary characters in Venice, and also that I should see the most notable edifices and institutions, in order that I might not go about the world without being able to give some account of what I had seen of the ancient Queen of the Adriatic. Accordingly, accompanied by one of his clerks, I was lionized over the city, acquiring at the same time a greater insight than I could boast of before into old Venetian politics and intrigues, and, what I cared for most, picking up a better knowledge of the history of Venetian painting, which the many churches, the many palaces, and the ducal residence afforded ample opportunities for admiring. Of all these impressions I retain but a confused recollection, except the conviction that I had gained some tact and judgment, and unquestionably more knowledge than I before possessed of the perfection in the art of painting that had been achieved in my native country. Above all, the boldness, the multitudinous variety of designs, and the rich colouring of Tintoretto left an immense impression on me, which to this day renders me almost incapable of impartially estimating other pencils and other colourists.

At the date of my first acquaintance with the City of the Isles, the commonwealth of St. Mark had been extinguished five years; but the genuine Venetian type of the first settlers on the Rialto, eleven centuries before, was still surviving. Austrian, Hungarian, and Croat uniforms marshalling on the Piazza di S. Marco and the Riva dei Schiavoni alone disturbed the idea, formed after a ramble of three or four days by quays, bridges, and gondolas, that I was in the Venice of the Contarini and of Marino Faliero. At every moment the "Council of Forty," the yet more oligarchic "Ten," and the "Libro d' Oro," surged in my mind, to bring back the memory of the might and glory of a republic which had been once reckoned among the great powers of Europe; while the appearance and manners of the people, seen out of doors not less than within their lofty palaces, brought before me the types of Venetian life which "Consuelo," under the magic pen of George Sand, has since so strikingly depicted.

As a man far advanced in the nineteenth century, I rejoice that the privilege of having lived in the eighteenth has enabled me to have a glimpse, though but a faint one, of that almost perpetual tone of dramatic life in Venice, the universal spread of which served to pull down the republic, just as a similar tone of corrupt and licentious life sapped the foundation of even more puissant republics and realms—those of Greece and of Rome, of Nineveh and of Carthage.

Of introductions, I recollect that to the Ateneo, a scientific and literary association flourishing to this day, at one of the meetings of which I exhibited Volta's experiments as performed before our class at Pavia, and which were scarcely yet known at Venice. Before I left the city I had the honour of being elected one of its corresponding members. Professors Aglietti, Borda, and Brera I successively visited, the first as being the leading physician of the day in Venice, while the other two were old acquaintances, having been formerly professors at Pavia. To the latter I am indebted for my medical knowledge of the effects of laurel water—due to the presence of that powerful remedial agent, prussic acid—which it was my good fortune some years later to introduce into the medical practice of this country in an extended treatise,* that led to the remedy being accepted by the profession, and admitted into the London Pharmacopœia.

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* "An Historical and Practical Treatise on the Internal Use of the Hydrocyanic (Prussic) Acid in Pulmonary Consumption," 1820.

Of social introductions one sufficed. La Contessa Albrizzi gave welcome to all literary and distinguished characters, national or foreign. Her *salons* were the rendezvous of the *élite* of talent, literature, art, fashion, and good manners. Her Greek face I remember quite well; not pretty, but pleasing. Her father, Count Teotochi, was a native of Corfu, and her husband, Joseph Albrizzi, was a patrician of Venice and a State inquisitor. She was a great friend of Canova, of Alfieri, and of Cesarotti, the translator of Homer; and herself an authoress, having written some observations on sculpture and a series of delineations of eminent men, entitled "I rittrati." Altogether, few *salons* in modern times could be compared with hers. I only remember anything approaching them in the "at homes" of Madame de Staël in London twelve years later, which used to bring back to my memory the Albrizzi's conversazioni at Venice; but only as regards the society assembled, for when compared with the splendid apartments and luxurious appliances of the Venetian Palazzo, the square, confined town drawing-rooms in Argyle Street (lighted by a few candles and argand lamps) were dwarfed into insignificance. I heard with much regret of the death of the Countess Albrizzi in 1836, the very year which another death nearer to me had rendered the darkest in my life.

To a lover of music few Italian cities could offer a more varied or a greater treat than could Venice at that moment. Marchesi, the great soprano of the day, vied with Mombelli, the first tenor at the Teatro S. Benedetto; while Elizabeth Billington and Giuseppa Grassini each in turn enchanted the enraptured audience. As brother of the Commissario Imperiale, I had of course the *entrée* to all public places, and the temptations for a prodigal waste of time in trifling and useless engagements were strong and many. But I needed not the watchful eye nor the strong hand of my good brother to keep me within the bounds of the strictest propriety, for I felt so thoroughly disgusted with idling and simply killing time, that I longed for some serious occupation.

One gets tired at last in Venice of running from the Pisani to the Barbarigo Palace, or from that of Manfrini (whose famous Giorgione was afterwards immortalized by Byron) to the Cà d' Oro, with its Saracenic and Arabic styles of architecture. Nay, even the Venetian palatial structure the most impressive for its historical associations and its romantic destiny, palls at length on the heavily-taxed imagination. The Academy of Fine Arts offered me resources for more serious and congenial employment, giving me facilities for consulting works calculated to enlighten and instruct me in my meditated journey to the East, for to that plan at last my brother and I had come in our mutual deliberations.

Finding me quite determined to throw myself on the wide world at once, and of taking my chance without fixing on any distinct engagement except that of travelling and "seeing the world," my brother abandoned all ideas of procuring for me a consular appointment in one of the Greek islands, where I might combine the exercise of my profession—a combination neither inconsistent nor unfrequent in the Levant. No; I would accept nothing but my perfect independence, with such a modest allowance as he could afford me for my outfit. For the rest I would trust in Providence. With such a determination, suitable preparations were soon made, and my equipment did not entail much trouble. Convenient apparel, a small collection of useful books, and every contrivance that would facilitate my taking notes of whatever I might observe in my travels worth recording, together with one or two letters of introduction to persons who could be of service to me in the

Ionian Islands—whither it was my fixed intention first to direct my course—were all that was required. My intimate acquaintance with many of the distinguished persons I met nightly at the Countess Albrizzi's *soirées* procured me their testimonials, which served me afterwards for pleasant and agreeable as well as useful introductions; but it was to my brother I was indebted for a business-like letter to a gentleman—Signor Pietro Cazzaitti, a resident and wealthy proprietor in Cephalonia—who proved to me not only a useful but a lasting friend.

I was fortunate in finding a Ragusan master of a polacca, who was returning to his native place with a cargo of mixed merchandize, which he had shipped partly at Trieste partly at Venice, and was about to discharge at different places on the eastern coast of the Adriatic in the course of his journey to Ragusa. Some of his officers were Greeks, a circumstance which proved of use to me, inasmuch as I set myself at once to study modern Greek. I had at last become so impatient of putting my wild and indefinite scheme into practice, that when the moment arrived for bidding adieu to Venice, its pleasing society, and my brother, I did so without a pang, fully trusting to meet him again under as good, if not better auspices, as indeed it pleased God to grant me.

On the 2nd of January, 1803, the Ragusan polacca, Boscowitch, left the Lido on her way down the Adriatic. It was fortunate for one who had never been to sea to find himself unaffected by the ship's movements, as I soon ascertained to my great delight. To me, who was afterwards to live for years on the sea, this constitutional immunity from sea-sickness proved a great boon. I did not care much, therefore, for the zigzag course of the polacca as she entered the Quarnero, that intricate and lengthened cluster of islands and islets, the navigation of which required perpetual humouring of the wind and a constant look out for smooth water. This Quarnero commences at Pola, and extends to Zara. At Pola our master had business to transact, which detained us a day. The Romans must have been captivated by the beauty of the port, which looks like a placid lake surrounded by gentle hills, as well as by the security it offers to the largest fleet, sheltered from almost every wind, and lying in deep water to the very edge of the shore, otherwise they would not have raised on the projecting promontory the famous arena of which the encircling walls, like those at Verona, are still visible; nor would they have erected the triumphal arch which marks the city entrance.

Arrived at Zara, tiny craft came off to barter cases of delicious Rosolio and Maraschino for the silks and the ceramic and glass articles we had brought from Venice; but the weather, which hitherto had favoured our progress with that inconstancy that marks the navigation down the Adriatic, became suddenly threatening, and our captain was unwilling to lose any more time by lying under the lee of the Isola Grossa, as is the wont of Dalmatian craft in general in very rough weather. Anticipating an approaching storm, he added sail, and tacked out of this dangerous Quarnero, making for more sea-room in the direction of Lissa, that ill-fated island which was destined more than sixty years later to give its name to the disastrous and humbling sea-fight with which the new-born realm of Italy initiated its naval chronicles, less fortunate than Augustus at Actium, not many hundred miles farther south.

The Ragusans have always enjoyed a high repute as mariners, and I found good reason for endorsing the truth of that renown in the skilful manner in which our captain conducted us safely into the port of Ragusa from Zara (a distance of about sixty leagues) in three days in the very teeth of a tornado blowing from the African shores, by which the great waves of the Ionian Sea were driven in masses up the Adriatic.

Ragusa, an insignificant place, was three years later fated to receive the victorious soldiers of France, who drove many thousand Russian troops from the town and the district, while their general, Marmont, found here his *bâton de maréchal* as well as the title of Duc de Raguse.

Our captain's voyage terminated here, but he soon found in port a *trabaccolo* from Cephalonia, which was about returning thither almost immediately, and with whose skipper a proper bargain was made to convey me to the port of Luxury in that island, which we reached at the end of three days with favouring breezes from the north. The only recollections I have of anything particular during this journey, is that of the chilling horror I experienced on having pointed out to me, as we passed the place at a short distance, the huge fortresses of Santa Rosa and Punto d' Ottro, forming the entrance to the Maledette Bocche di Cattaro, over which frowned the utterly barren and lofty mountains of Monte Cassone and Risano, for within the dens of those fortresses (which I had narrowly escaped a twelvemonth before) perished many of the leaders of reviving Italy—Porro, Villa, Rasori, Cattaneo, Confalonieri, Pallavicini, and many others. At the time of recording a painful personal recollection, the political world is looking towards that identical region as the scene of a bloody insurrection among the mountaineers of those rugged fastnesses, who fiercely challenge the power which had converted their home into political prisons.

A *trabaccolo* is a sort of decked sailing barque, neither a cutter nor a lateen boat, and one very common on the coasts of Dalmatia. On occasions of calm, when the sails are idly flapping, it may be worked at a tortoise pace by throwing out long heavy oars on both sides, to keep the vessel steady to her course, that she may make all the way possible. A sea voyage in such a ship, with such appliances and such food (olives and oil, with hard biscuit), during three long days and nights, and only a chance laconic colloquy in Greek or lingua franca with one of the crew, was a trial almost too severe for a landsman just escaped from being pampered, spoiled, and petted amidst the luxuries of his native city and other places not less attractive. But when I again remember that such a voyage in this Illyrian boat lasted three long days and as many nights, horresco referens! Possibly Paul of Tarsus did not fare better in his journeys through the Cyclades in some such vessel, or on his visit with Titus to Illyricum. If so, the Apostle was justified in adding to his eloquent description of his trials and hardships—"In perils of waters."*

I made Cephalonia my first halting-place for two reasons: first, because I had received a pressing invitation to spend a couple of months with Signor Cazzaitti, to whom I had been strongly recommended by a rich Greek merchant at Venice, a friend of my good brother; and next, because as my principal object was to make myself master of the vernacular, or Romaic language, my chance of success in that respect was greater in an island which had not entirely surrendered its own language in exchange for that of its old political masters, than it would have been at Corfu, whither I might have first directed my course in my voyage from Ragusa. But to Corfu I had at that time another objection, for it had been represented to me as an outrageously gay place, a licentious capital, where I was likely to fall into habits of dissipation and idleness.

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* On the Dalmatian coast an island called Meleda (Latin, Melita) is stated to have been Melita (wrongly assumed to have been Malta), where St. Paul was shipwrecked. The statement is made in a quarto volume with illustrations, published in Venice in 1730, by Ignatius Georgius—sic: D. Paulus Apostolus in Mari, quod nunc Venetus sinus dicitur, naufragus, et Melitæ Dalmatensis insulæ, post naufragium hospes.

When I read, as I have done since I commenced to trace the outlines of my present performance (July, 1869), all that has been written and published in this country on the Ionian Islands, more especially the off-hand opinions of Sir Charles Napier, as we find them scattered among the many letters he addressed to his mother from Cephalonia, to which island he had been appointed as Resident, I feel almost inclined to suspect that what I recollect of that place and its sister islands cannot be other than the remembrance of dreams rather than real reminiscences of facts. If, indeed, Cephalonia nineteen years after my visit had become such as Sir Charles represents it in his day, then I unhesitatingly declare that the British rule imposed on those islands by the treaties of Paris and Vienna had proved to be a rule of iron, productive of all those dire abominations so forcibly insisted upon by one who did not deal in fiction.

The time of my residence in Cephalonia was not spent in idleness. Indifferently qualified by my acquaintance with ancient Greek, which I neglected at the university for the Latin, much more cultivated in Italian schools, where we practised Terentian colloquies in preference, I had not much help in my endeavours to master modern Greek. Still, practice with the natives both in Luxury and at Zante, which island I next visited, and from which I was actually driven by the frequent recurrence of earthquakes, that invariably impelled people to run out of their wooden houses to rush to the sea-shore for safety, enabled me to acquire sufficient knowledge of the vernacular idiom to render my intercourse with the people of the country easy and pleasant. My acquaintance also with two or three of the resident medical men, natives who had been educated at Pisa or Padua (Doctor Cimera being one of them), gave me facilities for becoming conversant with the sanitary condition of the country and the regulations adopted by the Venetian authorities. My own individual services were also tendered and accepted in private cases where consultations were needed, and I had no reason to complain of professional jealousy. From all I learned, Cephalonia, or any of the other islands, would not have tempted me to settle professionally in any of them. Neither have the political changes brought about twenty years later by the English protectorate, made me regret not having taken up my permanent abode in Cephalonia, where I find the very gentleman I have just named cited in a return by Sir Charles Napier as one of three "Public Doctors" in Argostoli, whose monthly salary from the government amounted to £2 12*s.*!

As I am recording reminiscences of facts observed and reflections suggested by them more than half a century old, it cannot be expected that all or any of the important social and political questions since arisen during that long interval connected with these islands should find place here; but such statements from memory or memoranda sixty years old need not preclude me from making opportune remarks on what has taken place within the half-century since my visit to the localities. The Ionian Islands have undergone more than one political change in that period, the last of which has consisted in their total abandonment by the protecting powers, followed by their annexation to the pigmy kingdom of Greece. The cession of these ill-fated dependencies was a humane act on the part of Great Britain. It was at the same time an impolitic act, and a great mistake. Malta can never again be deemed the only key to the Adriatic and the Archipelago; and yet the time may come when such another key, or both keys, may be required. Indeed, that time is near at hand. Cephalonia would have been that other key.

By the end of January, 1803, I found myself, a tolerably apt Romaic scholar, within the lazaretto of Corfu. For three days the quarantine lasted. A ship coming from Zante, from which island I had arrived, and where I searched in vain for the tomb in which is said repose the ashes of Cicero's gentle love, Tertia Antonia, could not at that time deliver a clean bill of health. When released I presented myself at once to General Romieux, the French representative minister to the Ionian Government, and claimed his countenance and protection as a citizen of the Repubblica Italiana, sister of the French Republic, thinking that his patronage would be likely to be of more service to me than a mere Austrian passport. Corfu was then the capital of a princely commonwealth, with a senate and ministers, but under the triple political control of France, England, and Russia; the latter, however, being the predominant power. Count Mocenigo, the representative of the Emperor of Russia, ruled in fact the local government, having at his back, in case of need, a Russian squadron under the command of Admiral Siniavine, whom I used to meet at dinner at the house of Count Mocenigo. Strange freak of Fortune! That very squadron, that very admiral, five years later were to become a prize to Great Britain at Lisbon, by the Convention of Cintra, and I, in my capacity of naval surgeon in an English line-of-battle ship, was destined to be placed with a prize crew on board the Venus, a frigate forming part of the very Russian squadron I had visited in friendly intercourse with its commander at Corfu.

Count Mocenigo had adopted probably the surest as well as the promptest mode of making himself popular at Corfu, by giving frequent dinner parties remarkable for their excellence. Here again that lucky guitar to accompany Italian ditties, to which I was now able to add Romaic iambics, stood me in better stead than the French general's personal introduction in making me an almost necessary appendage to the post-prandial select coteries, and served to give me importance, such as it was. Brilliant conversazioni were held at more than one of the highest families every night, among which those of the Countess Dousmany, of the Countess Bulgari, wife of the Neapolitan minister, and of Spiridion Foresti, the English consul, were conspicuous and the most in fashion. In one or two of these noble houses high play was carried on in the dearth of more rational and intellectual occupation. The attractions to the green cloth I must admit were many and not easily to be resisted.

Talleyrand, who had worn a mitre, was not ashamed (so states Sir Henry Bulwer) to confess, at the mature age of forty, that he had won thirty thousand francs at play in private society and at a chess club. But neither pleasure nor dissipation was likely to arrest or impede an innate disposition to higher aspirations, or quench the desire to escape out of the slough of luxury and self-indulgence to attain the double object with which I had set off on my indefinite travels, namely, to improve and increase the knowledge I had brought away from home, and to make its results professionally the source of my future income.

The habit of nightly frequenting the *réunions* just described, offered the opportunity of securing both those important objects, by bringing about my personal acquaintance with a gentleman frequenting Count Foresti's house, as well as Major Ricci's, and who had been filling the post of private secretary in Lord Elgin's embassy at Constantinople. I allude to the late William Richard Hamilton, afterwards Under Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under the Marquis of Wellesley and Lord Castlereagh, and finally British Minister at the Court of Naples. With this gentleman I had had frequent opportunities for conversation in the French and Italian languages, with both of which he was perfectly conversant. He had heard me speak Romaic, and had learned from Count Mocenigo under what circumstances I had come to Corfu and had been recommended to him. The Count added that he believed my intention to be to proceed through Greece to Constantinople, there to settle, if possible, as a medical practitioner. In my replies to Mr. Hamilton's inquiries, he was not slow in discovering that he had to deal with a young enthusiast who had profited well from early classical teaching. The fact of my wishing to proceed to and settle at Constantinople I confirmed, for I saw at once that on my part I had to treat with a steady, matter-of-fact gentleman, very different from the rest of the signori, cavalieri, conti, generali e ministri who fluttered around Mesdames Bulgari and Dousmany every evening. I therefore listened to him with more than ordinary attention, for a sort of inward presentiment, which I perfectly well remember, seemed to suggest to me the notion that this very individual, some years older than myself, was likely to sway my destiny in life. I had evidently made no unfavourable impression on him, and as I knew of his intention of leaving Corfu in a few days, I expected shortly to receive from him a letter of recommendation I had requested him to give me for Stamboul. I did hear from him, but on a very different subject, which at once altered my intentions for the present. This is the translation of his Italian *biglietto* :—" Dear Doctor, In three days I propose to leave Corfu and return through Greece to my post at Constantinople. If you would like to accompany me in your medical capacity, you can during our journey take the title of physician to the English Embassy at Constantinople, which, as private secretary to the minister, I am in a position to offer you. As to honorarium, we will speak of that another time."

Of course I jumped at the offer, for my own views carried me further than the proposer contemplated. I immediately beheld the prospect of finding my way to that country whence in the female line I traced my descent, and for which I had always felt that sympathy which had induced them at home to call me "l' Inglesino." Now I was about to be associated with a gentleman, a native of, and occupying a conspicuous place in, that very country. I shall have many occasions, I thought, of conversing with him on this subject, which the unexpected opportunity of the moment renders important to me, and who knows whether this very casual acquaintance and connection with the secretary of the English ambassador at the court of Sultan Selim, may not at some distant day lead me to settle in England myself, and possibly to a new dynasty! It did so. My departure from Corfu was my first step towards England.

In parting with the subject of the Ionian Islands, sixty-six years after my personal acquaintance with them, as here recorded, I cannot forbear expressing an individual opinion on the general entanglement of a country for which I had formed a real attachment. It is only by the light of all that has been written on this after all insignificant portion of the great European political system, that I can judge of its present condition as compared with what it had been under the Venetian rule, and such as I found it during my visit, and I say that fortunate would it have been for the people of the Ionian Islands had they been suffered to pass the last sixty-six years in the same free and easy style of living they had been permitted to enjoy until afflicted by successive, but not successful, aristocracy, pseudo-liberty, protectorate, martial law, *King Tom*, and, lastly, King George !

CHAPTER VI.

1803.

Preparations to leave Corfu—Temporary loss of the Elgin Marbles—Departure for the Greek continent—Arrive at Parga—The Acheron—Reach Prevesa—Arta—Enter Janina—The floating islands—Old Charon—Interviews with Ali Pasha—Professional attendances—A lucrative appointment declined—Origin and career of Ali—His character.

Mr. Hamilton had not long arrived from the Greek continent, and was now about to return through it by a different route this time, bent on purely antiquarian research. His former visit had been more than half political, having had for his mission to aid the English expedition to Alexandria, to procure supplies and facilities of transport for the troops of Abercromby, and to keep up the national spirit of the Turks to their engagement with England of driving the French power out of Egypt. He was therefore invested with considerable authority by an Imperial Firman from the Porte. It was the same document in virtue of which he had previously superintended the removal from the Parthenon of those precious relics of Grecian statuary and architecture which, under the title of "The Elgin Marbles," have since ennobled the halls of the British Museum, portions of which were recovered after shipwreck off Cerigo.*

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* It is singular that Colonel Leake, who was in the same ship with Mr. Hamilton at the time of the shipwreck, to which he has referred in his "Researches," should not have said a word of the temporary loss of the precious Athenian remains. These unique specimens of sculptural art sank in the *Mentor*, and but for Mr. Hamilton's energy and perseverance would have been lost never to be recovered. He at once engaged several thousand peasants, who were employed in separate gangs in raising the *Mentor*, in which operation they succeeded, October 20, 1802.

Besides military escort, the Imperial Firman gave the diplomatic traveller authority to order any number of horses for riding and the conveyance of baggage. Thus a difficult journey would be rendered tolerably easy, and much safer at a time when disbanded soldiers, wandering camp-followers, and vagabonds of every kind were scattered over the Ottoman territory. Our whole journey was to be accomplished on horseback, our own beds being taken with us, as we preferred to sleep out of doors in our rough Greek capotes rather than enter crazy or disabled khans or caravanserais infested with vermin. Our supplies of food would mostly be carried with us, while on my part, as being my special province, I added to the baggage a small supply of useful drugs. Should we obtain the luxury of a pillau, with a slice or two of mutton or lamb broiled before a blazing branch of a tree felled for the purpose, we were to consider ourselves very lucky, more especially if sweetened by a glass of the delightful rosoglio distilled from drugs at Corfu and from flowers at Cephalonia.

Such advantages for a novice in Grecian travel like myself could never have been expected. I enjoyed also the further advantage of finding myself associated in this, my first Hellenic peregrination, with a travelling companion who was not only an eminent scholar well versed in the antiquities of Greece and its most renowned writers, but an antiquary himself, full of numismatic learning, whom the "Edinburgh Review" has called "The Patriarch of classical art." To all these individual merits, which never altered the modesty of his demeanour, my companion added the reputation of a learned Egyptian traveller, a reputation he well sustained by his work entitled "Egyptiaca." Mr. Hamilton, in fact, was one of a class of men who are certain to achieve success in public life, not less than in private, through intellectual abilities enhanced by great courtesy of manner and geniality of temper. To this character, and not to noble connections or high political appointments, must his success in life be ascribed. After an intimate, even, and never interrupted friendship of more than half a century, during which I received many proofs of the sincerity of his attachment, he has passed away in peace, leaving me, his junior by only a few years, to linger a while and grieve sincerely for his loss.*

An attack of ague in my new-found friend occasioned a delay of two or three days, but at length the 7th of April, 1803, was fixed for our departure for Janina. In taking this course Mr. Hamilton gave an early indication of his courteous and friendly disposition towards his fellow-traveller, for he adopted the proposed route solely on my account, as he had himself already visited the capital of Ali Pasha, to whom, indeed, he had been deputed on some political matters. He was now desirous that I also should see for myself the great Albanian chief, whose name just then was in everybody's mouth.

A suitable vessel was engaged, and at noon of the day already mentioned we took leave of our Corfiote friends, and with our servants embarked, steering towards Parga, on the Albanian coast, which we did not reach much before midnight of the 8th.

Passing along the streets of Parga next morning, we were not much attracted by the beauty of the women, which some modern travellers pretend to be conspicuous in the fair Pargaiotes, but we were struck by the fashion of making young boys, even in those hot days, wear the heavy outer capote, to accustom them early to bear that cumbersome national garment.

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* Mr. Hamilton left behind him some rough MS. notes, written before as well as during our joint journey through Greece, replete with useful information on ancient art and learning, together with a number of interesting ancient inscriptions.

We left Parga at 3 P.M. on the 9th of April, and after running the risk of being dashed against the rocks under the castle, got clear out to find a fresh nor'-wester, which carried us in half an hour to Fanari, or Phanaris, where we determined to bivouac on board our small vessel till daylight. We were then lying at the mouth of the Acheron, and in the neighbourhood of the stinking Cocytus. The marshes hereabouts are very extensive, and the reeds, which are plentiful, bear a flower of more than one colour—yellow, blue, white, the stalk or cane of which is called "achera." Is it not probable that the name given to the river arose from that circumstance? The Grecian etymologists offer another and more plausible explanation of the two names, calling one the "River of Pain," the other the "River of Tears," and regarding them as leading to the infernal regions. It is to be remarked that the water of the Acheron, which descends from the mountain of Suli, is perfectly sweet until near the port it enters a lake—the Acherontia Palus, mentioned by Strabo.

The simultaneous vicinity of two such rivers and the Acherusian Marsh was a circumstance which at my present time of life I should consider fatal, but neither of us then thought anything of the exposure. At all events, it was better to be at the mouth of the infernal stream than at its other end. Nothing, however, could exceed the desolation presented all round at that moment. It made the contrast still more striking with the aspect of Glyky, towards which place we proceeded on the following morning, conducted by an Albanian on foot. I had mounted a small horse hired for the occasion, and with only my Greek capote thrown across its back to protect me from its rather too prominent dorsal vertebræ, we started at 7 A.M., and on our arrival at Glyky found about one hundred Albanian soldiers in possession of the church and the water which surrounds it. Having examined the place, and cast our eyes on the inaccessible fortress of Caco-Suli, we retraced our steps, on the way back encountering a straggling party of Albanian soldiers, who pursued us across marshes and through rushes until we reached our boat. My capote saddle in my ignominious gallop having slipped from under me, a capitulation followed for its redemption, in which the Turkish captain of the port interfered, sending at the same time for wine, raki, tea, and sugar, to entertain us at our own expense, of course desiring us if we ever returned to bring him a light English musket.

The Albanians appeared a rude, rough-mannered people. Our salutations were ill received by them, and they seemed very anxious about the object of our expedition, as they could not conceive it to be one of mere curiosity.

An hour before daybreak on the 11th of April we quitted the mouth of the Acheron, but had some difficulty in passing the bar or bank of sand, where the river empties itself into the port. A chequered journey of calm and storm brought us at sunset to a small port surrounded by natural rocks under a village of about twenty Greek houses, called Glia, where we slept the night and remained the next day. On the 13th of April, the wind being adverse, we took horses for Prevesa, leaving the servants to follow with the baggage.

The town of Prevesa, much scattered, was the spot on which my countrymen had set their foot one hundred and twenty years before, when Morosini, at the head of a powerful fleet, hauled down the Crescent and hoisted the glorious banner of St. Mark. I had letters for the physician of the place, and soon got into conversation with him. He was a Venetian long settled at Prevesa, and we went to visit the old castle at the entrance of the gulf, where Ali Pasha wanted to rebuild the ancient structure, but was stopped by order of the Porte. It is opposite the promontory of Actium, the passage between which, according to Strabo, is but four stadia broad. It however appeared to us wider. Ali Pasha had a tower on the other side, which answered to the position of Marc Antony's army while he occupied the entrance with his fleet.

Continuing our journey we reached Arta on the 18th, and were lodged in the house of the archbishop, then absent at Janina. Here we made the acquaintance of the only two highly educated persons in the place; one Nicolo Zambelli, consul of the Septinsular Republic, who showed us some specimens of rocks which he considered to be auriferous, but which were in fact nothing but sulphuret of copper; the other, a Signor Nicolai Mauromati, the archbishop's physician, who had graduated in Italy, spoke several languages, and had a good knowledge of ancient Greek authors as well as of the modern writers of France and Italy.

On the 20th, about mid-day, we set out from Arta to halt for the night at a khan half way to Janina. This khan belonged to Ali Pasha, and was guarded by a few Albanian soldiers, who paid him for permission to sell things and give accommodation to travellers. We declined to share their beds, which they pressed us to do, preferring to lie in the stable around a fire, and encircled by our baggage, where we slept with loaded pistols under our pillows.

Quitting our khan next morning, a ride of several hours brought us to Janina, at the eastern extremity of a long wide plain. The town is bounded on the east and north by a range of high, barren, and almost perpendicular mountains. At the foot of these is the Lake, one of those to which ancient writers gave the name of Acherontia Palus; not an inappropriate appellation in modern times for the residence of the most hellish of the Turkish chiefs of the day.

On entering the capital of the Albanian chief, whose name at that time was even greater than that of Selim, his sovereign, we rode at once to the residence of the archbishop, to whom we had letters of introduction. Finding the house already pretty full, owing to the Archbishop of Arta being there on a visit with his suite, we gladly accepted a cordial invitation from Kyr Stavro Zuannj, a Greek merchant of Janina, who was in great favour with Ali Pasha. Our host had a son and daughter, and a nephew who had travelled over a great part of Europe. I soon became intimate with both the son and the nephew, but principally with the former—a youth of about eighteen, of most agreeable and winning manners, enhanced by a pleasing physiognomy which, to a pupil of Lavater, as I profess to be, at once bespoke the sympathy which was likely to exist between us. His fair sister was in every respect a duplicate of himself, bound, not in morocco, but in silks, setting off to advantage the lilies and roses of a Greek complexion.

The day after our arrival we remained at home, in expectation of a summons for our first visit to the Vezir, such being the rank to which Ali had been recently raised on his appointment as Beylerbey of Roumelia.

One object I had in view while on my travels was to take a panoramic survey of the principal cities I dwelt in temporarily, that I might be reminded ever after of the locality. This system, adopted in my journey in Italy and in the Ionian Islands, was now to be followed in Greece, as it has been successfully in all my subsequent travels, of which I have published records. In the present instance I profited by the leisure day at home to mount to the summit of our host's residence, and take a general survey of all that was visible of Janina from such an elevation. My young friend, now my cicerone, drew my attention to some large edifices we had noticed on our right on entering Janina, which he informed me were the residences of the Vezir's two sons, Mukhtar Pasha, and Vely Pasha. Among other things he pointed out the Vezir's palace and its harem, which occupied the entire southern shore of the peninsula, near to a mosque with a covered way down to a kiosk level with the lake. Opposite were the Metzikili mountains, near which are several islands of considerable extent formed of the roots of reeds. These floating islands, although not more than a cubit thick, will support men and cattle, and with only a single person on one, the whole surface undulates like very thin sheets of ice. Some have large trees upon them, and when there is much wind the islands are put in motion, a time when the fishermen delight to get on them with their families, to eat, drink, and be merry.

I had the curiosity during my stay to get upon one of the principal of these islands, called Tumba, which was so timed in its periodical approaches to the land on the town side, as almost to serve as a ferry for crossing the lake. The passengers stand all the while, and the feeling produced by the undulations is strange, and not to be compared to any ordinary sensation. Some of the tumbas yield great revenues to their proprietors, on account of the quantity of fish caught under them with nets. By a singular coincidence I learned at the time that the proprietor of the island on which I crossed over was a member of a family who had borne the name of Charon from time immemorial.*

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* A curious fact like this we might suppose could not have escaped the notice of such English travellers as have visited Janina with an intention of afterwards giving the public an account of their observations; but I have looked in vain in the volumes of Grecian travels, published by English authors since our visit to that important city of Epirus, for a description, or even the name, of the "float

On the evening of April 22, 1803, we waited on the Vezir at a "strictly private and unceremonious interview," as expressed in the summons or invitation. As a matter of course we pulled off our shoes on entering, and were well received, though we had no offerings to present. The Vezir was seated on the farthest angle of the divan, which ran all round the room. He did not rise, but made a simple salaam by raising his right hand slightly to his forehead, and next carrying it to his breast, while we made our inclinations more expressively. Neither coffee nor pipes were offered. The Vezir talked much of his war with Suli, of his attachment to Lord Elgin, and wished to know how he could send him a complete Albanian dress. He seemed to dislike the French not a little, but had a great opinion of Bonaparte, to whom he was inclined to compare himself and his fortunes. He did not relish a hint of mine that Bonaparte was said to be in daily fear of death by poison. He could not believe it, for Bonaparte was too great a man, and too brave, to have any such fears. He was pleased to hear that people talked much about himself, and he alluded with a satirical laugh to the statement in the *Moniteur* of Paris, that three French officers had defended his life. He expressed his displeasure at the English Consul Foresti's letter to Omar Vrioni, on whom he laid much of the blame of his being compelled to act hostilely against the French for burning or taking a ship at Arta.

The following day the Vezir sent his physician to inquire after us, and to return our visit. On the same day according to etiquette, we called upon Mukhtar Pasha, the heir-apparent, whom we found free in his manners, though complaining of being oppressed with business, which he much disliked. On him fell all the details of the troops, of

ing islands." Neither Leake, Hobhouse, Hughes, Holland, nor even Murray's accurate Hand-book makes a single allusion to the fact.

which there were about five thousand in the city, all lodged in the palace and in the private houses of the poor Greeks. The soldiers had refused to live in the large barracks which the Vezir had had built for their use, as he paid them very irregularly and kept them chiefly by promises of sending them on plundering expeditions.

Sunday, the 24th of April, we went in a boat on the lake to the ruins of Meletius and Stephanius, which it is pretended are those of Cassiope, the birthplace of Olympias, mother of Alexander the Great. We dined at a convent up the hillside on figs, yaourt, and Easter lamb.

On the 27th we paid a second visit to the Vezir at his summer house on the lake, a magnificent building, in which was a handsome saloon with a fountain in the centre, divans richly furnished on three sides, and a buffet with a show of plate occupying the other. Several other rooms were visible, fitted up in superb style. In one we saw a great variety of arms of all nations, French, English, Albanian, and Persian and Damascus swords. The young Turk who showed them said they were very good, but they wanted the hand of a Suliote to wield them. The object of our visit was to obtain permission to go to Dodona, and an escort to accompany us. We were well received. The Vezir talked with pleasure of his native place, Tepelene, being near the residence of the famous Pyrrhus.

A private summons, delivered May-day, 1803, by the Vezir's own physician, brought me into the presence of his highness at his palace on the lake. There was I *tête-à-tête* with this dreaded chieftain, of whom public report had, in the few days we had been in his capital, told us strange and almost incredible stories, but of whose personal appearance I had taken but slight notice at our first reception. As a matter of course I had dropped my slippers at the outer door, and on entering had made a profound salaam with my right hand and an inclination of the head; when inside the splendid saloon, in which it seemed the interview was to take place, a tschaousch, or groom of the chambers, escorted me, muttering with bated breath what in plain English was "Good morning." The Vezir smiled, and said something like "You know Turkish, Doctor," and pointed to an embroidered stool which was placed in front of him, evidently for the occasion, but which I found very inconvenient, inasmuch as I was situated below the level of the great divan on which he sat Turkish fashion; besides, I had the broad light of day on my face, by which I was prevented discerning the movements of his countenance—a known trick of great people who desire to scan the features of persons they converse with while screening their own from observation. However, this was the affair of a moment, for he at once proceeded to ask if I spoke Greek, and, receiving an affirmative answer, he stated that he had sent for me to consult me about his own health, and that of a little girl, a very favourite child of his own, whom the doctors of Janina were unable to cure. Upon my observing that I must come near him, to feel his pulse and look at his tongue, he changed his place to another part of the divan at a right angle, bidding me seat myself in the place he had left. I then put a series of questions to him, which seemed to surprise him, but which he answered so rapidly that I could scarcely catch the sense of his replies, expressed as they were in a sort of Arnaout Romaic tongue difficult to comprehend. My opinion of his complaint I gave in Italian, as I found him tolerably acquainted with the most ordinary expressions of that language, as many of the Epirotes and Moreaotes are, and it was easier for me to explain professional matters in a language readily understood by both of us. I ended by promising to prepare a medicine which would afford him prompt relief from some of the most urgent symptoms. The complaint I informed him was one which, by a Greek word, we specified as chronic, the treatment of which required much time. In reply the Vezir said, "Then I shall see you to-morrow, and you will then find the little one for whom I wish you to prescribe." I assented with a deep inclination of the head, but added that the ceremony of the tchibouk and the kahveh must be dispensed with at the next visit, as I required the free use of my hands and my tongue for properly investigating the cases. The Vezir smiled, saying "Evet." No one was in the saloon, but a clap of his hands brought the same official, who escorted me on my return as he had done on my arrival. What directions the Vezir gave him in Arnaout language I knew not, but the tschaousch accompanied me home, and in Greek told me that he was desired to take back something to the Vezir. My intention was to send him one of those potent solvents under the simplest possible form, viz., a couple of pills which a travelling physician should never be without, and which I fully knew would thoroughly relieve my princely patient.

And so it turned out, for on my repeating my visit according to promise the following morning, the instant I was ushered into the reception room the Vezir actually rose, walked towards me, and taking me by the hand quite à l'Européenne, conducted me to an inner and smaller room. Then sitting down on an ordinary sofa, and bidding me do the same next to him, he began to expatiate on the good my medicine had done him, adding, that he felt quite like another man, and this with all those exaggerated expressions of thanks which we medical men are accustomed to receive as a matter of course, knowing all the while that should our next prescription miss fire, all the patient's extravagant and grateful admiration would suddenly fall to zero.

The tschaousch was dismissed, and I proceeded to examine the state of his right leg, which presented almost the appearance of elephantiasis. I explained briefly how, with certain measures I proposed, the leg would get better in proportion to the improvement of his general health. I offered to hold a consultation with his physician, explain to him my views of the case, and write down such directions for the treatment as I deemed necessary to promote his recovery. "Ayilek, Ayilek! amanet!"

As soon as he had replaced his leg in its proper garment, a clap of the hands brought in a gediklii, well muffled up, leading a pretty little girl about six years old, dressed in the style of those angels into which children are transformed in Roman Catholic processions, minus the wings. Her very delicate complexion at once showed me that I had to deal with a scrofulous child. Ali explained that Keydry (I believe that was the name he mentioned) was a child of love, of whom he was very fond, and he would give anything to have her restored to health. "At present," said Ali, "she is sinking from day to day." I tried to comfort him with some commonplace expressions which mean little and promise nothing, and which neither commit the speaker nor his character as a professional attendant. I simply added that the case would require long and careful treatment.

The child was dismissed with her attendant, and the Vezir, who had all along kept his eyes fixed on me in a peculiar manner, which I attributed to the interest he took in the little creature, putting his left hand suddenly forward said, "Hekim-bashi! you have not felt my pulse this morning." Repeating his astonishment at the good I had already done him in so short a time, and adding how difficult it was to procure good advice in his city (no flattering compliment to his renegado Roman physician), he proposed to me an immediate appointment as his Hekim-bashi, with 10,000 piastres a year and apartments in his palace. I at once rose, and explained that my engagement with the secretary of Lord Elgin for an indefinite period precluded all possibility of my accepting any other appointment. Having said this I most respectfully took my leave, accompanying the tschaousch who had been summoned, and followed by the Vezir's words, pretty loudly expressed, though how far sincere I knew not, "Allah razi ola" (may God be pleased with you).

On my return I reported to my travelling companion the conversation with the Vezir, dwelling on the peculiar circumstance of the proposed appointment, which I had not the most distant intention of accepting, begging him to support me with all the authority that belonged to him in a diplomatic sense, and to protect me from any violent or tricky measures the Vezir might employ to detain me. Mr. Hamilton at once approved of my determination; "and, indeed," added he, "in order to terminate the matter we will at once leave Janina, and continue our journey to Athens."

Unluckily, that same evening the Vezir requested Mr. Hamilton to attend at a conference on the following morning. This occasioned a delay of two days in our departure, in consequence of Mr. Hamilton having to write home to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, to communicate to him the purport of his interview with Ali. It would seem that the astute Vezir, looking to the then embroiled state of Western Europe, and to the no less troubled condition of his own sovereign's dominions, aspired silently to effect what another chief of the like rank was able to accomplish some years after in Egypt, namely, to become an almost independent sovereign; and truly, with his great power and resources, backed by immense wealth, no Ottoman pro-consul ever had a fairer chance of being lifted on the bucklers of his legions to the object of his ambition—the rank of a Cæsar!

Ali, who cared as little for Mahomet as he did for the Divine Master of the Sultan's subjects—of both of whose religions he was grossly ignorant and unconcerned—was born at Tepelene, where his ancestors, who were pashas of two tails, had always been at war with their neighbours. On the death of his father, after many unsuccessful attempts, he at last became master of Janina, the Greeks having refused to assist the Turks against him. He ever after professed great attachment to the Greeks, which did not, however, prevent him from seizing upon the property of any Greek in his dominions who died without a direct heir. All judicial decisions passed through his hands. This enabled him occasionally to turn them to his own account by striking a great blow against some man of importance, whether Turk or Greek, and obtaining possession of his treasures. His creed was his own personal advancement, for which he did not hesitate to give up all ideas of honour, principle, justice, and truth.

His trusted counsellors and servants were men of the same stamp as himself, of all nationalities, who had fled from their country and taken refuge in his dominions. Mehemet Effendi, his interpreter, had once been a Romish priest at Aleppo; another was a Corfiote Jacobin, banished from Corfu; whilst his physician, the same who had returned our visit, was a Roman of infamous character, who pretended to be a Frenchman.

At the very outset of his career, Ali murdered his brother, and throughout his reign committed many acts of the grossest cruelty. His wealth was fabulous, though he is said to have begun life with only twenty-four piastres and two hundred armed soldiers against Kourt Pasha of Janina, and with them he shared the plunder of that contest. For many years was this monster suffered to disgrace and outrage humanity, until the cup of his iniquities was brim full. Cited by Sultan Mahmoud to appear within six weeks before the Golden Gate of Felicity at Constantinople, there to give an account of his mis-rule and justify his conduct, he replied by raising the standard of revolt among the Turks, the Albanians, and the Greeks, well armed and bribed with money. Defying the famous Omar Brione, who advanced with a large force from Constantinople against him, the struggle was long and severe. At length, driven into a single kiosk of his fortified palace across the lake, this extraordinary man, surnamed the "Lion" (arslam), fell, pierced with many bullets, on the 5th of February, 1822; dying at last as would a furious tiger driven by eager hunters to its lair.

Never did Nature stamp with a more striking or truthful hand on the face of man the character of a ferocious voluptuary than she did on that of Ali Pasha, nor give to the rest of his person features more conformable with that character. Under a forehead of brass, inscribed with harshness and obstinacy, were piercing eyes flashing fire at times, and anon darting scorn with the accompanying curl of the lip. Presently those same eyes would assume the insidious look of meekness calculated to deceive people not on their guard against, but rather fascinated by, the prestige of a chief who, while in the plenitude of an almost kingly authority, condescended to converse, argue, and treat with a person not his equal. Under the spell of those looks some English travellers succumbed who visited Ali a few years after us, when his name had become still more famous throughout Greece, and his satraps compared him to Philip and Pyrrhus, his predecessors as rulers of the same country. He should have been compared rather with more than one of those tyrannical governors whom the Lacedæmonians, when supreme in Greece, sent to oppress the people, and who met at length their fate by treachery and death.

I recorded in my diary the impression Ali Pasha's appearance and conversation made on me, and I was ready to believe in the truth of many traits in his life which seemed almost fabulous, or at all events incredible. But no! There they were, those damning features always before my eyes, which forced the mind to accept as true every accusation, even the very grossest, against his character. A romance might be woven out of this chieftain's history, much of which would suit any other marauder. But on collecting all that one hears about him, not in his own capital only, but also in other parts of south-western Greece, and carefully weighing the real and the fabulous, and making deductions from what are exaggerated realities; we obtain a pretty striking representation of a monster, for as such he will surely pass in the annals of succeeding generations.

CHAPTER VII.

1803.

Dodona—Leave Janina—Metzovo—The Pindus—Meteora—Singular incident—Ascent to the Monastery of the Meteora—Trikkala—Æsculapius forgotten at his birthplace—Pharsalus—Larissa—A tumble—Ambelakia—The Turkey-red dye—Mount Ossa—Heights of Olympus—Lagora—Jason and the Golden Fleece—Volo—Arrival at Athens.

EVERY foreign traveller in Epirus considers it a duty to go in search of the Oracle of Dodona, though without the least expectation of being more fortunate than his precursors in the like attempt, or of meeting with any visible trace of the sacred oak forest in which the oracles were delivered. No traveller who had anticipated us had left behind more information than Herodotus has supplied. Nor were we in the present case more fortunate than the rest. Oak-trees we saw in abundance. A fountain of sweet water we found, whose streamlet ran over a pebbly bed with the musical "Mormorio dell' onde," as we are apt to notice in many other equally interesting localities and even superior landscapes. This is all one sees. What is wanting to complete the scene, and carry it back to the first Olympiad is Faith. My companion had brought that needful element with him. For my part, I lacked it, and came away incredulous. He wrote a minute description of our expedition thither, under the escort granted us by Ali Pasha; but as his conclusions are entirely negative, and seem to imply that we had lost much time and undergone much trouble (besides having run the chance of catching the plague, which was at that time raging at Calamos and Butrinto, not far off) merely to come to that conclusion, I pass over that journey without another syllable.

One important place we visited on our way to Dodona (besides Kastritza, which Colonel Leake is tempted to assume as the spot) may perhaps deserve a passing remark. It is a Turkish town called Iffiliates, with about a thousand houses and some fine mosques, with one Iman, who serves as priest. Ibrahim Aga was the chief proprietor, and when called upon by the Vezir was bound to appear in the field with 2000 armed soldiers. The Turks of Iffiliates allow no Greek to reside among them but as servants. We were lodged in the seraglio of the Aga; but his people and the Turks we saw behaved with scant civility, asking questions as to our reasons for travelling, and who gave us permission to wander about and write down what we saw. This was the place in which Rose, the French general, was entrapped from Corfu to a conference by Ali Pasha, where he was made prisoner, sent to Janina, and thence to Constantinople, there to be put to death by poison.

We now finally quitted the capital of modern Epirus, and on our way to Athens crossed the Pindus, visiting Olympus and the valley of Tempe in our irregular wanderings. A sort of jatros of Metzovo, with whom I communed in Italian, or rather lingua franca, mentioned as instances of the miraculous effects of the air and water of the place, that a person sound asleep out of doors would be awakened by the touch of a fly; while in the case of a man who had eaten five okes of bread, on drinking the mountain water he digested the whole of it without the least inconvenience. Even in this desolate wilderness we found a good grammar school, supported by legacies and voluntary contributions.

On leaving Metzovo we, on the 10th of May, ascended the Pindus, the atmosphere being quite transparent, and the air of the morning most exhilarating. We were able fully to take in all the points of classical interest before making our descent on the south side, which is less craggy, shorter, and much more easy. Before us we had a splendid view of Thessaly, the course of the Peneius, the vertical rocks of Meteora, and the other heights of Pindus.

Four and a half leagues brought us to those strange convents which form part of the classical period of modern Grecian history. Eight of these monkish retreats, perched on as many perpendicular rocks, offshoots of the Pindus, may be seen almost in a line. Their first appearance is startling, for although evidently connected with the geological system of that great chain of hills which poets sung and consecrated to Apollo and the Nine, these almost vertical pinnacles seem to burst upright from the flat plain that leads to Trikkala, and would seem to be some colossal "nine-pins" set up by the giants after their fall.

Being in the vicinity of Pindus a traveller may well become suddenly inspired with mythological rhapsodies such as these; but real historical records tell a different tale. They say that instead of eight, as there were at the time of our visit, these monasteries were once twenty-four in number, and that their sagacious founder was Joseph, King of Trikkala, who, being defeated and driven from his dominions by the Turks, turned monk with all his court, brought his family, wealth, and relics with him to this place, settled his sister on an insulated rock in a convent, while he himself and courtiers occupied other equally impregnable domiciles. When we visited the place there were about two hundred monks in all the convents—five hundred persons, including attendants and menials. In the Meteora, which is the principal one, we found thirty monks, or about one hundred and twenty people in all. The Turks had taken almost all their large possessions away from them, leaving to the Meteora only ten acres of arable land and two hundred vineyards.

Our visit to these strange places occupied us more than one day; but a singular incident occurred just before we commenced it, being nothing less than the arrival of a special mounted messenger from Ali Pasha, demanding my return to him forthwith, on the plea that I had agreed to accept the office of Hekim-bashi at his court, and that he could not permit me to quit his dominions. The answer to such a demand was a flat refusal by Mr. Hamilton, without even consulting me, who had gone for a little stroll by myself. The messenger (a tschaousch) seeming to hesitate, my friend displayed his grand firman from the Sultan, granting solemn protection to the English Embassy in general, with which explanation the messenger was fain to depart. It was not till long after he had disappeared that my friend explained to me the whole affair, and we had a good laugh over my escape from becoming a physician to such a pasha.

The question now was, how to ascend to the principal convents. They are all equally accessible to a certain extent by a fixed narrow ladder to the height of about thirty feet from the ground, when you may squeeze yourself in through a narrow entrance cut in the rock, the composition of which is a conglomerate of pebbles and broken stones, held together by a kind of cement; in fact, a rock geologists term pudding-stone. By this fixed ladder the intercourse of the monks or servants with the outer world is usually carried on. But there is another mode of ascent to the pinnacle of these rocks, which consists in being drawn up in a net by means of a stout rope and a windlass. The net, made of cords strong and ample, is hooked through all its border rings, and when drawn up with the traveller inside his whole person is entirely enveloped.

So he ascends, first twirling and whirling round several times in opposite directions, and when steady commencing a new or pendulum movement, until the level of the highest platform is reached, on which he is safely deposited. To this manner of ascent, which we had seen put in practice beforehand with some of our followers by way of encouragement, we submitted, and were drawn up to the principal monastery at an elevation of two hundred and forty feet. I experienced a most distressing feeling of giddiness caused by the rapid twirls of the rope, and kept my eyes closed all the time we were ascending, thinking it anything but a pleasant way of quitting old mother earth. It was quite evident that I was not made for an aëronaut, and therefore I vowed at once not again to accompany my companion in any other of the several aërial excursions he proposed to repeat on the following day. When I reached the top I was not myself for some minutes, and could scarcely return the compliments of my new friends till I became a little more collected.

To describe thus, at the distance of nearly seventy years, this little fuss in a punch-bowl is, I am aware, likely to be considered as "Much ado about nothing," when readers of the present day have been surfeited with the report of daily ascents in imprisoned and other balloons crowded with observers, or gratified with the narrative of more consequential aërostatic excursions by a Glaisher, but to us at the time the sensation was as singular as the position was novel. Colonel Leake has properly suggested that with a rope or painter held by a person below, both the twirling and the pendulum motion could be prevented. An easier mode to prevent the twirling would be to keep the suspending rope always in water ready for use.

At this monastery, which is of considerable size, with a rich church and a large collection of relics enshrined in silver, we passed the night. There was a tolerable garden and a pleasant walk at the top of the mountain, the highest in the neighbourhood, with one single tree! No female whatever is admitted, except of the genus cat. In regard to feeding, the monks are not quite as rigid as the Agionoriotes, who refuse themselves the use of meat. Our monks ate it at any season, and only kept Lent on the prescribed days. Ignorant as they were of the world, and of everything else, these poor monks possessed nevertheless a library with some rare editions of printed books; but they made no use of them whatever, none being able to comprehend ancient Greek, resembling in that respect other self-made cenobites in southern Italy, who read their daily breviary in a language they do not truly comprehend, though they understand the meaning of each part by rote. These Greek brothers travel on foot through all the country, soliciting alms or contributions for the maintenance and support of their convents and brethren.

On the second day I excused myself from ascending the next peak, and preferred to sleep "al ciel sereno," bivouacking at the foot of the Barlaam, surrounded by our horses, our escort, and our guide, whom I treated to some choice raki from my own valise. There I passed a pleasant time, listening to the many stories from the last-named individual, who repeated the little romance of Papa Eutimio, who belonged once to the convent—how from a monk he became a chief of robbers, and when once in the power of Ali Pasha was despatched, quartered, and each part suspended in Janina.

The following day we trotted off to Trikkala, where we could find not a vestige of antiquity either in the town or its castle. I inquired naturally of the archimandrite, the only learned person in the place, whether there were any vestiges subsisting of the temple dedicated to the god of my profession, to which Hellenes from all parts of Greece used in former times to flock in search of health. But the good priest did not even know the name of the divinity I was inquiring after! I thought I might find a solution of the old tradition in the discovery of some salutary mineral spring. "No such source has ever existed," was the reply. And it is a curious fact to be recorded, that throughout those parts of Greece I visited, whether in plains or in mountains, nowhere did I hear of the existence of any known mineral water. The priest suggested that I should inquire of the jatros of the town (lucky people to have but one such among thousands of inhabitants!). "It is his business to know," said he; "ask him." Now, considering that Æsculapius was actually born on the banks of their river, as Strabo assures us, to ignore even the name of so illustrious a fellow-townsman bespeaks ignorance indeed.

On the morning of the 16th we visited the castle of Pharsalus, or, as some say, Phthia, situated on an elevated and craggy steep hill above the present town. The only remarkable thing we saw within it was what the inhabitants call a well; but Mr. Hamilton was rather inclined to think that, from its wide mouth and conical form, constructed with large hewn stones, like the treasury of Agamemnon at Mycenæ, this supposed well might have served the same purpose to Achilles, who, like his contemporary magnate, may have had buildings of the same construction and form and for a like purpose. No door is visible, but it is probably covered by the earth and stones fallen from above.

We set out afterwards for Larissa, which we reached over a handsome bridge crossing the Peneius. On entering the town, we counted twenty-eight minarets. There was only one church, which was large, and attached to the palace of the Metropolitan. There were many Jews, some very rich and possessing most magnificent houses. The government of the city was then in the hands of several wealthy beys, one of whom, Mustafa Pasha, was a Christian born, stolen from his parents by a body of banditti, and taught to rob and plunder with them. Becoming very powerful, he attached himself to Ali Pasha, and when he took Janina was made by him devent-bey of those parts. Once, being called to Janina, he was requested by Ali to present him with his sword, which was of great beauty and value. This Mustafa refused to do. Conscious of the danger in which this act must place him if he remained longer in Janina, he decamped in the night with all his followers, infested for some time the mountains of Goura and the plains between Larissa and Pharsalia, till at last he summoned the first of these places to admit him as governor, threatening to burn it and its inhabitants, upon which they submitted, till Ali drove him out afterwards, when he returned to the Morea.

In reading over my diaries after a lapse of nearly seventy years, in which the preceding and many similar examples of arbitrariness, violence, and brute force are recorded, I have often hesitated in transferring them to these pages, destined to be read only when such a state of demoralized society in the once famed classic land of our youthful and school days will have passed away. They will then be considered as lacking the only excuse for their publication—novelty. But may not a different view be taken of the question? Looking at the struggles (they have not been many or very heroic) of the native Hellenes to shake off the Mussulman yoke, the historian who can supply faithful records (from his knowledge and experience) of the despotic and violent acts of the governing race that for so many centuries, and even down to our own days, have oppressed the conquered race, can never be justly taxed with anachronism if he insists on giving publicity to the facts that have already been inserted in these pages, or which may yet require to be recorded. The whole will tend to show how many and just grounds existed for wishing success to the endeavours made to regenerate Greece and free its people from such wide-spread lawlessness, and how grievous at the same time is the conviction that those efforts have not met with success.

On quitting Larissa, on our way to Ambelakia, I stupidly chose to show off my equestrian skill against our Tatar, who, besides being better mounted, was of the Astley Theatre sort of riders, the consequence of which was a tumble of both horse and cavalier, which proved sufficiently serious to compel us to return to our lodging and remain the whole of the following day—"a day," writes my companion in his notes, "I spent chiefly in reading Pindar and listening to a controversy between the three physicians on the Brunonian system, in which A. B., though apparently *abattu*, came out very strong."

On quitting the vicinity of Larissa the road continues through a lovely country amid some of the lower heights of Mount Ossa, as it overhangs the valley of Tempe. A watch-tower placed on an eminence pointed out to us the position of Ambelakia, which was chiefly inhabited by wealthy Greek merchants who traded in Hungary and Germany. Here were the manufactories of the famous Turkey-red dye, one of which we visited, and were initiated into the whole complex process by which that beautiful and brilliant material is obtained which forms the wealth of Ambelakia. It is an interesting fact worth recording, that these brilliant coloured stuffs, steeped in the water of the classical Peneius, dried in the air that environs the three poetic mountains of Thessaly, take their departure from this humble village to find their way into Hungary and Saxony, thence to Holland, France, and Spain, and finally to the Spanish colonies in South America, there to array the sylph-like figure of some handsome, dark-eyed Maja dancing the graceful bolero in her brilliant, short, red petticoat that has been dyed for her twelve months before at the foot of Olympus!

We left Ambelakia on the 22nd of May, and descended a long and very steep paved road into the valley of Tempe. A beautiful grove of large plane-trees on the bank of the Peneius was the first object we had to admire on arriving at this celebrated spot. Continuing our journey along the right bank of the river, we soon entered the narrow passes. The rocks of Olympus are almost perpendicular, and bare of any vegetation. Ossa has more frequent undulations and ravines, and these being clothed with woods, it presents a prospect less sublime and terrific.

After twenty minutes' ride our guide showed us a small aperture in the rock at the foot of Ossa, from which issues continually a strong current of air, whence the spot is called Anemopetra. I take shame to myself that I did not endeavour to ascertain the nature of this aërial stream, not even to test whether it was acid. Odourless we knew it was, and equally certain that it was not inflammable, for those points our noses and the Tatar's tchibouk had proved. The structure of the rocks being argillaceous schist in part, some hydro-sulphuric gas might have been detected, notwithstanding the negative evidence of the smell.

A little further on the Ossa changes its aspect, and presents a rude and craggy range of mountains divided by steep *aiguilles* (Charedræ), on the top of one of which there is said to be a monument of an ancient king. On the sides of Olympus appear certain natural caverns and other artificial grottoes, which, as they were sacred to the different gods of the heathen, so did they become in the subsequent ages of Christianity the dwellings of ascetic hermits. One of these, the largest, and close to the water's edge, is dedicated to Ayïa Tria, or Saint Trinity. It is supposed (and with probability) that this is the spot where was the Temple of Apollo, to which the Messenians annually repaired to collect branches of laurel, growing in abundance, to carry away with them for their mysterious ceremonies at Delos. Close by is also a very fine spring of fresh mineral water, slightly chalybeate, and almost effervescent. Other springs also issue from the two mountains, many of which, though they have only a few fathoms to run, would of themselves be considerable as rivers, rushing over the rocks with great impetuosity and noise.

On the 23rd of May we engaged horses at Rhapsin to visit the summits of Olympus, and immediately began the ascent, continuing for an hour along the exterior of the mountain, having a fine view of the plains of Thessaly and of the mountains beyond. Soon, as we entered among the hills, the snowy peaks of Olympus burst upon our sight. Higher up we reached and halted at the Monastery of St. Trinity, in the midst of a forest of fir trees. This monastery is something like a khan, with a large church in the centre of the enclosed court. Below are the kitchens and stables, while above are the chambers or cells of the monks, with a wide gallery along the four sides of the whole range. We found no Greek work or manuscripts of any value in their small library, the monastery having been frequently pillaged by the Turks. This, the highest habitable spot in Olympus, has remarkably fine air and good water.

Next morning, at sunrise, we started from the monastery on foot. Once out of the wood, there is no longer any appearance of road; the way is very steep and broken, though in no part presenting any difficulties. Six hours' march through snow brought us to the top. And what a noble and extensive view repaid us for our trouble! A magnificent panorama indeed for a young, newly-emancipated collegian, full of classical recollections, to contemplate! From the coast of Salonik, with the mountains of Macedonia beyond, and the three peninsulas, with Mount Athos culminating above all! The neighbouring islands in the Archipelago, Ossa and Pelion, the Gulf of Volo and Thermopylæ, Mounts Akrys, Æta, Helicon, and Parnassus, the Gulf of Corinth, the mountains of the Morea, and the snow-topped range of Pindus! An early morning, clear and crisp, and an azure sky, the chilliness from the snowy surface mellowed by a brilliant sun! glorious! oh, truly glorious! The whole history of Heroic Greece came suddenly into my brain, and the figures of Xerxes, Alexander, Leonidas, Themistocles, Pericles, and Epaminondas passed before me in succession, as my companion, better versed in ancient topography, pointed out on our map the corresponding sites in the horizon where the fierce battles had been fought by those great champions in defence of their country, or against attempts made by foreign enemies to enslave parts of the Hellenic territory.

No Grecian remains were found on the summit, but there were fragments of large Roman bricks, many of which had served to form small huts to shelter the shepherds. In the midst of the *débris*, and very dissimilar to the tiny structures around, I could not but fancy one might be the remains of an Ara to Jupiter Olympus. While Mr. Hamilton, seated on his camp-stool, was inditing a short epistle to London, dated "From the heights of Olympus, 24th of May, 1803," I was occupied in making an incline of the largest bricks, on which I exposed enough snow to the ardent sun-rays of noonday to supply us with water to quench our thirst, and in deeply scratching, on the surface of two of the smoothest Roman bricks I could find, our respective names and the date of our advent Latinized in the regular style of mural inscriptions, fixing and securing the same on the top of the sacred Ara just mentioned.

Our descent occupied only three hours, and we reached the convent, desperately knocked up, after ten hours' absence. There we remained all night, and after a day's rest continued our travels, noting all the numerous places of interest on our way. Zagora, the next place visited, is surrounded by gardens and cultivated grounds, having extensive forests of chestnut and walnut trees, with orange and lemon groves watered by abundant streams, forming here and there charming cascades of great beauty. The mountain bears many medicinal plants and herbs, the employment of which in the cure of disease is a family secret descending from father to son, or, speaking more accurately, from an old grandmother to an old granddaughter, for this branch of the sanative art is exclusively the department of old women, whether in Thessaly, Middlesex, or Virginia.

With regard to the modern Greeks, this is not the only superstition they have inherited from their ancestors, for they also look upon all their fellow-citizens inhabiting Zagora or its neighbourhood (whose height exceeds six feet, or one fathom) as the descendants of the giant who formerly inhabited Pelion, and whom they call Elinois.

The Zagoraens have the reputation of being successful breeders of silk-worms. Every one of the seven hundred families make, one with another, three and a half okes of silk in the year. All make the same, but never will they show the worms to strangers, for fear of the "Cattivo Occhio." With all the interest I enjoyed of Doctor Bellonio's name, and great as was the desire of the son of a father possessing a silk farm in Lombardy to see how the Zagoraens reared their silk-worms, nothing would induce any of the proprietors to grant me a moment's inspection of their silk farms. These selfish descendants of Jason, who from the spot now occupied by the douaniers of Volo set sail one hundred years before the Trojan War (1084 B.C., according to Eusebius), at the head of a chosen band of heroes, to snatch the Golden Fleece from the fangs of a terrible guardian, exercise by their jealousy a more uncompromising defiance against such as wish to know the nature of, and share the dear-bought prize brought back by Jason, and by him presented to his uncle, the King of Thessaly. Their very descendants seem to have inherited from him the exclusiveness by which the lover of Medea preserved his prize.

The story of Jason is not wholly a fiction. That some years before the Trojan War an embarkation for a distant expedition took place from a part of the coast we were exploring, and concerning which we know distinctly the name of the ship and its chief captain, as well as that of most of his heroic companions, is a tradition treasured up to this day by the inhabitants, and corroborated by the testimony of many writers, both Greek and Latin. The object of the expedition, so variously interpreted, is the only part of the whole story that gives to it a fabulous character. Substitute a natural object for the expedition, viz., the desire to acquire a knowledge of some important national secret connected with the production of wealth, which had hitherto been guarded with strict jealousy, but which the dwellers around the Pagasean Gulf eagerly desired to possess, tempted as they had been by the occasional sight of important auro-coloured Median robes, lustrous and brilliant, the produce of the great secret, and the motive of the naval expedition is at once apparent. Silk was the material they desired to possess. Having learned whence those vestments had come, thither the Argonauts proceeded, and there, aided by the intrigues of an amorous princess, they overcame the jealousy of the cultivators of the Bombyx in Colchis (which we had failed to overcome in the Zagoraens), and brought back in triumph to their own country, not a useless sheep's skin tinselled over with gold, but the golden, glossy, silky covering of a different creature, the rearing of which, with the cultivation of its silky produce, continued in the hands of the Greeks for some centuries ere it found its way to Western Europe.

Such is my interpretation of the story of Jason. A very lively and clever writer has given his interpretation of Jason's undertaking, which he supposes to be akin to one he was engaged in while travelling amongst the monasteries of the Levant, namely, to look for and secure precious manuscripts. "What Jason sought was a famous volume written in golden letters upon the skins of sheep, wherein was described the whole science of alchemy, and that the man who should possess himself of that inestimable volume should conquer the green dragon; and being able, by the help of the grand magisterium, to transmute all metals, and draw from the alembic the precious drops of the elixir vitæ, men, and nations, and languages would bow down before him as the prince of the pleasures of this world."* I leave it to others to determine which of the interpretations is the more probable. Be this as it may, silk is now largely produced in Zagora, about twenty thousand okes being manufactured and exported.

The coast of the Gulf of Zagora is bounded by high cliffs, which terminate at the landing-place—La Scala. Between the last cliff and the sea is a plain covered with a dense forest of chestnut-trees. During the clear hot summer months the heights of Lemnos are plainly visible. To that island the Argonauts naturally shaped their first course.

The Zagora doctor, Don Gaetano, might have boasted nearly seventy years ago of having anticipated the people of the United States in the intellectual education of woman; he having instructed the sister of his deceased wife to act as a physician and apothecary, an office she had successfully filled for some years, though unable to read or write. My conversation with her in her own language was a brief one, but I found her conversant with all the premonitory symptoms, as well as with the concurrent phases, of all the principal maladies to which her own town's-people are liable, with a competent knowledge of simple medicines, the produce of the country. My *confrère* himself was very communicative respecting his adventures. Before he fled from Naples, he had, in his own defence, and in the king's presence, killed the captain of the guards in the royal palace. Being arrested, he was condemned to death. Confined in the Castel dell' Ovo, he contrived to escape by means of a silk ladder and a file, sent to him by his brother; while a pretty-eyed German girl, who sold flowers in the Castello, undertook to supply the sentinels with enough drugged rosoglio on the occasion.

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* "Visits to Monasteries in the Levant." By the Hon. Robert Curzon, jun.

On the 5th of June we reached Volo, lodging in the house of Sali Aga, who pressed on myself in particular such a prodigal succession of small cups of strong coffee, accompanied by a corresponding number of long tchibouks, that I felt almost intoxicated on retiring for the night. The muddled state of my head on waking in the morning convinced me that the many charges of Latakia in my pipe over-night must have held opium, the bad effects of which I continued to experience through the remainder of the day.

Outside the town of Volo we came to a vast plain extending from the lower strata of Pelion to the sea, in the midst of which plain was a fountain, with an abundance of limpid and surging water, the taste of which indicated the presence of salts, as if the sea-water penetrated it, and was the cause of its tumultuous rising and falling. Beyond the sight of the ancient city are three small hillocks, which the people of the country, by tradition from father to son, pretend contain—one a mine of gold, another of silver, and a third a thriving nest of serpents. This last supposition, and the uncertainty as to which of the three is the one so terribly infested, and therefore to be eschewed, is assigned as the reason that no one has hitherto been found bold enough to venture in search of the secreted treasures. A very old and intelligent inhabitant assured us that such a tradition has existed for many centuries, for he had repeatedly heard it from his father and grandfather as information they in their turn had derived from their ancestors.

Proceeding on our way, we day by day trod on truly classic ground. How many scholastic reminiscences, in one whose classical lore was not yet rusted, rushed into my mind as we surveyed or heard of the names of places in that part of our travels which might truly be called heroic Greece! Aulis with Agamemnon and Achilles; Platæa and Aristides; Mantinea and Epaminondas; Marathon and Miltiades; Mount Pentelicus and the Ilissus; and, lastly, proud Athens itself!

We had slept at Oropus,* where Mr. Hamilton copied an inscription in a ruined church, which he had forgotten to do the year before. Impatient to reach the capital, we rose early next day, and set out to accomplish the ten hours' journey which separated us from it. At first we mounted a range of well-wooded hills, which led us to the village of Bona, and over a long narrow plain producing much corn, and well provided with oaks. We then began the ascent of Mount Parnes, and after four hours we halted near a modern church. These heights of Parnes are the lowest portion of that range of mountains, which rises four thousand six hundred feet. Mr. Hamilton conjectured that Mardonius chose the road we came by, when, at the head of his Persian troops, he went to meet the Greeks near Platæa, where Argesilaus, brother of Themistocles, slew him in mistake for Xerxes.

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* The district between this point and Athens is the scene of the awful massacre of English travellers by Greek brigands, which so horrified all England in May, 1870.

We passed a wood near the village of Totoy, a defile with a magnificent view of Athens to the west, and of Eubœa to the east. Near us was the course of the Cephissus, which rises between the mountains of Parnes and Pentelicus, at a place now called Monomati. Descending the Parnes by a very gentle slope to meet the Ilissus at about four leagues from Athens, we crossed the river, with a fine view in passing along the mountains between Eleusis and Corinth, and entered Athens a little after mid-day on the 18th of July, 1803.

CHAPTER VIII.

1803.

A Lombard in Athens—Signor Lusieri—The Acropolis—State of the sculptures—Vandals and spoliators—Theban fever—Departure of Mr. Hamilton—Temple of Jupiter Olympus—Temple of Theseus—Early morning on the Acropolis—The Parthenon—The Erechtheum—A missing Caryatid—Sanitary condition of Athens—Domestic life of ancient Greece.

After a long, desultory, fatiguing, albeit interesting, ramble through Hellas, I found myself, a descendant of the Longobardi of Mediolanum (a city Aureolus converted into a Roman dependency sixteen centuries ago), in the great capital of Attica, which at nearly the same remote date was being ravaged by the Goths, a kindred race of barbarians to the Longobardi, to be surrendered, like the capital of Lombardy, to the Romans to form a part of their eastern empire. Such, and no other, historical associations entered my head as we passed into Athens through the Hadrian Gate, after crossing the Ilissus coming from Oropos and Marathon. Under the impressions of such reminiscences, the sight of Athens failed to rouse in my breast those feelings of enthusiasm with which the first view of the scene—that reminds one of all that is elevated in intellectual philosophy, history, and poetry, all that is exalted in genius and taste in the fine arts, and all that the most heroic deeds of valour and patriotism can accomplish—is invariably hailed by every well-educated traveller on approaching the city. I was destined not long after to find my thoughts and meditations taking a very different direction, so that from an indifferent spectator I became a most enthusiastic admirer. An early visit to the Acropolis effected this miracle.

The first move the two newly-arrived travellers made after being deposited at the residence of Signor Logotheti, the English consul, was to call on Lusieri, the intelligent Neapolitan artist, with whom we straightway proceeded to visit the Parthenon. Lusieri was one of a small, well-chosen band of artists whom Mr. Hamilton had engaged the year before in Italy to be in the service of Lord Elgin during the meditated operations in Athens. He proved a most active and successful artist, as is testified by the collection of his numerous and beautiful drawings preserved, I believe, in the British Museum. When Mr. Hamilton in 1802 quitted Athens, Lusieri was left in charge of the execution of the works, and he had now to give an account of his proceedings during the past year. Naturally, an immediate companionship sprang up between the Parthenopean and the Insubrian compatriots, and we became inseparable. I could not be more fortunate in the choice of a cicerone for the successive and successful examinations of the splendid remains of Grecian art by which I was surrounded, and to which, with the consent of my travelling companion, Lusieri kindly devoted a couple of hours each day for my benefit, the rest of the day being reserved for the business of the art mission Mr. Hamilton had temporarily established in Athens.

On reaching the Acropolis, June 19th, 1803, accompanied by Lusieri, Mr. Hamilton found it more stripped of its beauties than the year before. He was however convinced, he remarks, "of the general utility which ought to result from the measures taken by Lord Elgin for the removal of the precious monuments from Athens to England. Besides the satisfaction an Englishman must feel to see his country possessed of such inimitable chefs-d'œuvre, he should understand the state in which these marbles were left in Athens. At an early period of Christianity, the Iconoclasts began to lay their destructive hands on these monuments of Pagan idolatry, taking them as symbols of image worship. After these came the Goths and Vandals and other barbarians, whose amusement was to destroy whatever they found good in itself but useless to them; and the Turks faithfully followed their steps. But the ruin of the Parthenon dates from late in the seventeenth century (1687), when a powder magazine of the Venetians blew up within its walls during the siege by the Turks, since which time the frequent occurrence of earthquakes, to which the position is liable, has added successively more serious effects and damage to the buildings. Many of the most precious objects have been converted into mortar by the Turks on receiving orders to repair any portion of the fort, or have been buried in the mass of ruins."

Much has been written, and much has been said in the House of Commons and elsewhere, against the Vandals and spoliators of Athens—Lord Elgin and his associates—but that has been met manfully in a work which will ever reflect credit and honour on its author when recorded in future impartial historical pages, and not in the diatribes of the day. All the harm I can wish those detractors (if any survive) is to have the satisfaction of perusing, should they not have done so already, the masterly refutation of their mistaken charges, written at the time by Mr. Hamilton himself, concerning which it is not easy to determine whether the cogency of the arguments and the trustworthiness of his allegations, or the terseness and elegance of the language in which they are expressed, deserve the higher commendation.

I was myself destined to verify one of the statements contained in that masterly vindication—namely, the wilful and wanton destruction of such parts of the yet subsisting metopes on the great Athenian temple, which projected more than the rest of the relievos. This was effected by the djiarrid being thrown at them in sport by mounted Turks, the effect of which was (after perhaps three or four failures) to bring down fragments of a leg or an arm of one of the Centaurs, to the clamorous joy of the lookers-on, who would exclaim "Pah, pah, pah" (wonderful), or "Alhamady Lillah" (thanks to God!), as if they had been witnessing a pious act. This and every other species of destructive contrivance was going on unchecked, till at last the measures taken under authority from the Sultan have secured for posterity a large part of what still remained. But for those measures complete destruction must have ensued.

As for myself, who now beheld the Parthenon for the first time, its ruinous state did not shock my feelings much, for I only expected to behold a ruined temple, as I found it. I saw the places empty in the pediment which an erect Minerva and a recumbent Ilissus should have occupied. I noticed the entire absence of many of the alto-relievo metopes, and the glaring destruction in the others of heads and limbs of the principal figures, while the frieze for many feet of its length was absent. But I bore in mind the twenty-three centuries since Pericles gave the word to erect, and Callicrates and Ictinus, Phidias, and his assistants set about to obey the mandate of the fierce opponent of Cimon, and I concluded that this wonderful creation had been more respected by the hands of Time than by those of man! By the former the Acropolis of Athens had not been less respected than the monuments on the Palatine and Capitoline Hills or in the Forum at Rome have been, or those of Egypt and Persepolis, while all the glorious vestiges of human art in these last-mentioned countries had found more grace at the hands of man than had the more admirable Grecian remains.

As regards Athens more particularly, it was to be my lot, after a few years, to discover that my conclusions had been too hasty, and that what I had considered as the result of the devastating hand of Time, or the evil nature of man, was in fact the work of a protecting hand, which withdrew from inevitable and complete destruction monuments the Greeks knew not how to protect, and by removing them to another land, and to the care of a very different people, had secured to them an almost perpetual existence for the admiration and instruction of many generations to come, and for the perpetuation of good taste in the fine arts. I speak in this manner with more than ordinary feeling, from having been personally engaged in securing a part of the marbles above referred to which had found their way to France, and which I was made the agent for procuring at the sale of the Duc de Choiseul's marbles in Paris in 1815, under the authority of the English Chancellor of the Exchequer.

It had been the intention of my companion to remain at Athens a sufficient time to enable me to inspect all the principal buildings at leisure, and then to proceed to Constantinople, where we were to part. This arrangement was not destined to be carried out, for my friend, the second day after our arrival, was seized with all the symptoms of Bœotian fever, which lasted more than a week, not without two or three critical days of great danger and anxiety that called for my incessant attendance. It is a complaint readily contracted in the marshy districts of Thebes. I confess that, with my subsequent experience of the nature of fevers, and of the number of victims among travellers in Attica who preferred, like ourselves, to sleep *sub divo* to being tormented by indoor vermin, I positively shudder, even at this distance of time, at the recollection of the risk to which my friend and myself had been exposed. No doubt a sufficient dose of quinine might have diminished the risk, but that precious discovery had not yet been made; and as for the use of ordinary cinchona, whether in powder or in decoction, the irritable state of the stomach forbade its use. Two essays I made of it in my patient's case were followed by such results as to compel me to have recourse to the methodus medendi of the Brunonian system I had been taught at my alma mater at Pavia, under which, with opium and brandy, the recovery took place.

The doctor had scarcely declared his friend safe and convalescent, when it became his turn to be the patient under a similar attack of fever, during which (as it will ever be remembered by me with gratitude) my recent patient became my nurse and assiduous attendant for the space of nine days, adopting in my case the plan of treatment I had followed in his own. In the mean time letters arrived from London which summoned Mr. Hamilton home on public and private matters, both of an equally agreeable nature, namely, to be married, and to be appointed précis writer and private secretary to the Earl of Harrowby.

Of course I was then completely ignorant of the nature and importance of the second portion of the good news, which in fact turned out to be the first step of that distinguished diplomatic career which Mr. Hamilton, during a period of sixty years, went through, as Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs from October 16th, 1809, to January 22nd, 1822; as Secretary to the Lord Justices of England during the King's visit to Hanover, 1821; and lastly, as Envoy Extraordinary and Minister Plenipotentiary to the court of Naples from February, 1822, till December, 1824. I could, and did, understand the first portion of the summons, and congratulated him sincerely, regretting only that our companionship should in consequence so soon terminate.

Previously to the receipt of this agreeable news, Mr. Hamilton had meditated a second short visit to Asia Minor, taking Troy on his way to Constantinople on his return homewards. I was too weakened by the fever to venture to accompany him, and it was therefore agreed that he should precede me at once to Smyrna, having nothing to detain him in Athens, and that in case I recovered sufficiently in a few days, I should join him at Smyrna, where he would prepare Mr. Werry, the British consul, to receive me. The period for our meeting again under such an arrangement was of course limited to a fixed number of days, at the end of which he would be free to proceed on his journey homewards. We parted, and never did we meet again till after the lapse of several years. I still remember the feelings of desolation that overcame me as I saw him set sail from the Piræus. Accompanied by Signor Logotheti, I retraced my steps to his hospitable residence, where I remained the whole day shut up in my own room, feeling truly miserable.

Good-natured Signor Lusieri came to me the following day, and by way of cheering me, proposed at once a round of visits within the limits of my poor enfeebled means of locomotion. He did not attempt to make me climb up to the Parthenon again for the present, but left that great scene for a grand climax to our peregrinations. As the nearest object to us, he took me to the choragic monument of Lysicrates, a graceful Corinthian colonnade on a quadrangular basement, the tripod of which is wanting at the top. Why this monument should also be called the Lantern of Demosthenes, no plausible conjecture, as far as I am aware, has ever been made. The state of preservation of so delicate an object, after twenty-one centuries, is not one of its least merits.

To sixteen gigantic columns of the Corinthian order, and of white marble, erected near the bank of the Ilissus, Lusieri called my particular attention, as all that remains of the most magnificent temple of the ancient world, dedicated to Jupiter Olympus. One can fancy what must have been the splendour of an edifice which was decorated with one hundred and twenty such columns as the sixteen we had before us, said to be the largest now standing in Europe of the same material, and measuring in height sixty feet, with a circumference of twenty-one feet. Commenced during his usurped power by Pisistratus, five hundred years before the Christian era, interrupted during his exile, continued by his sons until after their expulsion from Athens, then suspended for four centuries, then taken in hand by a Roman emperor, with the aid and gold of a number of allied or friendly princes, to be at length completed by Hadrian! The idea of so magnificent a temple as the Olympiesium reduced to such scanty vestiges of its existence made both my companion and myself regret that there had not been an Elgin a century or thereabouts sooner to save such a monument of exquisite art from the devastations of the Turks, such as even the Persians in their invasion of Greece had never thought of committing.

Thinking I had done enough for one morning, Lusieri proposed to adjourn for refreshment and rest to his own sanctum, a curious snug domicilium, where he afforded me the opportunity of witnessing the casting in plaster of the most intact metopes, with portions of the frieze from the Temple of Theseus, which casts are now in the British Museum. The work was conducted under Lusieri's own direction.

The next day we visited M. Fauvel, the French consul, whose name having been obliterated by a blot of ink in my journal, my friend Mr. Donaldson, the eminent and scientific architect, has obligingly supplied me with. Mr. Donaldson had visited Athens a few years after us, and had known both Lusieri and the French consul, whom he describes as "an artist learned in archæological lore, graceful and obliging, communicative of what he knew, and placing at your disposition whatever he possessed. He was a great friend of Lusieri, and I well remember his house and courtyard with the terrace, and the beautiful collection of antiquities he had gathered around him."

After an examination of the principal ancient remains, Lusieri took me to the Theseium, or Temple of Theseus, thence to the Hill of the Areopagus, and then to the monument of Andronicus Cyrrhestenes, commonly called the Temple of the Winds.

Never shall I forget the 28th of July, 1803. I rose with the sun, and after an early breakfast of coffee, milk, and honey from Mount Hymettus, I wended my solitary way slowly (for I was still weak from the fever) to the west, so as to reach the top of the Acropolis more conveniently. I know not whether it was from the fact of my having heard so much from my travelling companion in commendation of the proverbially magnificent examples of Grecian art to be seen on this elevated spot, or whether from the circumstance of my having recently read the various elaborate and enthusiastic descriptions of them in ancient as well as modern authors, which had raised high my expectations, but the impression received on finding myself in front of the eastern façade of the Parthenon was not of such an exalted character as I had anticipated and had prepared myself for. However, after I had walked along the side porticos, of probably two hundred feet in length, and contemplated the beautiful frieze on the external wall of the Cella, at the height of about thirty feet, representing the Panathenæan procession of Minerva (most of it at present in the British Museum), and emerged from the inner into the outer south-western angle of the front colonnade, an astounding panorama broke before and around me. Then I almost wished I had been born an Athenian of the fourth pre-Christian, instead of the eighteenth post-Christian century. In imagination I saw the crowd of Athenians, of all ranks, just emerged from the Cella and porticos of the Parthenon after their pagan rites, casting their eyes on the splendid spectacle around them, and I envied their enjoyment while enjoying it to a degree myself. Immediately below them, the Temple of Bacchus and the Odeium; the Museum, with the monument of Philopappus a little way to the right, and the Prytaneum, with the Arch of Hadrian on the left; straight before them the Piræus, with the triremes of the Republic; further on, Ægina, Nauplia, Hydra, and the mountains of Corinth. On turning back, the Areopagus, the Temple of Theseus, the Stoa of Hadrian, the Tower of Andronicus, and at the extreme south-east the most splendid of all the ancient temples, that dedicated to Jupiter Olympus. Oh! glorious sight, not to be paralleled on earth, teeming with monuments of such exquisite designs and workmanship as no subsequent human effort has surpassed or indeed equalled. Such were my reflections, placed as I was on this unique spot. Nor can I at this moment wake up in my mind any analogous impression in the course of the ever-changing scenes of my subsequent long life.

Of the beautiful works left for our admiration on this unrivalled Athenian hill, I consider the group of the three pretty edifices forming two temples, designated under the single name of Erechtheum, to be the most pleasing as well as the most interesting, equal in the power of creating a lasting impression on the memory of the beholder to that of their gigantic neighbour, the Parthenon. No visitor, after satiating his sight with the grandeur of the latter edifice, can turn away from the Acropolis without being attracted by this architectural group, so exquisite, so charming, so varying in the lines of combination, elevation, and ornamentation, formed by the Temple of Minerva Pallas, with its graceful caryatides, backed by its western division dedicated to Pandrosos, the only faithful of the three daughters of Cecrops, who was deserving of a shrine to herself, harmonizing with the hexastyle portico placed on a higher level at the eastern end. There is a poetry and a fervour of imagination in this group of three shrines clustered within two temples, as it were, sufficient to stamp the reputation and render imperishable the name of the architect who designed it, if indeed it be the work of only one artist, of which fact there are some doubts. If there was a moment during my sojourn in Athens when I felt inclined to side with the angry cynics who had condemned the removal of Grecian monuments to England as an act of vandalism, it was while I stood contemplating the delicious portico of Minerva Pallas, and being horror-struck at the absence of one of the pretty caryatides, a piece of timber to support the angle of the architrave being placed in the vacant space of the one carried off! That violent abduction of the young goddess led her into safer quarters in Great Russell Street, there to teach the fair ladies who have not yet adopted her coiffure the way to construct an Athenian chignon *tempore* Aspasia.

Although the principal Elgin acquisitions had long before been despatched to England, at the period of my residence in Athens operations were going on under Lusieri's superintendence, and I must avow that I rejoice in it. I may ask what have the Greeks done in the last sixty-seven years to preserve what was left?

Antiquities and the numerous examples (many of which have not been named in my cursory description) which the Athenians have left behind them, exhibiting their innate taste and sense of beauty in the fine arts, were not the only objects that engaged my attention while residing in their ancient capital. It was natural as a medical man that I should make inquiries into the sanitary condition of its inhabitants; and this, whether from the natural disposition of things, or from the effect of municipal measures, I did not find such as a civilized community would desire to enjoy. A scanty supply of water, which was the normal condition of the place, may be assumed as one source of unhealthiness. A then very recent earthquake which had taken place, destroying many lives, had unexpectedly converted scanty rivulets into abundant streams of limpid water, and the city supply had become fortunately sufficient. This led to an increase of domestic comfort. In their persons the Athenians, like their Turkish masters, were inclined to cleanliness, but not so in the arrangements of their houses, in which the two races resemble one another. The population suffered greatly from inflammatory attacks of the chest, and pleurisy accordingly (due to the keenness and dryness of the air) is a prevalent disorder, treated invariably by bleeding from the arm. Young Greeks of the higher classes seemed much subject to glandular swellings, which run quickly into suppuration if treated by a species of compound plaster. The basis of this plaster is a preparation of litharge: it is black in appearance, and commonly to be found in all families. I entered the process of making it in my notebook before coming away, and in default of any native denomination I called it Emplastrum Græcum. I have frequently employed it in England, as well as recommended it to many of my professional brethren.

In the messageia, or plain surrounding Athens, a sort of malaria prevails at certain periods of the year. I am inclined to ascribe it to a sirocco wind that blows over from the African coast, and I am led to adopt this view from the circumstance that many of the islands lying between that coast and the Gulf of Ægina, such as Zea, Milo, and Santorin, suffer similarly from the ill effect of that wind, which passes over them on its way to the shores of Attica. But that is not the only disastrous present Athens receives from the Libyan shores. There is also the curse of locusts, which infest the country at periods more or less frequent, producing devastation of a serious nature. Just before our arrival this scourge had committed great ravages throughout the whole of Attica, notwithstanding the exertions made during the previous spring to destroy them. Twenty paras, and even half a piastre, per oke were paid for their dead carcasses; and sixty thousand okes were brought in, for which thirty thousand piastres were paid. These insects had ruined the crops and vineyards. The tyrant Hadji Ali, when commanding in Athens, took a much more effective and less expensive mode of getting rid of these destructive insects. He made the whole city and all the villagers near turn out for three days, then making the tour of Athens, he burnt all the wild shrubs and thyme he met in his way, and drove the locusts into the fire, after which operation they did not make their appearance again for seven or eight years.

A considerable part of Athenian commerce is with the root of the Rubia Tinctorum, or Madder, which is sent to Larissa for the dyeing manufactories in that neighbourhood. The profit it yields is considerable.

On the point of turning my back on Athens, probably for ever, the following were the reflections that suggested themselves to me. Here is a city, now insignificant, but the name of which is alone sufficient to awaken in the mind of an educated person impressions which the sight of its precious monuments confirms, and adds weight to impressions of national valour, intellectual acuteness, fervid imagination, and philosophical sagacity. But along with all this, where is the true picture of the people who raised these monuments, composed the governing laws of the commonwealth, exalted and awarded the heroes by whom Greek fame was spread through the world, and left indelible marks of their wonderful existence? I carry away in my mind the long list of the works of Greek architects and sculptors; I read the accounts of the varying circumstances under which each monument or statue has been brought into existence and dedicated; how do all these facts enable us even to conjecture, much less to form a correct notion of, the manner in which these ancient people by whom all these mighty things were enacted succeeded in their accomplishment? Of what kind was their social intercourse in ordinary affairs? What was their domestic religion? Had they any special prayers with which to address their favourite god or goddess on special emergencies?

I left Athens with the solemn impression on my mind made by its splendid public monuments, but dissatisfied at not learning aught that enables me to know the ordinary routine life of the people, their worldly associations, the fashions that prevailed among them, their tastes and education. In these respects, how different is it as regards Rome, Pompeii, and even mighty Egypt! In their case we have become acquainted even with the minutest particulars of the domestic or private life of the people, who had surrounded themselves with magnificent and splendid edifices and monuments. We have ascertained every circumstantial phase of their private life. Not so with Greece: were the Greeks of the times of Solon and Pericles happy? Did they know the word "comfort" in their houses when the former wise legislator proclaimed the general release of all poor citizens from indebtedness, or while they beheld the latter archon raising temples and statues to many gods? Which writer has opened for our inspection the interior of the ordinary dwellings of the ancient Athenians? What idea has any visitor to Athens formed of the manner in which lived the ancient dwellers in the city of Minerva, and for whom were erected those wonderful edifices, the mere remains of which extort expressions of surprise, wonder, and admiration from all classes of visitors? We know how the humblest and most needy as well as the wealthiest citizen lived in Pompeii. The collection at Portici tells us that. It is no secret to us what the Egyptians' daily occupations were, their dress, their ornaments, their repasts, their amusements and recreations, their civic condition and duties, and their forms of worship, and we can follow them through their in and out movements with as much ease and certainty as we can become acquainted with the mode of living of the most modern or contemporary nation. But of the ancient Greeks, whose account is there that supplies us with such information? *

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* How different are the records we have extant of all such matters and of such interesting points in reference to ancient Egypt, and how copious is the information we possess, may be seen in a part of that very able work of my friend Mr. Hamilton before alluded to, entitled "Egyptiaca," where, at page 286, he gives a full description of the innumerable (many of them coloured) pictures on the walls, and the columns of the sepulchral excavations at a place Beni Hassan supposed to have been Speos Artemidos. "It is impossible," he states, "to give an adequate idea of the endless variety of domestic and rural occupations here portrayed upon the walls; the culture of corn, hemp, and flax, the manufactory of arms, the common modes of fishing, the hunting, dancing, wrestling matches, there being in one of the grottoes no less than one hundred and eighty representations of single combats, each perfectly different from any other, and all executed with great spirit. The representation of vintage

As regards the building of the ordinary dwellings of the people, those writers who have treated the history of architecture may possibly aid us. But which writer has told us how Aspasia, and the most exalted as well as the less appreciated of her admirers, lived in their own private houses? In what consisted the display of *luxe* in dress, in equipage, in the number and appearance of attendants, in the ornamentation of the interior of houses, in the form of reception of the guests at banquets? Did Athenian women, like modern Venetian ladies, turn night into day, that they might prolong the round of amusements? Were there any *beaux esprits* besides the satirists, the comic actors, and the dramatic writers? I know that I shall be referred to Pausanias, Herodotus, the grammarian Athenæus, in his Deipnosphistæ, and to many more modern writers on Greece, such as Meletius, the Greek geographer, Stuart, Chandler, Choiseul, Gouffier, Doctor Clarke, Dodwell, Gell, and my good old friend, Colonel Leake; also to Pouqueville, Müller, and, lastly, to Dr. Wordsworth or to Keightley's Mythology of Ancient Greece and Italy. I have been referred to that great and extensive work of Grote. Be it so! But without pretending to have consulted the half or third part of these numerous authorities, I still maintain that we are yet in want of a special work giving us a general and full account of the inner life, manners, habits, religions, passions, domestic intercourse in health and disease, in fact *les usages du temps*, besides

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in all its branches, the representation of feasts with music and dancing," &c. Mr. Hamilton terminates his enumeration thus:—"The reader will conceive how many points in the history of the arts and amusements of the ancient Egyptians, of their domestic and social economy, &c., all these points, when farther examined, will be studied and considered, as monuments scarcely less interesting than the Pyramids or the Temples, with avidity by the antiquary and the artist, opening the eyes to a variety of details relating to the private life of the Egyptians which none of the writers of antiquity have touched upon."

early and home education of the Greeks, especially of the Athenians, during the 63rd Olympiad, when Pisistratus lived and died, and the poet Æschylus was born, down to the 88th Olympiad, in the first year of which the death of Pericles is recorded.

CHAPTER IX.

1803—5.

Departure from Athens—First view of Stamboul—Arrival at the English embassy—Seized with the Plague—The question of contagion—Eusebio Valli and inoculation — Constantinople Past and Present — Domestic physician to a Greek family—The Hospodars—Children of my host.

A BOAT to Smyrna brought to my host, Logotheti, a letter from Mr. Werry, the English consul, enclosing a note from Mr. Hamilton for myself, announcing his immediate departure for Constantinople, and his inability to wait for my arrival, as his presence was required in England. He recommended me to make my way direct to Constantinople, where he would take care to secure me a friendly reception at the English Legation, should he have left before I arrived, as was likely to be the case. The land post on the same day brought me a letter from my late kind host at Cephalonia, in which was an enclosure from my eldest brother at Venice, which besides giving me satisfactory news from home contained a remittance. This, however, I had not asked him for, my late travelling companion having liberally acknowledged my professional services.

With the assistance of my host an arrangement was soon made with the same reis, an Hydriote, who had conveyed Mr. Hamilton in his sakalava, a boat of about three hundred kilos and a crew of eighteen men, for which he had paid one hundred and fifty piastres. My own contract was necessarily for a larger sum, as I meant to proceed direct to Constantinople, a greater distance than my friend's journey to Smyrna. My voyage proved a long and tedious one, our reis taking care at night to get into some of the numerous islands we passed. At length we entered the Dardanelles, casting an indifferent look at the big guns of the Castle of Sestos and that of Abydos on the Asian shore, I thinking rather of Sestos's daughter, the desolate and anxious maiden when her turret torch was blazing high to guide her lover through the stormy waters.

We dropped anchor at Gallipoli for the night ; and I was amply repaid on the morning of the third day for all my discomforts and weariness by the magnificent view that broke upon us as the Seraglio's point came in sight, and we scudded under our lateen sails round it to take our station at the skelessy or wharf of Tophanek, at the opening of the Golden Horn. This magnificent harbour, with deep blue water, flanked by hills covered with buildings interspersed with gardens and mosques, and sheltering the imperial fleet, offered a *coup d'œil* I can never forget. When the moment for landing approached I was so weak that it was with difficulty I left the boat. There was fortunately no intervention by either police or custom-house officers, for my luggage, which was not considerable, had been placed in the hands of the captain, who had been charged by consul Logotheti to take great care of me, and see me safely deposited at the English Legation. The captain helped me to land, and committed me to the care of a couple of hamals, who attend at the landing pier, and who, placing their hands under my arms, one on each side, like two human crutches, aided me to climb a steep lane or hill till we reached a level space almost contiguous to the English ambassador's residence.

I gave my name in French to the gate porter, who replied in Italian, and informed me that an apartment had been ready for me some days. Striking a gong, an attendant appeared, who conducted me to my rooms. In a short time I was waited on by an upper servant in the ministerial establishment, refreshments were supplied, and I was left to myself for the rest of the evening. On my table I found a few lines from my late travelling companion, who had left for England three days before, assuring me that I might make myself comfortable in my new quarters until I was able to make fresh arrangements.

My residence in the palatial house of the Legation was not, however, of long duration, for in the course of that very first night I awoke in a fit of tremor or cold shivering, with an intense headache, which I took at first to be a return of my old Bœotian fever. It turned out to be something much worse; for on the morning of the third day symptoms of the plague came in the form of swelled glands under the arms, leaving no doubt in my mind that by contact with the people who had accompanied me from the landing-place I had contracted the disease, which I was informed by the housekeeper who nursed me was at that moment very rife in Constantinople. With this conviction on my mind I hesitated not an instant in requesting that I might be conveyed immediately to the Galata Hospital, where I had the good fortune to fall into the hands of Dr. Gobbes, a Venetian, the principal and a long-established physician in Constantinople. He was extremely popular, not only among the Franks in Pera, but especially among the best Greek families in the Fanar, a part of the city in which they exclusively resided.

After four days passed in one of the private quarters of the hospital, my poor head began to get steady and clear, and I could take a complete survey of my own position. The doctor's treatment I suppose was founded on an habitual and stereotyped method, and as that did not appear to me the best mode of proceeding to effect a particular result, I ventured to suggest a measure which, being adopted and carried out, was followed by immediate relief, not unattended, however, by something like prostration. To meet this my Brunonian plan of treatment was next had recourse to, and in about a fortnight I was declared convalescent. Dr. Gobbes informed me that my case had from the first been considered a very serious one, and that until the delirious state had passed away, on the seventh day, he did not think I should recover. We had frequent conversations on the subject, and I set myself seriously to consider the complaint and its alleged contagious nature.

As soon as my friendly physician saw me on my legs and walking in the convalescents' garden, considering me safe from any future infection, he took me round the rooms in which cases of plague were brought in from time to time, and allowed me to inspect the note-book in which were kept the particular histories of each case, especially in reference to the mode in which the disease was deemed to have been contracted. Dr. Gobbes was convinced that I had caught the plague by contact with the hamals who had escorted me after my landing, one of whom it was ascertained had died of the epidemic afterwards. "Every one," he added, "in Constantinople is convinced that immediate contact between a healthy person and one contaminated with the plague will cause the transference of the complaint to the healthy person in the great majority of cases; but we do not admit that this disease, like any other common epidemic, must or may affect every person living in a place where the plague rages, except where positive contact with the sufferer or some article touched by him has taken place. Our every day experience in this hospital tends to confirm us in this belief."

By a strange coincidence, some few months after this conversation a curious episode occurred in reference to the history of contagion in plague, which is worthy to be recorded. An Italian physician, named Eusebio Valli, who had been one of the visitors at Pavia to witness the great discovery of Volta, and of whom I had a slight recollection, arrived at Constantinople with the determination to inoculate himself with matter from a plague bubo. Some of this he first mixed with vaccine matter, asserting that the virulence of the disease would be effectually extinguished, or at all events so very much modified that the patient would pass through the ordeal with impunity, and thereby become protected from any other seizure, on the assumption that the plague would affect man once only in his lifetime. The experiments were carried on in the hospital of which I had been an inmate, and I was admitted to witness them with five other physicians, the venerable Dr. Gobbes inclusive. Dr. Valli made an incision in his left thigh, and inserted some of the mixture, rubbing some also on the ball of one of his thumbs. A slight indisposition followed, accompanied by sores.

As the witnesses of the experiments had expressed their scepticism as regards the genuineness of the plague matter employed, Dr. Valli was induced to repeat the experiment in the plague hospital of the Seven Towers. Here he employed the real and undiluted pestilential virus, fully convinced was he that by his previous experiment he had rendered himself invulnerable. Soon, however, was he shown the futility of all theories when opposed to facts, for he had scarcely been in the hospital three days before he contracted the disease, though he fortunately recovered. After the performance of quarantine, he again returned to the society of Pera, living with another Italian physician, Doctor Pigioni, who enjoyed the patronage of Prince Morousi.

Such was Dr. Valli's conviction that by his first experiment he had discovered a mode of rendering the plague much milder in its effect, that he solicited permission—and the means were readily granted by Sultan Selim—to proceed to Asia for the purpose of collecting fresh vaccine matter, as it was known that in some of the plains near the Asiatic coast of the Bosphorus the peculiar disease of cows from which the matter for vaccination was obtained was very prevalent. On his return an apothecary put in circulation a pomatum composed of a mixture of bubo virus and cow matter, which was stated to produce a mild attack of plague, and to preserve the patient for ever from the disease. The sale of the remedy continued for some months, until the innumerable cases of mischief that followed came to the knowledge of the police, who promptly put an end to the trade in the nostrum.*

The conviction on our minds that the plague was a contagious fever of a most acute phlegmonoid type remained unaltered, and in my own individual experience, while in the exercise of my profession in Constantinople, I met very soon after with cases to confirm me in that conviction.

At this day we read in many interesting volumes of travels, that this great capital of the East can boast of being provided with all the appliances for comfort and amusement which western European cities can offer to foreign travellers, and I have been informed that there are now not fewer than nine or ten first-rate hotels, restaurants and cafés without number, reading-rooms, a chamber of commerce, and a literary and scientific institute for English visitors especially. Also, that not only are foreign newspapers in all languages to be had, but that local newspapers, in Turkish, Greek, Italian, and Armenian are published. Further, we are assured that everything suited to English convenience, taste, and requirements is to be found in

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* On the Plague and Contagion. By A. B. Granville, M.D., London, 1819.

Stamboul in abundance, including religious worship, doctors, both in law and physic, solicitors, bankers, booksellers, and even German tailors! Added to all this, in June, 1870, news comes through the *Levant Herald* that the Turkish government is collecting all the books and manuscripts in the neglected libraries attached to the principal mosques, with the intention of placing them in a handsome building to be erected for the purpose near the Hippodrome, which will be converted into a national library open to Christians!

Nothing of all this existed at the time of my visit. There was one great hotel, a famous Venetian restaurant or cookshop, where could be obtained the best dressed dish of "Riso alla Veneziana;" but no public institute approaching a club or literary assembly. The gossips, especially the medical, had their rendezvous at some "apotekei"—invariably kept by an Italian—which, like most of such gossiping establishments in Italian cities, was spacious, kept in the cleanest and neatest order, and above all redolent with the fragrant odour of myrrh, incense, and cassia. In such inviting shops the leaders of learned professions and the literati would congregate, or merely call for half an hour in the day to give or receive news and propagate all sorts of *canards.* They were the resort of the gentlemen idlers settled in the capital, dwellers in Pera, or in the Fanar—"the quartier noble" of the Greeks—and I have reason to remember how fortunate I considered myself in having such a resource in the dearth of occupation or any serious engagement which marked the first weeks of my residence in Pera after my complete recovery.

On quitting the Pest Hospital, I did not consider myself entitled to return to the English ambassador's residence, which had been so kindly offered me as a *pied à terre* on my arrival, in consideration of my connection with one of its principal members. I felt that I had no claim to prolong the enjoyment of such a privilege, and had therefore secured two rooms in the house of an old couple, Armenians, accustomed to lodge strangers. In this house four or five languages were commonly spoken by the attendants as well as by the master and mistress, who took a liking to the youthful Milanese medico, and treated him with almost parental kindness. On looking back to the earliest years of my wandering life, I am bound to acknowledge that few persons placed in circumstances similar to my own could expect to meet with so much fortuitous kindness and friendly treatment.

The little episode of Dr. Valli was the occasion of my next step in the world: thus we find in life that our active existence is a concatenation of events that seem to call one another into being or action, when each is but the necessary lemma of the preceding one, and the forerunner of the one that is to follow. So it was in my own case at this time of my life, and accordingly it happened that Dr. Gobbes, judging me from the doctrinal principles I had evinced in the little investigation of the theory of contagion, was induced to recommend to the parents of one of his female patients then under treatment for a chest complaint that I should be consulted. The young lady's improvement under a change of treatment I had ventured to suggest led the satisfied father to propose to me to reside in his family as the domestic physician during the spring and summer months, which were always passed by the family at their villa in Terapia, probably the prettiest village on the European shore of the Bosphorus. The situation had been found inconvenient for their esteemed Fanariote ordinary medical attendant on account of the distance. The proposed arrangement happened to be both convenient and agreeable, for I was beginning to get desperately tired of the idle life I was leading in Pera, which consisted in walking up and down a two-mile street, meeting always the same faces, and being snarled at by the same swarm of filthy curs, until they discovered that I was only one more giaour in their indisputable realm.

The family removed from the Fanar to Terapia a fortnight after the Christmas of 1803, and I soon followed. I was now about to see what real domestic Greek life was. I had had in the Ionian Islands, at Janina, and lastly at Athens, many partial glimpses of it, but now, through a more intimate intercourse, I was about to become better acquainted with the Greeks in general, and, what was more, with the inner life of Greeks of the patrician order, some of whom indeed had some pretension to imperial descent. My host, Spiridion Stataki, was allied to some of the Hospodars of Wallachia, subordinate princes owning allegiance to the Sultan, but yet much happier than their present more modern and independent successors, princes of the Roumanian empire. How curious was the origin and rise of these old-fashioned hospodars, holding their court at Bucharest and Yassy! Almost all of them had been the medical attendants of some grand Turk. They then commenced their public career by becoming Terjumans; the height of their ambition being to be named dragoman to the fleet—the highest post a Christian can aspire to. The dragoman's duty was to accompany the Capudan Pasha, or admiral in chief, in his excursions through the islands to collect the Sultan's taxes. His favour at head-quarters, and the influence he possessed, depended on the zeal and activity displayed in obtaining not only the taxes due, but also presents from the wretched islanders for the benefit of the commander-in-chief. The word "Fanariote" was considered by the Turks to be synonymous with the basest servility, corruption, and rapacity. Yet they reached their aim, and during the period they governed, they contrived to secure considerable wealth, with which they would come and settle in the Fanar as one of the patrician dwellers with the title of prince, unless indeed a bow-string had been sent to them while on their way home, with the Sultan's injunction to the giaour prince to apply it to himself in its proper place.

My residence in Turkey, and my occupations there, brought me acquainted with a few of these noble families, the children and grandchildren of some of whom I afterwards met in other parts of Europe, at the spas of Germany in particular. I remember Constantine Ipsilanti Skarlatos Kallimachi, in whose company, in 1804, I afterwards sailed in the same Turkish fleet; Alexander Mourouzi, whom I met some years later as ambassador to France; and lastly Alexander Soutzo, who was hospodar at two different epochs, and who might have been an ancestor of the man of the same name who filled the place of minister of war at Athens at the time of the recent tragical event at Oropos. The above individuals assumed the title of prince from the circumstance of their having filled the office of Voivode.

The house we removed to at Terapia was, I was informed, kept always ready to receive its inmates, without the fuss and trouble of moving furniture or any other domestic appliance. There was wealth sufficient with which to play the Grand Seigneur; indeed, the youngest of the two sons, about three-and-twenty years of age, who was in every respect, except religion, like a Turkish mollah in appearance—gravity, hauteur, and erudition—would not have suffered in the house any other than the most scrupulous adherence to the style and manner of the most magnificent Mussulman. Seen seated, Eastern fashion, on a divan in his own private apartment, wearing a splendid pelisse, and a snow-white turban crowning a large handsome face and beard, with a long amber-mouthed tchibouk held to his lips by his left hand, while a chaplet of aloe-beads was perpetually sliding through the fingers of his right, you might have taken Michael Stataki for a pasha of three tails. His sway in the house was paramount. His aspirations tended to his becoming a Terjuman to the Porte, for which object he was making a particular study not only of the Turkish, but also of the Arabic and Persian languages, and he used to receive visits from some of the most learned among the Ulemah. Towards foreigners he was not very favourably disposed.

Far different was the eldest brother, and with him I was not long in fraternizing. Quiet, unassuming, delicate of complexion and in health, he represented the true type of the Fanariote Greek in style and manners, and in dress, oriental like his brother's. Like his brother also he had not travelled beyond the confines of Turkey in Europe, but being fond of the fine arts, and having had a careful education, the perusal of the Greek classics had induced him to visit the most interesting parts of his native land, at one time taking up his station at Athens, where he had learnt the French language from a native schoolmaster who had been educated in Paris. With the Italian language he had been familiar from infancy, like the rest of the Greeks of his class, who have Venetian nurses. Fortunately Spiridion Stataki preferred conversing with me in his own language, as he was desirous that I should keep up the practice of it for convenience of intercourse with his parents, who were unacquainted with any foreign language. Spiridion's weak state of health, and liability to an occasional slight attack of epilepsy, made it necessary that I should not be far distant from him, so he had arranged for me to have two rooms contiguous to his own, and one of his attendants was selected to specially wait upon me.

In introducing the dramatis personæ of the new phase of my life just opening before me, I am conscious of having contravened the usage of "Place aux dames;" but the "dames" in this case were last in arriving at their villa, and when there the first days were passed in that separate division of the house which is almost a distinct building kept specially for the ladies, as the harem is in a Turkish family. A general assembly of all parties took place in due time, and was kept up according to the fashion of Greek high life, which I must say is surrounded by a more charming prestige than I had found previously or have since observed in aristocratic circles in the more western regions of Europe, due to a number of pleasing customs and delicate proceedings that made the absence of the more bustling ostentation and unmeaning display of modern fashionable life elsewhere not in the least to be regretted.

Zoïtza, the eldest daughter, about twenty years of age, represented in its most enchanting form the genuine type of Grecian beauty. Her hair, of a bluish black, from under the smallest possible cap of gold-embroidered blue velvet, coquettishly placed on the top of the head, flowed in profusion over her shoulders and graceful bust, except where gathered up in long massive tresses entwined here and there with the flowers of the bright pomegranate. Her open silken robe crossed modestly over a richly embroidered muslin chemisette fitting closely to the bosom. The dress was of the same colour as the flowers in the hair, toned down by a tunic of light gauze or white gossamer. The robe descended only a few inches below the knees, over the wide and plaited trousers of soft lustring, gathered in at the ankle, and terminating with a well-fitted slipper of the softest morocco leather, that set off the perfectly modelled and tiny foot. Zoïtza's complexion was rather Moorish, with elliptic eyebrows that almost met over the well-chiselled nose, while long eyelashes shaded her lustrous grey eyes, whose expression harmonized with the varying movements of her ruby lips, which disclosed another of her treasures. Her manners and address were most graceful. Nothing but superior accomplishments, such as she had not acquired in her father's home, were wanting to make Zoïtza perfect. She was the affianced bride of Prince Alexander Soutzo, whom she married some time after, accompanying him, if I remember rightly, when he went as hospodar to Yassy.

Sophitza, the younger sister, presented a perfect contrast to the elder. Nature had clad a gentle mind and a tender affectionate heart in an equally delicate material form. She was pretty without being beautiful, and there was an expression in her looks which seemed to ask for sympathy and affection. Such a physiognomy I have often noticed in young women who have had but indifferent health in the early part of their lives, as was the case with Sophitza, she having been the invalid through whose joint treatment with Dr. Gobbes at the Fanar I had obtained my present appointment.

CHAPTER X.

1804.

Terapia—Dr. Toselli—Study the Turkish language—Alarming illness of one of the family—Omens—Fasts of the Greek Church—Appointed second physician to the Turkish fleet—A Milanese in Oriental attire.

My engagement with Spiridion Stataki was not to last longer than I liked or found convenient, as I explained to him that my ultimate object was to effect a settlement in Pera as a medical man.

The duty was simple and well defined, namely, to watch over the health of the gentle Sophitza, who had recently suffered from severe illness, and to inquire every morning after the rest of the family, who treated me in every respect as one of their number. I did not expect, with my youthful appearance, to inspire much awe in my character of hekim, nor did I pretend to assume a consequential air in order to maintain that character; yet I studied by my behaviour to inspire that confidence in my professional knowledge which ensures consideration.

I found the family one and all, but especially the mother and the youngest son Michael, much disposed to chat about physic and remedies in general, and questions relating to health of body and the preservation of life formed the staple of our conversation in the evening. With all Eastern races this seems to be an irrepressible gusto. There would be no great harm in such a practice, nor would it be found a bore in the end were the people you converse with possessed of the smallest spark of scientific knowledge. In the absence of that, all arguments and observations referred to superstitious fancies and equally superstitious practices, respecting which I soon found that I had much to learn and nothing to teach. Such subjects of conversation served as a pastime, and did well for the want of other amusements.

It is not easy to describe the sensations experienced on throwing open the casement of your sleeping apartment at sunrise, after passing a first night in one of the palatial dwellings situated on the European shore of the Bosphorus, and beholding straight before you the shore of another part of the geographic world—Asia! Our house had a quay in front accessible to caïques as well as to larger craft, for easy landing or embarcation. A rapid sea flowed before it, coming from the Euxine at a merry rate down into the Horn and the Sea of Marmora, to go out and mingle its waters with those of the Hellespont. At the back of the house was a forest of mixed trees of some extent, orchards, and nearest of all were parterres of garden flowers refreshed by the sprays of a fountain, and enlivened sparingly by mythological statues and groups. Such were the surroundings of our delightful villa.

I say sparingly in regard to the statuary, for modern Greeks have not inherited from their ancestors a taste for the fine arts: the furnishing of our interior testified to that. Turkish, French, Venetian, but not ancient Greek in any of the articles or appliances. Everything grand, announcing the possession of wealth and the desire to enjoy life without stint, yet not with unthriftiness. Such was our interior: and what of our *ménage?* Every one did as he or she pleased. I breakfasted in my own apartment. The first repast of the day at which we all assembled was at one o'clock. With a view of humouring the Turcomania of the youngest son, the dinner was sometimes served in the

Osmanlie style on ordinary days. Not so on Sundays or other festive occasions, when the table was decked in the French style. The frequent recurrence of fasts in the Greek Church (besides the two week-day fasts in which no animal food whatever is permitted) left little room for any display of culinary skill. Born and brought up in the Roman-Catholic creed as I was, I could nevertheless only marvel at the tenacity with which these rigid regulations were adhered to by both the Greek and Latin Church on the part of their respective worshippers. Our repasts occupied but a small portion of the twenty-four hours of the day. There were hours of small talk, when coffee or iced sherbet, and the never-failing tchibouk, made their appearance; besides which, members of the family met in groups of two or three to read foreign papers, or such books as chance brought to Stamboul from the west. On these occasions visitors were received from the Fanar and the foreign Legations.

It was at one of these receptions I had the good fortune of making the acquaintance of a medical gentleman, a native of Bologna, long resident in Turkey, and occupying a high post in the naval service of the Porte. His name was Dr. Toselli, hekim-bashi, a portly and imposing figure, wearing habitually the Turkish dress with the distinguishing kalpac of his rank. He had had an adventurous life, part of which he described to me; but no part of it pleased me so much as his progress in the Ottoman naval service—his account of which both interested and surprised me. He expected in the course of two months to be summoned to attend the Capudan Pasha on his annual rounds of visits to the Greek islands and adjacent Turkish coasts.

As to my own occupations, I found enough to fill my idle hours in the friendly offer of Michael Effendi (as we used to call the youngest son) to instruct me in the grammatical difficulties of the Turkish language. He also undertook to teach me the art of writing the language, in which, however, I found greater difficulty; such, indeed, as to deter me from pursuing the study, aware that I was making very small progress in it. I certainly did succeed in tracing some lines from right to left with my pointed kalam, made of wood, which seemed to me more like drawing than writing; and I was so much pleased with my production that I was induced to persevere until I fancied that I observed my instructor's zeal began to flag a little, when I at once abandoned the task.

It is not given to every one to accomplish what he undertakes, and I very well remember the pains and perseverance I employed many years after when in England to master stenography, a species of Turkish writing, in which, however, I entirely failed after trying more than one system and more than one teacher. There is evidently no aptitude in me for writing hieroglyphics, except perhaps my own natural *griffonnage*.

Michael Stataki made ample amends for his declining zeal in teaching, by escorting me to some of the principal objects of interest in Constantinople proper, and also in Scutari and other places on the Asiatic coast opposite our own residence. For these excursions the well-trimmed and well-manned caïques of the family were used, reminding me of the lagune excursionists in gondolas at Venice, except for the difference in rowing. My guide's knowledge of Turkish history, and especially of the strange and stirring events that marked the existence of this Queen of the East, under Christian emperors and Mussulmen rulers, gave additional interest to the information I acquired day by day. Under his wing I was able to view and closely to examine the most splendid of the mosques in Constantinople, that of Sultan Achmet, rising by the side of the Hippodrome, with its six graceful minarets, which render it so conspicuous in the panorama of the city, being the only mosque so privileged and so adorned.

In these occupations many days were passed. But I remember likewise that the close vicinity of the palace of the French embassy in Terapia afforded me opportunities of an agreeable intercourse with some of its members, whose acquaintance I considered myself entitled to claim as a citizen of an allied Italian republic. General Brune was the French ambassador at the time, a post he occupied for a period of three years, till the elevation to the imperial crown of the commander-in-chief under whom he had shared in the glory of Arcole and Rivoli, when he was created Maréchal and Duc, to die at last assassinated at Avignon by the notorious chief Trestallion, who himself dealt the fatal blow. Was it ominous of his fate that the palace of the embassy was one that had belonged to Prince Ypsilanti, who was strangled, and the palace presented to the First Consul on the return of peace with France?

During our residence in Terapia the French embassy commemorated many national fêtes and victories, especially the recent one of Marengo, by the exhibition of splendid fireworks on the water, which used to attract a great influx of Stamboul people.

My office of domestic physician proved a mere sinecure until the first week in May, 1804. We had just returned from a pleasant excursion on the Asiatic shores, where a few days were spent in short runs through the many picturesque villages, khans, and cemeteries scattered among the low rounded hillocks that extend a short distance inland. The expedition, I may truly say, had been undertaken almost with the sole intention of initiating me into some of the neighbouring local beauties of the part of Asia immediately opposite our own residence. Every one appeared to have enjoyed the short tour, though we returned much fatigued with the arabas and slow progress of the oxen ; in fact, we were all glad to find ourselves at home again. In the course of the night the man-servant who usually attended on me entered my chamber in a state of alarm, to inform me that his young mistress, Sophitza, had been taken suddenly ill. It appeared that while in the act of undressing, after having, as was customary, sat chatting in her mother's room, where they read their prayers together, she had been seized with a violent fit of coughing. Hastening to her apartment I found that she had brought up small quantities of blood, so dreading hemorrhage from the lungs, I made her inhale the acid vapour of vinegar thrown on a red-hot iron, and at once gave her one grain of solid opium, a drug always to be found in Greek and Turkish families. At the same time I endeavoured by a few consolatory words to allay the anxiety and fears of the patient and her parents.

My wish that the other members of the family (who had all rushed to the sick-chamber) should retire except the mother, was not complied with. They agreed not to talk, and I promised to stay with them provided they would remain in the adjoining apartment, out of sight of the patient, in order that she might be left to the full soothing effect of the narcotic she had taken. This arrangement had hardly been carried out, and the whole household buried in profound silence, when a most dismal and lugubrious howl rose from the quay in front of the house, breaking the dead silence of the night. It was repeated three times. That very moment the aged mother, who had kept her eyes steadily on her daughter, calmly asleep by this time, fancied she did not breathe, so tranquil was she under the influence of the opium. She at once rushed into our room in the greatest trepidation, crying out that her child was dying, and that the noise in the street was the howl of the death-dog, the immediate forerunner of human dissolution.

In the midst of the confusion and alarm in which we hastened into the sick-room, our eyes directed towards the bed, the horror of the whole party may be readily imagined when they beheld outside a large glazed casement by the side of the bed, a huge owl perched on a branch of one of the forest trees at the back of the house, its staring yellow eyes fixed, pecking at the pane of glass, and screeching "Hoopöe!" This it did three times in a most dismal tone, and then flew off into the forest, its well-known habitation, where it had been seen many times. Now all hope was over; death was inevitable, and the fate of poor Sophitza sealed! No words of mine could allay the alarm. I was not listened to, and for the moment I felt the disadvantage of my youth, which took away my authority and inspired no confidence.

My mind was made up at once, and a messenger was despatched instantly to the Fanar to fetch Dr. Gobbes. In the mean time the fair patient continued quiet and placidly asleep, and I convinced both father and mother of that satisfactory circumstance, which at last enabled me to succeed in inducing every one except the mother to return to their respective apartments, leaving me to watch with her the unconscious patient, still under the influence of the blessed drug.

Those were not days of telegrams and railroads, and before the great physician could come, after some hours Sophitza awoke refreshed, and the great man from the Fanar had only to tell her that he had been called to the neighbourhood, and took that opportunity of paying his first friendly visit since they had left Stamboul. Dr. Gobbes commended what I had done, did not smile as I expected at the story of the death-dog and the owl, "for," said he, "if you continue long among us you will have more opportunities of learning to what extent domestic superstition exists among the best educated Greeks, to all of which, in the exercise of my profession, I never laugh." However, in the present case it was agreed that the patient should not be told of what had transpired in the night. We also agreed on a plan of treatment to be followed, and I had the satisfaction of seeing the invalid resume her place in the family circle in the course of two or three weeks.

So time went on, and the sort of idle life to which I had condemned myself on entering the family, with whom I was now living in all the indulgences that the most favoured or fastidious guest could desire or expect, was beginning to be irksome to me. Once the momentary turmoil caused by the sudden indisposition of a favourite daughter had subsided, things settled down into a monotonous sameness not at all in harmony with my restless disposition. There were also some drawbacks to a wholesome life in the strict manner in which the injunctions of the Greek Church, in respect to diet and fasting, was kept up by all the family. The French Revolution had taught me at Milan to give up and forget all the fasts of the Latin Church. To resume them now, under a severer form, was rather distasteful to me, probably because in the present instance they were compulsory, since politeness alone (to say the least) required that I should chime in with all the habits of the household. Yet I was neither a gourmand nor a toper, and I may as well dispose of that matter in this place at once, by averring that I have throughout a very long life been almost invariably an abstemious eater, from some peculiar medical notion of my own, and that during the whole time of my sojourn in the East I never drank or tasted wine.

The Greeks keep four Lenten seasons of some days' duration, besides the one immediately preceding Easter day. They fast before Christmas, before the day of the Apostles, before the day of the Transfiguration, and they fast again for about a week before Ascension Day. Besides all these fasts, on two days in each week "*on fait maigre,*" when botargo, oil, and caviar are the luxuries of the day. However, these were all minor considerations: the more serious one was, as to whether a longer continuance in my professional employment would conduce to any permanent settlement with a chance of independence. Besides, the still unquenched desire to see more of the world seemed to take away all wish to become a settled medical practitioner in any of the countries I had yet visited; nor had anything worth acceptance been thrown in my way. On the other hand, the wandering life I had hitherto led had yielded a sufficiency, together with many enjoyments, instruction, and individual independence. Let me therefore adhere to what is, or in other words to my own original desire.

Such are the rhapsodies which young men take for sound arguments, and which are here recorded because I find them noted in my journals. But with the light of the fuller experience which sixty-six years of prolonged life has afforded me, I am ready to declare them to be wrong, injudicious, and little deserving the success that has marked that extended life. Had I examined my own conscience more intimately, perhaps I should have discovered another more delicate and not dishonourable motive for desiring to abandon my present position. My usual good luck put me in the way not long after of accomplishing that act. A large party given by General Brune at the French embassy, enabled me to converse with my countryman, the hekim-bashi Toselli, on the nature of his appointment under the Turkish government, and the chance there would be for me to obtain suitable rank in the medical service of the Turkish navy. Toselli encouraged me in my views, and deferred giving me an answer till our next meeting, which would be at the house of a literary friend of Michael Stataki, where both of us had often passed some agreeable and instructive hours. In the mean time I prepared my good hosts to receive a communication of my intention to leave them, the excuse given being my great desire to travel. Michael Effendi had already spoken to his parents and his two sisters of the conversation I had had with the hekim-bashi of the Ottoman fleet with a view of obtaining a suitable appointment, so that my own more positive communication of my determination did not take them by surprise, though they were pleased to express their great regret.

Toselli was not long in bringing matters to a close, for in a day or two I received a note from him, offering me an appointment of second physician to the fleet, and telling me to meet him at the Admiralty. The meeting took place two days after, and in the mean time I called on my venerable and kind confrère, Dr. Gobbes, who approved as well as rejoiced at the step I had taken.

My personal introduction to Hussein Pasha's successor, the grand admiral, or Capudan Pasha, took place on the same day, when I received my nomination of second physician to the Turkish fleet written on a large square parchment, with the grand admiral's signet. I was appointed to the Patrona Bey, or vice-admiral's flag-ship of eighty-four guns, on board of which was to be the Kiaya Bey, Minister of the Interior, for whose special service my appointment was made out, and of whose staff I was to be one of the superior officers. With my firman I received likewise the distinguishing kalpac of my rank, a species of lofty cap divided vertically into two parts at the top, a front and a back part, covered externally with fine black sable, the division lined with scarlet cloth, and a round scarlet cloth cockade fixed to it bearing the Crescent embroidered in gold. I also received a handsome Behnish, or outer cloak, of fine dark cloth trimmed with sable, having the form of an ample morning gown with long large sleeves. This clothing, forming a kind of uniform, was a present usually made to a medical officer on his first introduction into the service, and was his property. The rest of the garments were provided at the discretion and cost of the wearer, and consisted of all the several parts that constitute a regular Turkish costume, including the wide shawl of white muslin—embroidered or not—worn many times rolled round the waist, and the long and ample trousers of light materials, generally red, terminating in polished yellow morocco papouches to correspond.

Thus rigged, the Milanese, converted at little more than twenty-one, and in the space of two years, from a western military conscript into an oriental naval officer or hekim, was seen to stride about the lengthy street of Pera for the first time in that eastern costume, feeling embarrassed at every step, leaving his papouches behind him, and having to go back and pick them up again and again, heated by the kalpac, that would keep tottering backwards and forwards, and lastly compelled to stop in order to rearrange the shawl round the waist, that got looser and looser as he advanced. I did not remember to have felt more awkward, in every sense of the word, when, in the character of Appius in the Virginia of Alfieri, I wore the Roman toga and appeared as the Tyrant at the Amateur Teatro Filodrammatico in Milan exactly two years before.

CHAPTER XI.

1804.

Join the Vice-Admiral's flag-ship—*The Peacock*—Proceed to collect the annual tribute—*La Justice*—Visit Tenedos, Lesbos, and Chios—Adamantius Koraï—Samos : beauty of its women—A Princess of Samos—Ferocity of the Grand Admiral—Arrive at St. Jean d'Acre—Djezzar Pasha—Visit Mount Carmel.

The Turkish fleet, of six sail of the line, with two frigates and one large corvette, dropped down the Golden Horn into the Sea of Marmora on the 25th of May, 1804, and came to an anchor at Rodosto, where it would remain for a day, in the course of which I was to join *The Peacock*, the vessel to which I had been appointed. She bore a vice-admiral's flag, and had on board the Kiaya Bey, or Minister of the Interior. Hussein Pasha, the famous Routchouk (or little Pasha), to whose talented and unparalleled exertions the Porte was indebted for the possession of a most efficient and well-disciplined fleet of twenty line-of-battle ships, French built, had died only a few months before, when a new Capudan Pasha was appointed. The annual duty of such a commander-in-chief was to sail to all the Greek Islands and tributary coasts, there to collect the Sultan's taxes. On the present occasion it became known that the fleet would have in addition to contend at St. Jean d'Acre with Djezzar Pasha, the ferocious chieftain who had formerly defended that fort against the French with the aid of Sir Sidney Smith and a Russian vessel, and who, being afterwards appointed Commander-in-Chief of the Ottoman troops in Egypt, signed a treaty of evacuation with the French, saw it complied with, and had returned to Syria to raise the standard of revolt against the Porte on the walls of Acre.

It was a painful moment when I bade adieu to my friends at Terapia, and received their cordial good wishes. At my then age, the sympathy co-existent among five young people who had dwelt intimately together for some time, is stronger than the mere conventional friendship that is formed between people of two different nations. As I look back now through the long vista of nearly seventy years, and memory recalls with startling precision the many times when the same painful and heart-sinking ceremony of parting with those I had dwelt with for a time has been gone through, in Italy, in the Ionian Islands, at Athens, in Turkey, in Spain, in the West Indies, in Russia, in France, in Germany, and again in England, I am surprised at the elasticity of the human heart, which can sustain all these successive impressions and yet rally again into its normal quality of sensitiveness. It is said that the heart breaks. It does not. It cannot do so. But its plastic nature may be subjected to so much compression as to suppress for ever its elastic rebound to life-action. It is the only instance in nature in which we witness most distinctly the control of psychical over physiological laws.*

In my note book or diary of those days I discover some traces of reminiscences that tell of gloom and low spirits when I found myself on the quarter-deck of *The Peacock.*

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* In a very remarkable instance I recollect a gentleman dropping down dead on being told of the violent death of a son under very distressing circumstances. The sudden death of the father was ascribed to ordinary apoplexy. I doubted it. His constitution was not of the class in which sudden death occurs, and I looked upon the heart as the offender. A permitted examination showed distinctly the correctness of the supposition. The heart was found so immensely compressed, and of such small volume, as to render the fleshy walls almost hard. Every drop of arterial blood had been ejected. The left cavities had collapsed, while the right, with the lungs, were turgid and full of black blood. It was an *apoplexie foudroyante* of the heart that had snapped the thread of life.

The noise and bustle of the preparations for weighing anchor and making sail were almost overpowering. To a delicate Italian ear such a confusion of tongues and mixed utterances, shrill and loud, in Turkish, in Greek, in Slavonian, in *lingua franca*, with the monotonous drawling exclamations of the seamen at the capstan as an accompaniment, proved too much for me at the moment, and I gladly took shelter from it all by shutting myself in my spacious cabin, well furnished and well appointed, on the quarter-deck under the poop. There I sat down and took my head in my hands, feeling for an instant truly miserable. Imagination leapt over seas and continents to light on Milan, the only place where a circle of loving souls might be found, the remembrance of whom could alone fill up the vacuum left in my heart by my sudden withdrawal from the bosom of a family who had treated me as one of their own. I cast my eyes on my Turkish costume, and almost burst out laughing. What are these strange habiliments I see on me? Am I again about to appear on the stage of the Filodrammatico? On what cast have I staked my life? Here am I, an officer in an Ottoman war-vessel, forming part of her crew, consisting of twelve hundred souls, some hundred of them galley-slaves or condemned prisoners, a large number military, many Italian or Ionian sailors, and I, unknown to them all, an object of indifference to their commanders! What a contrast in twenty-four hours! Yesterday esteemed, valued, and cared for by those around me; to-day a solitary creature cast on the waters! No pilgrim on the arid sands of Palestine could be more desolate!

Such were my reflections of the moment, and I know not how much more deeply I might have indulged in them had not my servant (a Corfiote engaged for me by Hekim-bashi Toselli) come to inquire if I did not wish for some dinner. He explained that the Proveditore had informed him that his instructions were to supply me with such repasts as I might desire, to be served in my cabin at the same time as those which were sent to the Kiaya Bey. My reply was a brief one: "Anything will do; and don't let me be troubled about orders during the voyage. Let them send what they like. I do not object to Turkish fare" (indeed their pillau was, and has always since been, a favourite dish of mine); "I eat little, and drink no wine;" and during the whole time I remained on board I never had in a single instance to make a complaint.

My cabin, as I said, was under the poop on the starboard side. It was divided in two parts, a sleeping-room, in which swung a large cot, and a sitting, or receiving-room, it being understood that all sick persons above a sailor should attend in my cabin for advice, unless confined to their bed. The hours of attendance were immediately after early prayer. In this part of the cabin I had arranged my few books, my writing materials, my surgical instruments, and the portable medicine chest supplied by the Admiralty under Toselli's directions.

There was no regular assistant-surgeon attached to the vessel—a great and singular deficiency, as all the Turkish vessels of war were supposed to be managed entirely on the European model. However, Toselli had assigned to me one of his Constantinople apprentices, a young Fanariote well acquainted with the Turkish language, especially as regards medical nomenclature, and also with the particular whims, fancies, and superstitions in matters of medicine that were prevalent among the Turks. This was a real relief to me, for I found him a young man of great intelligence. I set him to keep my registers both in the Greek and Turkish languages, and to enter such notes of important cases as I might dictate. Hekim-bashi Toselli had expressed a wish that I would send him a weekly report of the state of health on board. At this request I rejoiced, as in my present position I was not likely to be over-burdened with occupation for the many waking hours of a long summer's day.

On the opposite, or larboard side under the poop, was a similar cabin to my own, occupied by the "Navigating Captain," Nicolovitch, a Ragusan. The two great state rooms, with a gallery astern under the poop, formed the apartments of the Kiaya Bey and his two secretaries, who had each a separate berth adjoining. These saloons were splendidly fitted up, Turkish fashion, and while the fleet was at anchor before some port, were almost constantly encumbered by people who came to transact business with the great minister, who for the time being was Chancellor of the Exchequer. As such he had to receive and account for the different taxes or tributes we collected during our cruise.

When at anchor the communication between our ship and that of the Capudan Pasha was necessarily frequent; but the latter preferred a smaller and swifter sailing vessel for himself, and had hoisted his flag on board a French-built frigate called *La Justice,* which had been captured by the English squadron in 1801, and presented to the Porte. In that vessel the Capudan Pasha would often precede us in our regular expeditions, or absent himself and return unexpectedly to see if he could detect any fault or cause for complaint, that he might exhibit an innate bad temper. Prince Kallimachi was his dragoman, and he generally remained on board the real flagship, *Sultan Selim,* a three-decker, seldom accompanying his chief in the smaller vessel. Unfortunate Kallimachi! The cruise proved disastrous to him.

The new Capudan Pasha showed unmistakable signs of turning out more despotic and severe than his immediate predecessor, Hussein Pasha, whose memory was now regretted. The appearance of *La Justice,* her grand-admiral's flag at the main, in the waters of any of the islands was well calculated to inspire terror, the yard-arm justice he was fond of putting into execution against defaulters or dishonest cashiers of local contributions being well known.

The vice-admiral, or Patrona Bey (Suleiman Pasha), whose flag we carried at the fore, occupied the great state cabin on the upper deck. The officers of the ship, Turks, who were perfectly useless, had no wardroom properly speaking, but clustered both right and left to a certain extent in front of the vice-admiral's state rooms, to which they had free access. In the navigation of the ship they seemed to concern themselves but little, that task devolving entirely on the navigating captain, with some Greek and Italian minor officers dependent on him.

The discipline among both officers and crew, though with the appearance of bustle here and there to a stranger like myself in naval or military matters, seemed nevertheless to be carried on without difficulty, disputes, or hesitation. Another fact struck me at once, namely, the order and cleanliness in every part of the vessel, especially where the seamen and soldiers messed together between the guns—a space which four or six of them occupied in common. There they spread a carpet at night to serve as a bed, and on this in the daytime they knelt to say their prayers, a practice which no Turk ever forgot or neglected. In these recesses I visited my patients whenever called upon to do so, but in general I had all such as were really ill transferred to a sick-bay, a large space under the forecastle, which the navigating captain had had railed off for my use at my request and with the approbation of the vice-admiral.

My special duty towards the Kiaya Bey was to inquire personally every morning after his health, which troubled me little, as he was a hale, robust Turk, who took good care of himself. His showy dress and turban, with an imposing beard, imparted to his person an air of magnificence which I ever admired in the Osmanli race of my time, a magnificence that must have been due to that special dress, for the Turks of high degree I have since met in society in many parts of Western Europe, in their skimpy blue tunics and their fez or red skull-cap and tassel in lieu of a turban, are but a mean representation of the gorgeous oriental magnificence of the days of Selim the Third or Mustafa the Fourth.

On emerging through the Dardanelles we shaped our course along the Asiatic coast towards Tenedos, where we dropped our anchors and received the primates of the island, who on the appearance of the dreaded flag had got together the taxes, with which they came on board our ship to deliver them to the Kiaya Bey and obtain a discharge in return. No opportunity was afforded me for communication with them, but I was permitted to go ashore and visit an island which played so conspicuous a part during the Trojan war, by serving as a screen to the Greek fleet while it pretended to have abandoned the Ægean waters.

When on shore I examined the coast with the view to ascertain whether in reality a number of vessels could cluster together at the back of the island, so as to escape detection by people on the Asiatic shore. If the Greek vessels were not larger than our present gunboats or war schooners it might have been possible for a day or two to escape being discovered, as the Virgilian account has it, though not according to the Homeric. The experiment, however, in the present instance was not a fair one, for Agamemnon's fleet and that of the Capudan Pasha neither in number nor in size bore any resemblance the one to the other. Be that as it may, the idea which suddenly surged in my brain after I landed, that I was actually treading on the very ground which the feet of Achilles had trodden, so impressed me that all other thoughts and mental speculations vanished before it, even to the extent of forgetting the barbaric act that intractable Grecian chief perpetrated on that same ground, of slaying Tenes, the deified King of Tenedos, son of Apollo. The ruffian act also of Verres, who stole the brazen statue of the new-made god from the people of Tenedos, was justly consigned, together with its author, to deserving ignominy by Cicero's burst of eloquence in his first oration against the rapacious pro-consul.

We next sailed over to Lesbos, or Mitylene, into whose spacious harbour the Capudan Pasha did not venture to lead his fleet, dreading its narrow and intricate entrance. Here again the fiscal contribution of the year was found ready, and the frigate *La Justice,* which alone had penetrated into the harbour, soon made her appearance again. So much dreaded was the presence on shore of the Turkish crews, that each community invariably strove to do away with any sort of excuse for a protracted detention. However, both officers and crew had their festive day at the island of Chios, to which we proceeded on leaving Lesbos, and where we remained a few days. Fine exhilarating air, a fertile soil, with a large clean city to be envied by an Athenian, were sufficient temptations to allure Mahomedans, without the many other additional attractions.

I was not a little pleased on landing to find myself as it were in an Italian city: handsome wide streets, palaces in the style of those of my native land, and the manners of the people (those of the ladies especially) so much resembling the manners of the ladies of Venice and Genoa, nations once masters of the place. I noticed, on being introduced by Toselli into one or two of the principal families whom he had often visited on former occasions in his official cruises, the graceful manner in which we were offered, together with the fragrant coffee, a preserve of rose-leaves—a famous sweet compound invented in this island—and after it a few grains of the gum-mastic, a noted masticatory of which I became so fond that during the remainder of my residence in the Levant I never omitted to use it after every repast, as well as after smoking, as it imparted a most agreeable perfume to the breath. No Greek woman of quality ever goes out unprovided with a tiny *bonbonnière* containing some picked grains of this white gum, which, brittle in itself, becomes as soft as wax through the heat of the mouth and as elastic as a jujube.

The exaction of the "harrach" in this island I learned was exclusively destined for the use of the Sultana mother, and was collected on the present, as on all other occasions, by an officer of her own, who sailed in the flagship as part of the staff of the Capudan Pasha. A portion of the tribute due to her is levied on the two identical articles I have just mentioned, namely, the gum-mastic and the preserve of roses. The abundance of roses all over the island south of Mount Palmæus is almost fabulous. When the north breeze from the Asiatic shore has passed over that high mountain, and has gained warmth by running down its heated flank, it sweeps along through the vast rose plantations in the south-west district, that has the appearance of a garden, and the delightful odour is carried to such a distance as to reach the crews of vessels in the offing.

But Chios had better claims to fame than these, in having founded a large public school supported by a number of wealthy merchants at the instigation of Adamantius Koraï, probably the most learned son of modern Greece, who had just about that time published his translation of Hippocrates. Although born in Smyrna, his father belonged to Chios, on which city Adamantius reflected all the glory that justly came to him of being the most able and distinguished of the Neohellenes. Koraï's contributions to modern literature, by his translations from or reflections on the writings of the most renowned authors of ancient Greece, have been numerous. His correspondence, published in Athens six years after his death in Paris in 1833, exhibits him in the character of a good as well as a very able man, full of enthusiasm for his country's political regeneration. This person, this "vir incomparabilis," as he has been styled by a learned German, I had the good fortune of becoming acquainted with in Paris in 1817, on a self-introduction, simply addressing him in his native language and reminding him of his father's native city.

Still hugging the western coast of Asia, Samos was the next important island which the fleet visited. If all that has been written of the island of Samos by ancient authors is not fabulous, then I must declare that the ravages of time and an ever recurrent succession of different masters and tyrants, with their various modes of government during centuries, and the many demolitions and changes of all sorts that followed, must have been more vast than we witness in other parts of Greece after an equal period, for nowhere in that country do we see such utter desolation. The natural features of the island as described by Herodotus and Pausanius of course remain as they were—mountainous, rude, and standing high out of the water; while the fertility of its soil, the exuberance of its produce (bis anno ficos, uvas, mala, rosas, nasci narratur), the striking form of its inhabitants, and the beauty of the women are yet visible, and such as they have been noticed and dwelt upon by the more modern travellers who have visited the island. But to us who came last in the field of observation the view of the island and its population created other impressions than those received by our Mussulman brother officers, who looked upon these few thousand despised giaours, carrying on a thriving trade in spite of oppression, with feelings of hatred mingled with envy. These feelings they were not slow in showing by the rude manner in which they levied the several fiscal imposts and taxes claimed in the name of the Sultan.

I have mentioned the beauty of the women in Samos; I might also have made a similar remark as regards the women of both Chios and Tenedos without any distinction of classes. Subsequent visits in my private character to some of the minor Sporades, some adjacent to one another, others at somewhat greater distances, but all in the same meridian, and nearly all equally far from the continental coast, enable me to declare, that in all such islands and islets the same distinguishing feature of the female Grecian population—personal beauty—prevails indisputably; while both history and tradition assure us that this same remarkable and interesting characteristic of the insular Hellenic females has existed from the very oldest times, constituting, as it were, an inherent ethnological character of the race. To account for its cause is not so easy as to admit the plain fact itself. This ethnological feature in the present case will appear even more striking as well as singular, if we reflect that Samos, after the death of its tyrant Polycrates, had been subjected to a general massacre under a Persian commander. The island had been reduced to the condition of a desert, with only a few solitary inhabitants left. Yet that fragment of the people brought forth its fruit, and that fruit with the beautiful form and complexion it could boast of before, and which it has retained ever since, through a period of many centuries. But although the physical features of the Samians have remained indelible, and their language has continued very nearly akin to the classical or ancient idiom, their memory of their forefathers is of the darkest, not one of the educated Samians being able to give an account of the old worship of Juno, nor how it came to pass that of the splendid temple erected to that goddess scarcely a vestige now remains. This entire ignorance of the history of their fathers, and of the religion they professed, is most remarkable, and helps to distinguish the modern Greek nation from the rest of the civilized nations of western Europe, all of which can carry their knowledge of their own origin to the remotest periods. Even a Calogeros, reputed to be a most learned monk of the convent of St. Spiridion, in Mount Ampelus, whom I visited and found in possession of a copy of the Old Testament (a rare occurrence with monks or priests in Greece), expressed great astonishment when I reminded him that a very celebrated man, whose writings were even more widely known than the prophetic books of his contemporaries, Jeremiah, Ezekiel, and Daniel, and whose disciples deemed it a sufficient warranty of the truth contained in those writings if the master spoke the oracular words αὐτος ἔφα, was a countryman of his own! The good Calogeros did not even then imagine I referred to the great Pythagoras, who was the first to drop the designation of σοφὸς for the more modest title of *Philo*sopher.

Sixty-six years have passed since the preceding occurrences took place, and I have now to add that only two years ago, when at Kissingen, a lady with her family and suite appeared at that fashionable and aristocratic spa, announced in the list of arrivals (Kurliste) as "Princess of Samos," who introduced herself as such to me. This curious rencontre with one of the *pulcherrimæ insulares* of Athenæus roused the old sympathies for that island, though I confess with some misgivings that the high-sounding and hitherto unknown title in Greece of Princess of Samos was an assumed *nom de voyage*, until she informed me of the recent political transaction between the Porte and the Samians, by which their island had been converted into a species of mediatized Beylerbey, having a Fanariote as governor at its head, with the title of prince, which I found to be a fact. Her husband's family name was Aristarchi, but he did not reside in Samos, having the privilege of sending thither a lieutenant-governor of his own nomination. During the many agreeable meetings we had in the gardens of Kissingen, and during some pleasant excursions in the country, accompanied by the princess's children and by my daughter, who for the time being became very intimate with the princess, Madame Aristarchi, who spoke French fluently, informed me of the many improvements that had taken place in her island within the last half-century, and especially since its constitutional regeneration. Its Greek population had increased from 15,000 in my time to 50,000, due, she thought, to the comparative independence the Samians enjoyed under their new form of government, though acknowledging still the suzerain control of the Porte.

The Capudan Pasha, who in his flagship, in company with *La Justice*, had left us for Rhodes, returned after a few days, having accomplished his object. This I learned from Toselli, who, accustomed as he had been to scenes of terror in the Turkish service, admitted that what he had just been a witness to on the deck of the flagship had nearly paralyzed him. It appeared that the authorities of the island of Rhodes had urgently petitioned the Turkish government to free them from the presence of pirates who infested their coast. At the close of a war such as the Turks had just terminated against the French, it was hardly to be expected that disbanded sailors and soldiers, with other vagabonds, would not avail themselves of the state of confusion into which the local, not less than the general, government of the country had been thrown during the last few years. Accordingly, brigands on shore and pirates on the sea became numerous as well as troublesome. The latter had also become very daring, for they would land on the coast, and not only strip the locality of all it possessed that was valuable, but would likewise carry off young persons as slaves. The Capudan Pasha determined to put an end at once to this state of things; and by arming some small craft with sailors and marines from his own ship, and sending them in pursuit of the most daring of the pirates, he succeeded in capturing two of their ringleaders in their own boats. These men were taken on board the flagship, their own crew remaining in their boat by the side of the vessel. No sooner had the two head pirates reached the gangway than they were hurried towards the forecastle, and there at once strung up, the one to the starboard, the other to the larboard foreyard arm, where they were left suspended until they died. While this awful execution was taking place on deck, the crew in their boat alongside had their hands and feet chained together, after which a large plug, previously arranged for the purpose, was withdrawn from the bottom of the boat, and the miserable wretches stretched in it were consigned to a slow, lingering death. Such was Turkish justice, severe as it was prompt, and which the Capudan Pasha assumed the right to administer by virtue of his paramount office. No one before this startling episode was aware of the kind of man who had been appointed to succeed Hussein Pasha as admiral-in-chief. But this example of severity and disregard of life filled every one with dismay when made known to the rest of the fleet.

After an interview with the Kiaya Bey, who gave an account of our proceedings to the admiral during his absence, the signal for weighing anchor was given, and the fleet moved off in the direction of Cyprus, where we remained long enough to receive the taxes, and thence continued our course towards the Syrian coast, passing Tripoli, Beirut, Seydé, and casting anchor at last before St. Jean d'Acre on the 4th of July, 1804.

The crew consigned to my charge enjoyed good health. A large proportion of the Greek sailors were galley-slaves, occupying the lowest part of the cockpit, to which air was conveyed by wind-sails. They were very well and regularly fed, and I had insisted on cleanliness in their berths—vermin and infection being two plagues I was anxious to keep off. I abolished mattresses and woollen blankets, and made the men lie in rows on the deck on loose sacks of picked oakum, which were shaken every morning and picked over once a month. My daily official report concerning the health of the crew was laid before the navigating captain, that he might always be aware of the state of efficiency he had to rely upon. From him (who spoke Turkish fluently) the report went to the vice-admiral, and ultimately to the Kiaya Bey. This arrangement was altered at the suggestion of the last-named high official, and the medical report after our arrival before Acre (where sickness began to show itself in the fleet) was verbally made by myself to the Kiaya every day, the assistant-surgeon taking a copy of the number on the sick list, together with any of my professional suggestions for the information of the navigating captain. Thus, by immediate reference to the highest authority on board, I had the means of having the wants of the sick at once attended to, an advantage of which I was not long in discovering the importance, as the fleet on arriving before Acre found the standard of rebellion hoisted on the fort, and it became manifest that our ships of war would have to tarry longer in these waters than was expected.

In the long list of ferocious and infamous chiefs or leaders in the Turco-Egyptian army, who played a conspicuous part at the close of the last century and at the commencement of the present one, none can be named so fully deserving of both those designations as the pasha whose defiance we were now about to encounter. A Christian apostate before twenty years of age, the ravisher of his brother's wife, next sold as a minion in the slave-market at Constantinople, and raised from that degraded state to the rank of a favourite mamelouk by Ali Bey of Egypt, his patron, Djezzar retained his favour by becoming the assassin of the bey's enemies, so effectually indeed as to acquire the surname of Ahmed (butcher). In Beirut, at last, he found a post of dignity, being placed there by Yousouff, chief of the Druses, to defend the place from the Ottoman forces. But he betrayed Yousouff, took possession of his accumulated treasures, and adding to these the almost fabulous amount of money obtained by himself through extortion from the unfortunate Druses and other inhabitants, he became rich enough to bribe himself into the pashalick of St. Jean d'Acre. Here his name soon became a word of terror, not only on account of his extortions, but also for his atrocities, which left but few men of valour that were not maimed by his orders, many examples of which we had occasion to witness when fugitives from Acre came for shelter on board our vessel. Few people who may have visited Acre at the epoch here indicated can forget having met in the streets of that miserable place a number of men without a nose, an ear, or both, in some cases even without the three organs, which had been cut off by order of the tyrant butcher.*

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* Dr. Clarke, who had had ample opportunities of seeing and conversing with Djezzar about three years before the time I am referring to, calls him "The Tyrant of Acre, the Herod of his time," and humorously adds, that "the Story of Blue Beard seemed altogether realized in the history of this

After a lengthy negotiation with the rebel pasha, which ended in nothing, hostilities commenced in earnest, and a regular siege was opened by sea and land—the pasha of Damascus having arrived with a considerable force to invest the fort on the land side. Our duty was to maintain a regular blockade by sea, extending from Garrim at the north and Jabel Carmel at the south. The fortifications, which the French had considerably damaged, had been put in a state of repair and defence by English engineers, but were not mounted by guns of sufficient range to keep off our vessels. Our larger boats, well armed, were kept cruising between the fleet and the fort, keeping a sharp look-out. The rebel forces had no means of annoying us by sea, and the land investment by the Pasha of Damascus was reported to be so strict, that although Djezzar had made ample provision for his commissariat before we appeared in sight, it would not be long before he lowered his defiant flag for want of provisions. In the mean time officers as well as sailors in small parties were permitted to go on shore at the foot of Mount Carmel, where the mouth of the River Kishon afforded a very easy landing on the promontory of that cretaceous hill. Although, as most Italian Roman Catholics, I was entirely ignorant of the Old Testament accounts connected with these localities, I

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hoary potentate." One of the means this "potentate" had recourse to in order to increase his already immense wealth, we collect from another writer of no inferior authority (my former travelling companion, Mr. Hamilton), who, in his account of Egypt, speaking of Djezzar Pasha, with whom he had to treat, makes a statement which well deserves to be transcribed in this place: "The retreat of the French from Acre had left him in possession of the several trading vessels in the ports of Syria. These he obliged the Christian merchants at Acre to freight on his own terms with goods for Egypt, and bring back rice and corn. Under cover of his name the merchants escaped the payment of duties at Damietta, but on the return of their ships he made them pay to himself the amount they would have had to pay in either circumstance. He next took all the new rice and corn to his own granaries, and re-imbursed the merchants from his own stores. His profits were enormous."

remembered something about the Prophet Elijah and his dwelling in some cave on Mount Carmel. This recollection, and the particulars I received from some of the parties who had been on shore, that there were still in the ruined convent some Carmelite monks, induced me to seek an interview with the holy fathers.

I found only two in a small wayside chapel half way up the Mount, to the top of which, at 1500 feet above the sea, I should have had to ascend had I been desirous to view the remains of the old convent dedicated to St. Elia, which the French had devastated after having used it as a hospital. The two good Carmelites, who spoke neither Greek nor Turkish, were rather surprised to hear themselves addressed by two turbaned strangers, who accosted them with "Benedicite." They informed us that their monastery had been abandoned since the French invasion; that a few of the old monks now resided at Caiffa, at the bottom of the hill on the border of the sea, and two of the order undertook by turn the care of the chapel, which bore the name of the Chapel of the Cave, being the one, according to tradition, in which the holy Tishbite had dwelt.

I found Mount Carmel clothed with verdure to its very summit. Shepherds were leading their flocks through the rich pasture to be found among the gorges in the sides of the mountain, over which tiny forests or clusters of oak and pine trees grow, shading an entangled underwood of sweet-scented herbs and flowers.

CHAPTER XII.

1804.

Obtain leave to visit the Holy Land—Anecdote of Consul Damiani—Arrive at Jerusalem—Church of the Holy Sepulchre—The Mount of Olives—Bethlehem, and the Church of the Nativity—Arrive at Jericho—The Jordan—Return to the fleet—Regulations on board a Turkish man-of-war.

THE appearance of sickness in the fleet having entirely subsided, and the assistant-surgeon being considered sufficient for the service during the protracted negotiations which had been resumed in consequence of fresh proposals sent direct to the Porte, Captain Nicolovitch, the Ragusan navigating captain, and myself, tempted by the proximity of Jerusalem, obtained leave of absence for ten days to visit the Holy Land. Our own boat landed us at Caiffa, whence we proceeded to Jaffa in an Arab boat. At the latter place Signor Damiani, the English consul, finding that the two Turks just landed were in reality countrymen of his own, at once seized upon us, and insisted on being our host and cicerone. In the latter character he showed us the ruins of a wretched habitation by the sea, said to have been the dwelling of "Simon a tanner," in which was received the messengers sent by Cornelius the centurion to "call for one Simon, whose surname is Peter." Of this hut Signor Damiani was the present proprietor.

At supper he entertained us with the following little anecdote in regard to himself: "When General Bonaparte, about three years ago, came from Rosetta, and halted at Jaffa, the ever-memorable place of his devotion to his soldiers stricken with the plague" (a fact which

Damiani confirmed), "the general consulted me about a safe guide to St. Jean d'Acre, and was so satisfied with the information I gave him, that he peremptorily insisted on my being the guide. I represented that my official position as English consul in Jaffa forbade my undertaking such a task. But Bonaparte would accept no excuse, and so the French corps d'armée on its way to attack Sir Sidney Smith, the beleaguered defender of Djezzar's Syrian fortress, was actually marshalled to its destination by an English consul! The general addressed me always in Italian, and when he returned, on his retreat to Jaffa, defeated and discomfited, he commended me for my loyalty, and added 'Mille grazie,' and that was all I got for my pains!" The red ribbon had not then been invented.

On the following morning we proceeded to Lidda, and thence to Ramlah, through the narrow gorge by which Jerusalem is reached from Jaffa, at first over loose sand, which lasted two hours at least out of the whole journey of twelve. At Ramlah we found a convenient halting-place during the noon-day heat, and I should have been inclined to have bivouacked there also for the night, as we had before us some miles of a road (though roads there were none worthy of the name), the character of which its classic title of Arabia Petræa so well describes. But the guide whom Consul Damiani had recommended to us, and who proved invaluable as well as faithful, assured us that at the easy pace of three miles an hour our horses would carry us into Jerusalem at the hour of matins, when the good fathers whom we intended to make our hosts would be singing their morning hymns. So we continued our journey, and as we happened to have a splendid full moon during the last three hours of the romantic amble, we had in reality no reason to grumble except at being completely knocked up.

The morning was farther advanced than we had anticipated when we entered Jerusalem through the Jaffa gate, Bab-el-Khuly, and reached the Monastery of San Salvatore. Matins were over, and the good Franciscan monks were at their frugal morning repast, but on reading the letter we had brought from Signor Damiani, the prior sprang from his seat and himself insisted on receiving us at the gate, and introducing us into the refectory, where a couple of cups of well-milled chocolate somewhat restored us. Some of the good fathers were from Italy, and to one of them, Padre Andrea, my father's name was not unknown. But it was Consul Damiani's recommendation that procured us all the advantages and facilities we enjoyed during our short visit, for the consul's name was held in grateful esteem for the frequent opportunities he had had of doing the monks service in their occasional migrations out of and into Palestine through Jaffa. Repose, however, was what we required, and this was accorded us till vespers, when, after prayers, we joined our good monks at their plain but substantial repast. Our beds had been equally simple—a mere monk's pallet, but to one who had slept sub divo with a piece of rock for a pillow under the monasteries of Meteora, a monk's pallet at Jerusalem was Paradise in comparison, and I slept most profoundly, as did also Nicolovitch.

We had but a few hours of daylight left, and by the help of the contents of our valises had refreshed ourselves with those best restoratives to worn-out travellers—soap and water, a rough towel, and fresh linen. Nicolovitch added some wine, of which, however, I did not drink.

On Padre Andrea, who had offered to be our guide for the occasion, and who spoke the language of the country as well as Italian, I deemed it necessary to impress the fact that we had but a short time to devote to the inspection of whatever he might be disposed to show us in the place. As regards myself, I told him I had no pretension to any particular knowledge, historical or biblical, of what concerned Jerusalem, beyond what I had learned from the four Gospels and "La Gerusalemme Liberata." Everything therefore would be new to me, and interesting; but, as our time was short for a regular "lustratio municipiorum," we would limit ourselves to the view of a few of the principal objects worthy a visitor's attention. Padre Andrea agreed, and as we were about to start on our peregrination, I suggested that as I had just been visiting the metropolis of Paganism, I should like first to look at the most sacred spot of Christianity. To this he assented, and our first visit was to the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, which he expected we should at that hour find pretty full of devotees of every sect.

To any one brought up in a Christian country, accustomed to worship in spacious and symmetrical basilicas, the interior view of the so-called Church of the Holy Sepulchre in Jerusalem is a bewildering puzzle. The eye seeks in vain for a line of repose, or for some combination of lines that shall form a well-defined group of architectural elements. That is an object not difficult to accomplish in a temple where the adoration of the Deity is marked by its oneness; but here we have within one edifice, as irregular in its outer form as within, a collection of chapels as varying in shape as in size and design, some more or less ornamental, placed at different levels and in distinct parts of the building, each chapel intended for a special subject of adoration, and that adoration too of twin form, Greek and Latin, for each of these divisions of Christian worship claims and tries to maintain supremacy within these walls.

We spent three hours in proceeding from one part to another of this so-called church. Nor would Padre Andrea omit even the least significant of the objects to be seen in the Church of the Calvary, which the Greeks consider as their own particular church, and in the choir of which a round point is shown, said to be the centre—the ὀμφαλὸς —of the earth.

We reserved for the next day other and different objects of remark. In the mean time in this one edifice we had been shown sufficient sacred objects, localities, and reminiscences to satisfy the most rigid and pious Catholic. Next we were shown the "Stone of Inunction," on which the body of Jesus was laid to be anointed by Joseph of Arimathea; the Calvary, to which we ascended by a stair leading to two small chapels, one to the south, where Jesus was attached to the Cross, the other to the north, marking the spot on which the Cross was erected between those of the two thieves. The spot also was shown, in a very small chapel not far from the stairs that led us to Calvary, where Jesus was crowned with thorns; and a little further we met with another stair that led down to another chapel, marking the place where St. Helena waited while search was being made for the Cross, which was found twelve feet deeper in the ground.

But all these localities, so scattered about, necessarily bear no reference to the real Church of the Holy Sepulchre, properly speaking, at the west end of that part of the building I am describing, and which is called the "Greek choir." It has a circular form, and is lighted from the dome; no other light being admitted from between the several marble columns which support a gallery all round, and above it a second gallery is supported by an equal number of pillars. In the centre is placed the sepulchre, over which are constantly burning gold and silver lamps. I did not enter very particularly with Padre Andrea into the question of the Greek and Latin pretensions to the monopoly of some of the consecrated spots just enumerated; they were not then of sufficient interest to me. I beheld enough to satisfy me, that to one who accepts as true records the plain and consistent statements of St. Matthew and St. Luke concerning the last days of the life of Jesus of Nazareth, all that Father Andrea had shown us bore the character of consistency, and served to illustrate in the simplest manner the most portentous event humanity can commemorate, from which have flowed, and will continue to flow to the end of time, results of such vital importance to man.

I am glad to have preserved a record of this complicated arrangement of structures so sacred, that my description may be compared with the improvements which no doubt have been introduced in their reconstruction after the disastrous conflagration which took place some years subsequent to our visit.

Leaving the Church of the Holy Sepulchre, we gave a glance at the Pool of Hezekiah, which lies by the side of the Hospital of St. John. Another pool we were more desirous of seeing required a longer and more fatiguing walk, nearly across the whole city from west to east, where we found the Pool of Siloah, at the foot of Ophel, a ridge parallel to a deep depression in the ground called the Valley of Jehoshaphat, but in reality the bed of the River Kidron. The ruinous appearance of the long flight of steps that led down to the pool, and of all the structures around, and even of the very opening, disinclined me from going down; but Nicolovitch, a nimble sailor, was at the brink of the water in a moment to taste if it were sweet.

We next reached the Golden Gate, and leaving this on our left we climbed up the Hill of Ascension, to retrace our steps through the Golden Gate and mount the insulated ridge called "Haran el Scheriff," part of which is the Hill Moriah, on which Abraham had set up an altar for the immolation of his son Isaac. Probably the most graceful and attractive object seen from this, and indeed from many other parts of the city more or less distant, is the Mount of Olives, which rises in the eastern part of Jerusalem, beyond the Valley of Kidron. I have just mentioned the Hill of Ascension, which forms the central of the three elevations of the Mount. The northern is the loftiest; the third elevation is the Mount of Offence, so called, our guide told us, to reprobate Solomon's idolatrous worship on this spot. The prophet Zechariah had predicted this violent disunion of the Mount of Olives, which (he says) "is before Jerusalem on the east," and it "shall cleave in the midst thereof toward the east and toward the west, and there shall be a very great valley," evidently the valley of Kidron, which this river formed for its bed during the disruption.

After descending the Hill of Ascension, Padre Andrea pointed out to us another scriptural name of importance, no less than the Garden of Gethsemane, which belonged to his own convent of St. Salvatore. When we entered it we were shown the sepulchre of "Mary, the mother of Jesus" (a title disputed by another locality in the vicinity of Siloam), and, down some steps, the sepulchre of Joseph her husband. In these localities worshippers of every creed, including Mahometans, had small chapels or houses of prayer to themselves. To me the sight of these motley groups of Latins, Greeks, Armenians, and Mahometans, come from all parts to see, at all events, if not to worship, the places wherein the bones of the earthly parents of the Divine Legislator sent by the Almighty to redeem mankind, had been deposited, was a sight of the most intense interest. The heart was touched, and many serious reflections surged in my mind too sacred to be divulged. Neither the lapse of sixty-six years, nor the subsequent perusal of Renan's cynical passages in the second chapter of "La Vie de Jésus," has wrought the smallest change in the burthen of those reflections.

Zion, the larger of the several hills on which Jerusalem is built, extends farther in its prolongation southward than the opposite or parallel hill, Moriah or Ophel. It is the Armenian quarter, and here the presumed tomb of David, the Cœnaculum, and the house of Caiaphas, were pointed out to us.

Having satisfied our curiosity to the fullest extent, as well as to the limit of the time at our disposal, we took leave of our good padri, not without, however, leaving directions to them to light an additional lamp to San Rocco, patron of travellers, and likewise to say a certain number of masses for the good of our own souls. Nicolovitch and I were soon after in close discussion for a couple of hours, trying to trace out the best route back to the fleet without going over the same ground by which we had come, and not too near the scouts of Djezzar. But before commencing our journey we determined to visit the place of the Nativity, which being from its position south of Jerusalem, was not on our route back to the ships.

Arrived at Bethlehem, at the Convent of the Nativity, I confess to having been unprepared to find an architectural structure vying with that of many minor ecclesiastical buildings in the Levant, imitating the Greek style, with forty-eight columns of the Corinthian order twenty feet in height, supporting a heavy architrave and frieze, but with a simple wooden soffit. The Church of the Nativity is a distinct building from the convent, of which it forms part. The vestibule of adoration is of a graver and more homely architecture. From its wooden roof hung scores of burning lamps. But the most dazzling effulgence within the area came from within the sacred latticed screen, where the burning lamps are indeed in profusion. The

"Stable and the Manger" were not visible, and we came away satisfied at having beheld the places in which they should have been, and were, as we were assured, although we did not see them. There are mural decorations in the vestibule, some draperies, also some paintings, to which both Greeks and Latins contribute. We returned the same evening for a few hours to St. Salvatore, which we left with some capital horses belonging to a private party, who was glad of the opportunity of having them conveyed in safety to some friends at Jericho.

We had been told at Jerusalem that the road to Jericho, besides being indifferent, was also dangerous, being infested with thieves; but the Commandant at Jerusalem had granted us an armed escort, as officers in the Capudan Pasha's fleet, for he considered it his paramount duty to see that no harm befell us as such. The journey was accomplished accordingly without the smallest check or hindrance as far as Jericho.

The owner of our riding-horses was an Armenian merchant, Khir Bartholomé, a very intelligent man, who had long been a resident in Palestine, but had also travelled much in other parts of the Ottoman Empire, as well as in Russia and in Greece. He had some magnificent gardens adjoining his house, from which we obtained a view of the River Jordan when we were roused at early morn to commence our projected water journey. From our host we endeavoured to obtain some information concerning St. Jean d'Acre and its present usurper, but he was perfectly ignorant of everything connected with that subject. Finding that I spoke with great warmth and interest of what I had seen at Jerusalem, as well as in allusion to our journey from Acre to Jaffa, and thence to the Holy City, he reminded me that the mention of both those names recalled to memory a passage in the sixteenth verse of the second chapter of the second book of Chronicles, which he repeated by heart: "And we will cut wood out of Lebanon, as much as thou shalt need: and we will bring it to thee in flotes by sea to Joppa; and thou shalt carry it up to Jerusalem." I thanked him for the quotation, and apologized for venturing to inquire how he came to be so conversant with the matter, when he assured me that the first fourteen books of the Old or Jewish Testament, inclusive of the five Mosaic books, translated into the Armenian idiom, were habitually in the hands of his own countrymen, constituting in fact their chief religious reading, as well as a large portion of their daily worship. On hearing this I made some inquiry respecting the balm of Gilead, mentioned in Scripture, and which a heathen author—Strabo—says is not to be found elsewhere than in the gardens of Jericho, where I also expected to find the famed rose of Jericho. Khir Bartholomé's reply satisfied me that he knew nothing beyond what we find in all books of cosmography and materia medica on those subjects.

The first view of the Jordan disappointed me: its breadth, of little more than eighty feet in front of Jericho, with a depth of scarcely six feet, represented to us an insignificant stream, the lowering bed of which was plainly indicated by the very rapid way in which its muddy water was rushing to mix with the bitter Lake Asphaltites. I could not help contrasting the scene with that of the equally rapid but cerulean and transparent Adda, which had so often enlivened my scholastic rambles as a collegian at Merate, during the early years of my classical education. Nor were the double banks of the Jordan, of sand and mud on each side, more attractive to me than the banks of the Maas, or of any other of the Dutch streams I became acquainted with later. Indeed, in all we beheld there was little encouragement offered to us to undertake a water trip of several miles, with the hope of saving fatigue while enjoying a novel mode of travelling.

When our new friend Khir Bartholomé heard what Nicolovitch proposed to attempt, he positively burst out laughing, and with many apologies for his merriment, informed us at once that we were meditating to do that which it would be impossible to accomplish "even in a dream!"

"Your nautical science is of no avail here, my dear Captain. With how many pair of oars could you hope to stem a current running against you at the rate of eight miles an hour? Supposing such a feat possible, have you reflected that the Jordan courses between any two given points, as for example between Tabarizza in Galilee and Jericho, twice at least, if not three times the distance that actually exists on land between the same two places travelled on horseback? No wounded snake makes as many wriggles as it trails itself along the sand as the Jordan does from the moment it leaves the last-named lake until it reaches this poor place of ours, shut in between chalky hills. But, worse still, you would arrive at parts of the river where the banks become rocky, approximate each other so as to form a defile, through and over which the stream has to leap to fall into a lower level. How would you get over that difficulty?"

Of course we stood aghast at such an unexpected demonstration of the absurdity of Nicolovitch's projected plan of operations, and as neither our travelling map nor our personal knowledge of the localities afforded us means to contradict any of Khir Bartholomé's assertions, we submitted with a sigh at our disappointment, and more so at our ignorance. It ended in our engaging fresh horses and a guide, dispensing with the escort, as we were assured the roads were entirely free from danger. We might meet with parties of Bedouins, but they would not molest two such travellers as ourselves.

We therefore entered and followed the road through el Zhor, or the Great Plain of the Jordan, to reach the Plain of Esdraelon, at the western extremity of which we encountered the river Kishon, from whose bank we discerned the majestic three-decker *Selim* and her consorts quietly at anchor; and soon after we joined our own vessel and reported ourselves to our superior officers.

My own special department I found in the most perfect order, thanks to the zeal and assiduity of two assistant surgeons who had been recently appointed. The sick-bay contained but a small number of patients, suffering from the effect of excessive heat and the immoderate use of melons brought from Jaffa and Beirut.

Meat in the Turkish navy was sparingly supplied, and only once a day, but there was plenty of bread and tobacco. The perfect and constant state of cleanliness of the decks, upper and lower, was really surprising; and what was more so was the simple manner in which the whole crew, combatants as well as the mere common sailors, lived without table, stool, or any of the many contrivances required in ordinary life. In the spaces between the guns the meals were served on a round light copper tray, which admitted of being folded into four when not required for use, and so stowed away. The tray was laid on a circular block of wood, six or eight inches from the deck. On it was placed the ample dishes of pillau and meat, generally roasted mutton, which dishes were fetched by one of the party in turns. Each person helped himself with his fingers. The roast meat was cut with a pocket clasp-knife, and a wooden spoon was permitted to each with which to eat the pillau. I never knew any wine or spirits admitted during the messes. Opium at times was indulged in by some of the men, but sparingly, as the drug was found an expensive luxury. I may add, that the more cumbersome part of the Mussulman costume was set aside on board, and a species of light jacket was worn, with large and wide white linen trousers, and an Albanian skull-cap, but oftener there was nothing on the head.

Such was the life of the crew of the Sultan's fleet in 1804. The Turks had profited by what they had witnessed among the French and the English three and four years before. Whether they maintained that character when lying by the side of those same national vessels at Navarino, I leave those to decide who were present at that "untoward" event. Among the officers, the Mussulmans congregated among themselves much in the same fashion as French or Italian officers would do. Those of the Greek faith had a mess of their own, while the Giaours and aliens lived by themselves in their own cabins, the quarter-deck being the general rendezvous.

CHAPTER XIII.

1804.

Surrender of Acre, and death of Djezzar Pasha—Resign my appointment—Transferred to the *Active*—Arrive at Cyprus—Catarina Cornaro—Alexandria—Baron Larrey the first to employ horseflesh as human food—Reach Rhodes, and quit the Turkish service—Description of Rhodes—Visit Cos on the way to Smyrna.

The operations of the fleet before Acre were carried on without spirit and without method. The Pasha of Damascus had made one assault and had been repulsed on the land side. Our own flying broadsides produced no effect on the bastions; it was so much powder and shot wasted. The rebel chief had, besides the pashalick, too large a stake in his redundant treasury not to fight hard, either with arms or by means of negotiations. It was by the latter that the Capudan Pasha's expedition of 1804 terminated at last. But whether by fair negotiation or by downright treachery, we in the fleet were only allowed to surmise. All we learned was, that not long after the rebel flag had been lowered, and the great standard bearing the crescent had been hoisted on the ramparts of Acre, under the discharge of a hundred cannon, Djezzar was reported to have died suddenly of apnœa—want of breath—a fatal complaint imported by a special messenger from the Porte! Be that as it may, the fact is well known, and recorded in all the histories of the time, that this extraordinary and ill-fated chief met with his death towards the end of 1804, and that Acre was immediately taken possession of by the Capudan Pasha and the Pasha of Damascus.

In Dr. Clarke's instructive volumes there is an error in the date and in the manner of the death of Djezzar, whom the learned doctor had personally seen in June and July, 1801, and whom he supposes to have died of some unknown illness in that year, which is antedating that fatal event by three or four years.

We were now drawing near the month of October, and the fleet would soon be shaping its course for Stamboul, which capital it was not my wish again to visit. Moreover, my own position on board the Kaiya Bey's ship, owing to that part of my functions which made me acquainted with that great officer's habits, had been rendered so exceedingly disagreeable as to become at length intolerable. I therefore sought an interview with the hekim-bashi, and plainly expressed my desire to leave the service, as I had made up my mind to turn westward, now that I had seen enough of the Levant to satisfy my curiosity and the love of wandering. I felt I was never made to become a settled practitioner in any of the places I had yet seen during my travels, whether in Turkey or in Greece. The horizon spread before me was too vast and bright to my young imagination to allow my restless spirit to fix me like a transplanted tree in a hole, there to take root, absorb nutriment, grow strong, serve as a shade and a support to some entwining vine, grow decrepit and perish, leaving no memory of the past behind me. "No, no! The mere thought of such a life makes me shudder."

Toselli, smiling at the warmth of my manner, so little in character with the gravity of the dress I wore, said, "I see that the experiment you have gone through in the last few months has not calmed down the exuberance of your Lombard youth; and that in truth your character is not in harmony with your surroundings. You engaged to serve during the whole period the Capudan Pasha's expedition usually lasts, namely, four months; that time will expire in a couple of weeks, but as you dislike some of the duty you have to attend to on board the Patrona Bey's ship, although for the matter of that you would find the same objections in all, I will see whether I can transfer you to one of the frigates, which I understand are likely to remain behind, while the bulk of the fleet returns to the Tersanah."

I was accordingly transferred to the imperial frigate, the *Serathi*, which would be detached immediately on separate service to Cyprus, Alexandria, and Rhodes, where I might have a full discharge. As the Kiaya Bey, to whom the defterdar accounted for the taxes, was the general treasurer on the occasion, my pecuniary concerns were settled for the whole period in the most liberal manner, I retaining the right to wear the official costume even after my period of service should be completed, and receiving a signet ring from the Kiaya's own hands in token of satisfaction.

The frigate I joined, named the *Active* (*Serathi*), was one of the fifteen in the list of the Turco-Egyptian fleet assembled at Navarino nearly a quarter of a century later. We parted company from our fleet, with sealed orders and particular instructions to execute them with suitable celerity. Our course was to be from Acre direct to the island of Cyprus, thence to sail down to Alexandria, and finally to proceed to Rhodes, from which place the *Active* was to return to Constantinople, while I should receive my official discharge, according to the arrangement entered into by Dr. Toselli with the Capudan Pasha.

Although I did not anticipate any great advantage from these several visits to interesting localities, considering the haste with which they were to be carried out, I was nevertheless glad of an opportunity of adding to my knowledge of the Levant by an acquaintance with three such remarkable places. I may at the same time record that, as far as personal comforts were concerned, my change of ship proved the reverse of an improvement, since the accommodation afforded by a frigate was not such as a line of battle ship supplied to an officer of my class. Besides, I found myself among entire strangers, there not being a single Italian, Greek, or foreign officer but myself on board. The same state of cleanliness, order, and discipline prevailed as in the larger vessels, and my duty was light with a crew of three hundred in lieu of twelve hundred men.

Having so recently been immersed in an archipelago of innumerable islands, from Cerigo in the west to Santorin in the east, and from Skyro north to Candia south, I was much struck with the fact that we kept crossing and recrossing the same Mediterranean waters, now circumscribed to the form of an almost circular lake by Crete and Rhodes, which shut out completely the insular region from the Syro-Egyptian sea or South Mediterranean, in which lies in proud and lonely majesty the island sacred to Venus. There it rests without a near neighbour or rival, that lovely island with its handsome harbours of Larnaca and Famagosta, its pure and balsamic air, its myrtle groves and its luscious wine, which even I was induced to partake of, so enthusiastic and pressing were the foreign consuls I visited at Larnaca in praise of the nectar of the goddess of Beauty. I know not whether it was that during my stay at Venice the name of this island had so often been mentioned when the Vino di Cipro was offered as a matter of course to the guests at a dinner-table, or the fact of Venice herself having been long mistress of the island, but on landing at Famagosta I fancied myself in a known land, one too that commanded my warmest sympathies.

Better versed in the annals of Venice than acquainted with those of the people of Israel, as I have had occasion to show, I had hardly cast my eyes on the ancient palace of the Venetian Proveditors, once masters of the island, than the remembrance came vividly into my mind of the delightful story of Caterina Cornaro. I know not whether among the various romantic tales of female celebrities culled from the history of my native land by G. A. Sala or T. Trollope, the historical life of the beauteous queen of Cyprus of the fifteenth century, so fraught with elements to produce the deepest sensation, has been treated by either of those able writers. If neither has done so, I would venture to recommend a subject well calculated to add to their popularity. Born the niece of the Doge Marco Cornaro, chosen at the age of sixteen, out of seventy of the handsomest maidens of Venice, as the bride of Jacopo Lucignano XIV., King of Cyprus and Jerusalem, a widowed sovereign soon after for a period of fourteen years, she assigned all her vested and inherited rights in the island over to the Republic by a solemn act celebrated in the Basilica of San Marco in 1486. In return for this generous and munificent gift, the Senate invested her with the absolute possession and command over an extensive district or province around Asolo, among the Trevigian Hills. In that capital city, which was proclaimed to be a royal court and castle, with a numerous retinue of courtiers and followers, and a garrison of soldiers to do her honour and protect her, this Cyprian queen passed the next twenty-one years, visited by foreign potentates, statesmen, and men of letters, among whom Cardinal Bembo bore a conspicuous part, both as a loyal subject and a relative of the queen. "Nel bel' Asolo" (says Bettinelli in his work entitled "Il Risorgimento dell' Italia"), "Caterina Cornaro, Regina di Cipro, tenea trè corti ad un tempo, quella delle Muse, quella dell' amore, e quella della magnificenza e dignità regale; e di tutte trè era il Bembo l' anima e l' ornamento." *

After reviewing all the pleasing reminiscences so intimately connected with Cyprus, and enjoying its beautiful air, gardens, and fruit for the three days we remained at anchor, we shaped our course for Alexandria. Here all the world appeared still under the spell of the terrible events which had made the first three years of this century so famous. The motley mass of nationalities exhibited on the quay and along the inner harbour spoke of the number of distinct races who had had a share in those events. The one who had conquered in the end remained still to display the flag of St. George. Of the conquered race, the few that were left behind badly hurt, were now prisoners at large, exhibiting their crest-fallen emblems of revolutionary liberty. The Turk looked with a jealous eye on the Egyptian, while the Mamelukes would gladly have crushed the soldiers of Stamboul. The French had carried away the Luxor Obelisk, which they succeeded years after in planting in the centre of their own Place de la Concorde, while the English were making preparations to convey to their own land one of Cleopatra's Needles, which has never reached its destination.

I had an opportunity of conversing with a Frenchman who during the war three years before had served under General Menou, and who, being wounded, had been left behind in the hospital, to become afterwards domiciled, as was the case with many more. He gave me a piece of information concerning the celebrated French surgeon-in-chief Larrey, which would seem to establish his claim to priority in the use of horse-flesh as human food before that

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* In fair Asolo, Catherine Cornaro, Queen of Cyprus, held three courts at the same time: one of the Muses, one of Love, and one of magnificent and roya dignity. Bembo was the soul and ornament of all three.

which has since been set up by Parisian cooks, and still more recently by Napoleon III. My interlocutor at Alexandria asserted, that while lying ill in the hospital he was, with the rest of the patients, supplied with delicious broth obtained from horse-flesh by direction of that great surgeon, with whom it was my good fortune to become well acquainted thirteen years later.

We made but a brief stay at Alexandria, and it transpired just as we were weighing anchor for Rhodes, that our present expedition from Acre had had for its object the conveyance of a portion of the fabulous sums of gold coin found in that fortress, hoarded by its ill-fated chief, destined for Khosreus Pasha, Governor-general of Egypt, patron, and afterwards the dupe, of the more fortunate and renowned Mehemet Ali.

I do not remember, among the many places I had visited down to the time of my reaching this Paradise, one more captivating, or which afforded me greater personal gratification, than this very island of Rhodes. How the Cyprian goddess came to miss this far preferable residence for the one she has been placed in by poets, is to me a puzzle. True, the Cyprian isle is nearer to the sun, and the natural penchant of the goddess for Apollo may have been the reason for the choice. But I would rather attribute it to the fondness for privacy and seclusion, so dear and essential to her mysterious rites, which she could sooner and more surely find in the perfectly isolated island of Cyprus, in a sea of its own, than in the noisy, bustling, and open prospects of a large island like Rhodes. In the neighbourhood of hundreds of other insular regions, large and small, over which the higher powers of Olympus, Jupiter tonans, revengeful Juno, tricky Vulcan, and the versatile and thrifty Hermes held undivided sway, there would be left but secondary parts to play for the goddess of beauty.

I am not quite certain as to the object of the *Active's* mission to this island. It could have been only of a very trivial character, as after landing an officer with some despatches, and her surgeon, myself, who in virtue of the late agreement was leaving the service, the frigate sailed away for Constantinople.

I read in my notes of that period that the moment I found myself on terra firma, with my firman of discharge and written attestations of an appreciated conduct from the Capudan Pasha and his hekim-bashi in my hands, I drew a long breath, and cried out in the words of my school-days' favourite, the Venusian bard, "Beatus ille qui procul negotiis," &c.—such "negotia" as I had lately submitted to, much against the grain. "Here am I (I wrote down that night) once more master of my own fate, to choose the next path that is to lead me on through life. I have visited strange lands, inquired into their ancient annals, their gods, their learning; I have studied practically their more recent institutions and the character of their more modern citizens; I have mastered for the time their languages, and mixed myself up in their domestic concerns." "Quæ sint, quæ fuerint," as regards life in the East at the opening of the present century, my written records attest. What sixty-six years, added to the date of those records, have supplied of events or revolutions, the historiographers of the day will tell us. A comparison of the two statements will lead to the conclusion, not less startling than mortifying, that the regions of civilized nationalities we call "The East," in the seventh of the ten decennial periods of the nineteenth century, have ceased to be the home of profound philosophy, oratory, poesy, belles-lettres, and the Fine Arts; nor are they any longer the cradle of wise law-givers, heroic rulers, daring commanders, splendid conquerors, and unflinching patriots.

The liberal manner in which the Ottoman authorities had treated me, added to the generous remuneration I had received from the Stataki family, had served to augment the pecuniary resources I had obtained from my late travelling friend Mr. Hamilton, all which had remained nearly intact, since I had had little occasion for any disbursements. I found myself therefore at this conjuncture in possession of a considerable sum of money, the legitimate and honest fruit of my profession, that rendered me perfectly independent, and set me free from anxiety as to any futura res angusta domi. Four-fifths of the entire sum I converted into letters of exchange on Smyrna, the place I had designed as my ultimate point of departure for the West. These letters I obtained at the Austrian consulate, to which I hesitated not to apply and introduce myself as the brother of a superior *employé* in the Austrian government at Venice —a self-introduction which proved of great use and advantage to me during my sojourn in Rhodes. To that dear brother I took pleasure and pride in communicating the news of my professional success thus far, adding the assurance of my perfect health, with the expression of my hope that I should soon obtain some family news through the Austrian consuls in the different cities of the Levant, with whom I should always take care to leave an account of my own whereabouts. Up to this period I had received no tidings from home since my departure from Constantinople, a reticence I did not marvel at, considering the perpetual state of movement and shifting of quarters I had been subject to, which precluded all chance of a regular correspondence through the post.

Signor Giustiniani, the consul and banker, had recommended me to a private family in the town, one of whose sons was clerk in the consulate, and who would assist me in my peregrinations through the island. The town itself

I was able to examine alone, for all the localities to which any historical interest is attached are exhibited to strangers with readiness, and a knowledge of the Greek and Turkish languages was a passe-partout, especially for one dressed in the oriental costume, which I still retained. But after all it was the knowledge of Italian and old French idioms that was needed to comprehend and enjoy the historical remains scattered about the town; for many and enduring have been the vestiges left by the warrior knights in Rhodes, and the city retains so much of the aspect of an ordinary European city, that one forgets its origin and its many subsequent historical vicissitudes and transmutations.

In sailing into the harbour in the *Active* I had noticed a huge square tower of considerable elevation and strength, with a small turret at each of the four upper corners, which I heard called the "Knights' Tower," intended as a defence of a vast and almost quadrangular harbour. The knights had likewise one of the principal streets within the gates which bore their name. At the corner of this Rue des Chevaliers, the arms of England were to be seen surmounted by a ducal coronet, marking possibly the residence of Robert, Duke of Normandy. The old convent, perhaps the knights' hospital, which is very large and most solidly constructed in the Gothic style, with massive pillars, was then a school in which young Turks were taught to read the Koran previous to their entering their so-called Holy Orders, a study which is supposed to contain all that is requisite for a true believer to know of philosophy, history, poetry, morality, physics, and religion. Altars there were before almost every house in the town, with inscriptions in Greek characters, and the same also on square pedestals. The private houses in this and the adjoining streets showed a Gothic design with low arched entrance gates of moderate elevation, bearing escutcheons inscribed with old French or

Italian devices and coats of arms. Some minor remains of princely palaces exist to tell the story of their unfortunate masters.

I sought in vain for a single monument to recall the primitive Hellenic race. All had been absorbed between the fourteenth and sixteenth centuries by the rule of the Christian knights, and even the tradition of the great Colossus seemed to be forgotten. But the true admirers of high ancient art contemporaneous with the best productions of Phidias's chisel, will not forget that magnificent group in white marble of the Laocoon, so eloquent in its composition and details that it needs not the gift of voice to tell its own affecting story. That wonderful group was the joint work of three Rhodian sculptors—Agesander, Athenodorus, and Polydorus, and shame to the Rhodians who suffered it to be carried away as war booty to Rome, there to be long exhibited in the palace of the Emperor Titus.

Instead of feeling proud of my Turkish trappings, I felt ashamed of them when I found myself on the jetty in a quasi Venetian colony, and still more so when received in the houses of those Rhodians to whom my courteous banker had introduced me, some of them Greek *pur sang*, others semi Venetians, not a few Illyrians and Ragusans, and even in one instance a Jewish family, whose wealth, intercourse with foreign people visiting the island, and liberality of opinion, made them equal to any of the principal families there. I said I was ashamed of my Turkish trappings, but I see from my notes that I made myself ridiculous, which is the more correct phrase. What could be more so than for one accustomed to receive and acknowledge acts of courtesy from Italian, French, or Romaic ladies, and exchange compliments with high-bred seigneurs in society, to attempt to sustain the solemn, grave, and stiff air which the Ottoman vestments imposed on him in his social intercourse? If there was one house I preferred to visit, it was that of the Jewish family, all the members of which wore the oriental costume. If the daughter of Laban, whom Jacob loved, bore resemblance to either of the two daughters of this descendant of Israel, the beauty of the Hebrew female type must indeed have been exquisite. Both daughters were the admiration of their society, among whom they lived in that unrestrained yet decorous Franco-Italian fashion which had found its way into Rhodes during a period of nearly three centuries, before Soliman II., with the loss of nearly two hundred thousand men, conquered and subjected the whole island to the Turkish rule.

The presence of so many foreign consuls, occupying villas of a commodious and pleasing architecture, the occasional and temporary residence of families from many parts of continental Greece, who visit this island for its salubrious and mild air during the winter, and the almost constant intercourse with the great centres of civilization, are circumstances which have contributed to make Rhodes a very important place. From my own experience I may add, that a more desirable residence for one contented to pass the term of life in the enjoyment of every sort of worldly indulgence, could not be found than in one of the many lonely spots which the interior, not less than the coasts, of the island offers to a wandering cosmopolitan. He need not be master of more than a modest income, which would enable him to live as if he possessed a large fortune. Rhodes, in fact, might have proved a Capua for the inexperienced Milanese youngster, who accepted as never likely to alter those demonstrations of friendly courtesy that were shown him among the families he frequented, had he not always kept in view another and far higher aim than that of living a life of mere sensual enjoyment.

The proximity of the island which tradition represents as the birthplace of the great and immortal master of our art, induced me to visit Cos on my departure from Rhodes. The voyage to Cos resembles more a pleasant excursion on a smooth lake than one on an open sea, so many are the islands passed in the short journey, during which land is never lost sight of. The distance is very short, and in engaging a small vessel to convey me to Smyrna, the place I was next bound for, I covenanted that it should first proceed to and land me for one day at Cos.

I found on landing there, and addressing myself to some man in authority, a Greek, that the memory of Hippocrates was still common everywhere in the island. Indeed, they could not well forget it while a limpid and abundant spring is shown on a hill three miles from the town, which bears the hallowed name of the Father of Medicine. Nay, more, the patriotic effect of the decree of the Macedonian king, Perdiccas, granted at the request of this great physician, still subsists, which entitles the people of Cos to send their young sons to Athens for gratuitous education. Brave islanders, who preferred to endure the many violent acts of Artaxerxes rather than deliver up to that enraged monarch their illustrious fellow-citizen, who had scornfully refused to submit to a royal summons too contemptuously delivered for an illustrious physician to obey!

CHAPTER XIV.

1804–5.

Arrival at Smyrna—The Turkish costume—Become supercargo of a Venetian polacca—Leave Smyrna for Messina—Take refuge in Port Tero—Enter the port of Messina—Effects of an earthquake—Steer for Malaga—Chased by an Algerine corsair—Arrive at Malaga—Herr Carl Müller—Spanish tertulias—Sŏr, the guitarist—The guitar as a serenading instrument—Yellow fever breaks out in Malaga—Measures adopted—The cathedral of Malaga.

On Christmas-day, 1804, Mr. Consul Werry opened his hospitable residence at Smyrna to the friend of Mr. Hamilton. He informed me that my arrival had been expected some months before, and he added much information respecting my good friend's doings while he remained at Smyrna or travelled in the neighbourhood until his final departure for England.

The consul was one of a genial class of men with whom you are soon well and heartily acquainted. His kind and courteous manners placing me at my ease, I at once communicated to him my plan, which was to return westwards in some large merchant ship trading with Italy and Spain, which latter country it was my real wish to reach. I mentioned to him at the same time that I had drafts on a merchant in the town, and asked him whether I might not find means to invest the larger part of the money in a share of such cargo as the ship I selected might be freighted with. Inquiries, he answered, should be made on Change, and in the mean time I might occupy my leisure hours in looking about the city and its neighbourhood, which to a scholar, he observed, offered some interesting reminiscences.

I am ashamed to have to record here, that so truly tired had I become of the life of an inquirer, investigator, antiquary, and what not besides, that I preferred settling myself down into the condition of an ordinary citizen, going about his own business and attending profitably to it.

Properly to commence this new sort of life, I hastened at once to put aside my Turkish dress, and again appeared in my European costume, thanks to Mr. Werry's tailor. This sudden change of attire caused in me an almost equally sudden alteration of feelings and thoughts. I became light, brisk, and lively, and happily discovered that I had neither forgotten European breeding nor the manner of expressing it.

As regards the Turkish costume I may, in my character of a physician, make one or two remarks in this part of my memoirs concerning it. I wore that costume a sufficient length of time to authorize me to express an opinion respecting its superiority over the modern European style of dress, whether with regard to health and the proper development of the human frame, or its suitable and decorous appearance. In each of these requisites the oriental costume indisputably bears away the palm of superiority. The surface of the human body in a state of complete civilization requires to be protected, both winter and summer, from the influence of capricious and frequent changes in the atmosphere by which it is surrounded. The covering should be proportioned to the degree of protection required, and should be uniform for the entire surface. It ought to be of ready and easy application, with few impediments and contrivances to occasion loss of time and temper. It should be free from all tight ligatures, whether partial or general, that tend to impede the free circulation of the blood. It should invest the whole person with becoming decency; lastly, it should not interfere with the free action of all the parts of the external organization. Now each and all of these requirements are attained with the Turkish costume. In five minutes after quitting your couch in the morning, and your general ablution performed, you may don it, and it is as quickly thrown off in the evening when you retire to rest. Every part of the body is uniformly covered. You may even dispense with an attendant to put the long wide sash or shawl round your waist, which is *de rigueur;* for if you fasten one end of it to the key of your bedroom door, and stretch the shawl to its full length by going towards the opposite wall, you may roll yourself neatly up in its folds, keeping the straight end tight in one hand while you waltz round on your return to the first end, which you then detach and tuck in at the waist. The operation used to occupy me one minute exactly.

At dinner on the 29th of December, Mr. Werry introduced me to an Italian captain of a large polacca, il Cavaliere Adorni, formerly a naval officer in the service of the Venetian Republic, whose ship was then lying in the neighbouring bay of Scala Nova, taking in a cargo of fave (dried beans), currants, figs, raisins, and wax. Its destination was Malaga, but part of the cargo was to be delivered at Messina. The cavaliere had been informed by the consul of my intention, and he consequently invited me to return overland with him the following day to Scala Nova (a very short journey), to inspect the ship and her accommodation, and enter into a negotiation afterwards with the merchant skipper as to my assuming part of their cargo of beans for a consideration.

Matters were so settled, money paid down, and on the recommendation of Mr. Werry, my name, which had been inserted in the bill of lading as part owner of the cargo, was also mentioned as supercargo to see the whole of it properly consigned to Messrs. Müller and Co. at Malaga, a responsible commission I readily accepted for two reasons, first, that it gave me a controlling power over the cargo; and secondly, because I should be holding a certain consequential position on board which would give me occupation. Little did I then anticipate that an appointment so alien and so different from my pursuits and character would prove a link to my next step in life. Indeed, when I look back to what had occurred to me after I left my father's home, I cannot help being struck with the fact of each new phase in my career (giving it a new colour) being the necessary result of some important event immediately preceding—thus establishing an unbroken line of existence, which indeed, as will be apparent in the course of my narrative, has been the case through life, verifying Seneca's opinion that—

> "Omnia certo tramine vadunt,
> Primus que dies dedit extremum."

As the day the polacca was to sail was not yet fixed, I was prevailed upon to make two or three excursions to localities rendered memorable as having been the birthplaces of ancient poets and philosophers, all within a not very wide circle around Smyrna, namely, Homer, Anacreon, Anaxagoras the spiritualist, including also a visit to Aïosolue, or the Church of St. John, standing, as is averred, on the ruins of Ephesus and the celebrated Temple of Diana.

When Cavaliere Adorni at length reported his ship ready to sail, Mr. Werry most kindly accompanied me overland to Scala Nova with my modest luggage, and left me on board the polacca with many good wishes and the expression of kindly feelings. The good man has doubtless long since gone to his fathers; but he left a son, and should he by chance light on these memoirs of one who had the good fortune to pass a few days under the hospitable roof of his parents, let me assure him that I have ever borne in mind with gratitude the acts of kindness I received at the residence of the English consul at Smyrna in the last two weeks of the fourth year of the present century.

The polacca was deeply laden with small packages, which the officers of the vessel were permitted to ship. In the midst of these I yet found room to fix my cot and a few necessaries for cleanliness and comfort. Captain Adorni invited me at the same time to make use of his own cabin on deck whenever I was disposed for reading or writing; and as we messed together, our intercourse necessarily became almost continuous.

We came out of the Gulf of Scala Nova hugging the land close on our starboard tack, passing Cape Brano and the Port of Tschesmé, memorable for the famous sea-fight between the Turks and the Russians in 1770, exactly one century from the date I am now writing. Tschesmé is opposite Scio, where we stopped for the night, setting sail again on the following morning. The weather wore a propitious aspect, and we were in high spirits, when all at once a violent south-wester rose like a hurricane, drifting the polacca towards Mitylene, in one of the two vast harbours of which island we took refuge. It was fortunate that the pilot whom Cavaliere Adorni had taken on board to see us clear off the Asiatic coast and Greek islands was well acquainted with both the harbours of Lesbos (Mitylene). The one which haply lay near to us was Tero, with a south-west bearing, but with an entrance so narrow and intricate, that to a ship driven under a close-reefed foresail and jib it presented almost certain destruction. To this day I cannot recall the scene without a renewal of the shudder I experienced as I stood on the fore-deck, lashed to the mast to keep me steady, watching the drifting of the stout and nimble polacca through the intricacies of the narrow channel by which ships amidst a foaming surge are piloted into this marvellous haven—one of the finest as well as safest in the world, in which more than one large European fleet could ride safely at the same time. Once within, the deafening tempest outside lapses magically into the silent and perfect calm of the unruffled blue water of a spacious lake protected all round by lofty hills.

Hither, after his defeat at Pharsalia, (August the 9th), forty-eight years before the Christian era, did Pompey fly in a boat from the mouth of the Peneus, and being joined by Cornelia his wife, daughter of Scipio, proceeded to Egypt, there to fall under the murderous hand of Cleopatra's brother, whose hospitality he had come to claim. But Lesbos had other and more pleasing reminiscences to offer to my imagination. It was the birthplace of a love-sick maid whose fatal leap to cure her disordered brain had rendered for ever memorable the Leucadian Rock I had visited from Cephalonia. It had also given birth to Theophrastus, whose name a student of Materia Medica must ever venerate.

A few days of fine weather at length set the imprisoned voyagers free, and the ship proceeded onwards to her several destined ports. That of Messina was reached in due course. Adorni's polacca was a good sailer, and we frequently made our ten and eleven knots an hour with a sirocco or east wind. Not wishing to be completely idle during the voyage, I gladly availed myself of the kind offer of the captain to instruct me in the first principles of navigation, and in the use of the quadrant in taking the sun's altitude at noon, which we were able to accomplish every day, the sky proving uniformly serene. A few years later I rather surprised some of the English naval officers by my acquaintance with the nautical terms and ordinary daily operations, in working out our position on the chart from the latitude thus ascertained and distance shown by the log-book. In all these simple observations I became very interested, but my knowledge never went further, for my study was not continued.

The passage through the Faro of Messina being direct north, the fresh east gale we had brought with us on our starboard quarter served us well; but it was soon lulled as we passed under the lee of Reggio and the hills at the back of it. Hence the polacca had to contend with the currents so proverbially dreaded in this passage; yet we entered the superb port with ease, spite of Scylla and Charybdis. The fort of St. Salvatore, the lanterna (lighthouse), and the vast citadel were conspicuous objects that came into view while we were yet at some distance from the town. Once inside its ample and almost circular harbour, with its deep water and fine quays, you view the city spread like an amphitheatre from the water's edge up to its hilly quarters. I well remember the strange sensation I experienced on beholding the line of buildings and lengthened colonnade on the sea esplanade (the Marino or Palazzata) leaning on one side, so as to present a marked divergence from the perpendicular. In that state they had been left by an earthquake which accompanied a violent eruption of Etna in the year in which I was born (1783), a date near enough to the time of our present visit to make the awful calamity a subject of ordinary conversation among the matter-of-fact and business people we had to deal with, as also among well-educated persons with whom we conversed. In truth it could not be otherwise, considering that one could hardly walk a hundred paces without meeting traces of that remarkable catastrophe which astounded all Europe at the time.

I must not omit to commit to writing my vivid recollection of a visit I paid on shore in violation of the quarantine laws, incurring thereby a heavy penalty, only avoided through bribery. That visit was to the rich collection of Greek and Latin manuscripts and books formed and bequeathed in gratitude by Constantine Lascaris, whose memory is revered from the circumstance that just three centuries before he had introduced and taught the Greek language in Milan. It is to that collection (since transferred to Spain) that my fatherland was indebted for a knowledge of the most eminent and ancient writers of Greece.

At Messina we landed many of the smaller articles of the cargo without breaking bulk, which was wholly intended for Malaga, but we shipped some Sicilian silks, a few chests of liquorice juice, and many baskets of Avola almonds, articles we were certain to dispose of to advantage at Malaga. We set sail from Messina on the fourth day after our arrival, and after entering the Golfo di Gioia, kept to the northern shore of the island as far as Melazzo, passing that night through the line of the Lipari isles, one or two of which cast a lurid light on our track with their intermitting bursts of flames. When these were once behind us our head was put west, and as wide a berth as possible given to the African coast, for good reasons. Our ship, I should have remarked, was fully armed, to protect us from Tunisian and Algerine corsairs, who were then infesting the waters of the Mediterranean. By one of the latter of these depredators the polacca was chased off Capo di Gatta, until on a nearer approach, after a mutual firing of several long shots in vain, the pursuer noticed the long broadside of guns of the Venetian ship. The corsair then shortened sail, and dropped a long way astern, leaving us to complete our voyage without further molestation.

The old white castle on the hill, the noble pier jutting out some hundred feet on the eastern side of the harbour, with the lighthouse at the end, and the cathedral towering in the centre of the town, announced our arrival at Malaga.

It was too late to report myself in my capacity of supercargo to Señor Carl Müller, to whom the polacca was consigned. We received on board a custom-house and a municipal officer, who came with a port pilot, whose duty it was to place us in a suitable berth within the Mole for the purpose of unloading. We were informed that the counting-house of our consignee would be open, according to the custom of the place, as early as eight o'clock; and at that hour I presented myself with the ship's papers, Cavaliere Adorni accompanying me. It turned out that the cavaliere was personally known to Señor Müller through some previous mercantile transaction, and we were both most civilly welcomed.

It was not my intention to remain on board longer than the mercantile part of my business would require. That being completed in about ten days (vessels were not unloaded at Malaga as expeditiously as I have seen in a London dock), I settled with Adorni and committed to Señor Müller all my separate packages, as well as the disposal of my share of the main cargo, simply reserving to myself the right to agree or otherwise to the price he should propose to sell at in the market.

The cavaliere was not long in finding a cargo of uvaspaccas and Malaga wine for Venice, with which he sailed in less than five weeks, bearing a letter from myself to my excellent brother in that capital.

I had taken private lodgings not far from the cathedral and near the Alameda, in which spacious street Señor Müller had a splendid mansion on the left side, that nearest the sea, as indeed had all the principal merchants of Malaga, as well as most of the foreign consuls. Señor Müller came from Hamburg, and had married an Andalusian lady, to settle down almost a naturalized don. He spoke French *tant bien que mal.* I knew nothing of the Spanish language, and as to any German, all that I had learnt of it in my early days, when the Austrian *régime* was rife in Milan, had pretty nearly vanished. By dint, however, of terminations put to words of my own native tongue resembling Latin, or even real Latin words altogether, with the additional help of the guttural I had learned the knack of in Greece and Turkey, I contrived to make myself understood both at the counting-house and in my own private lodgings.

An Italian is enabled quickly to master the Spanish language if he be bold enough and does not mind a little banter, especially among the ladies; for although polite and civil (to excess, I was going to say), a señorita or even a señora will sometimes indulge in the pleasure of laughing outright at the blunders of a novice in their own language.

By the end of a month I was quite acclimated, and had been introduced into several agreeable tertulias, a species of nightly "at home," at which the lady of the house entertains a certain number of intimos, to converse with, play tarroque, sing, or play on some instrument, drink sugar and water, or a cup of milkless tea with a squeeze of orange juice, the latter a fashion the mistress of the house informed me was borrowed from the English: "es la costumbre de los Inglezes." La Señora Müller, as the wife of the Austrian consul, had her own tertulia on two nights in the week, so after accepting for a month or so all invitations, I preferred to confine myself to these two out-of-door evening visits, which never commenced later than eight o'clock, nor extended beyond eleven—a most sensible arrangement. Besides these simple *réunions*, some of the principal families would through the winter give a *soirée* or ball, at which both the family and all invited guests would assemble in great state. It was on such occasions that the dazzling eyes, the exquisite feet, and the coquettish grace of the fair Andalusians shone conspicuous. In no other quarter of the civilized world could such an assembly be found, though some over-fastidious persons object to the often repeated samples of the same pretty object.

I am almost ashamed to write again of my quieter performances. It required, indeed, no little assurance in a stranger to come forward in the centre of such an assembly with an instrument peculiarly Spanish, and attempt to sing an aria after the company had been listening to the delicious seguidillas of Sŏr, an artiste whose skill on the guitar, accompanying a mellow voice, was prodigious. But for his seguidillas I had my Venetian barcarolles ; and when these palled, the sudden introduction of a Greek romanza carried off all the bravos. The two performers became however friends, and I took lessons from Sŏr on the instrument he had made so peculiarly his own. This young man belonged to a most respectable family, and though intended for a serious profession, wasted his opportunities of distinguishing himself in it through his passion for music ; the full indulgence in which proved a fatal impediment to his progress in more essential pursuits, for he only attained the reputation and name of the first Spanish guitarist. He was one of the examples I had in view, besides many others, when in the early part of these memoirs I inveighed against young men indulging in amateur music when they have to get their own bread in life. I have preserved one of Sŏr's poetical compositions, with accompaniment for the guitar, to the air of a popular dance much in vogue, called "La Gravina," in allusion to the well-known admiral of that name. This piece was sung in the most fashionable ladies' assemblies, although the subject was in dispraise of love, which would probably remind English musicians of their own countryman Purcell's elegant little ballad, "I attempt from Love's sickness to fly."

In Germany, with a grand piano before him, Sŏr might have become a Mozart, or a Wagner with grandiose ideas; but with so simple and poor an instrument as the guitar, none but light and trifling melodies could be expected. With such poor materials for inspiration, it is not surprising that Spain should not have produced a single musical composer in the present century to match the famed German and Italian maestri; yet if we are to believe what has been stated by Geminiani, well known to English composers, and a pupil of the famous Scarlatti, the best work on musical composition, unequalled in any of the modern languages, was written by Lorente, organist of the principal church in Alcala.

Considering the object for which the guitar has been adopted by all classes of society in Spain, and more especially in this light-hearted Malaga, namely, that of serenading *al ciel sereno* a favourite belle or a mere friend during the still hours of a starry night, no instrument can compete with it for effect. As the serenader—generally attended by one or two friends to sing second or as chorus—enters one of the aristocratic *calles,* to plant himself in front of the palacio in which the divinity dwells, and sweeps his fingers over the strings *rasquerando,* the soft sound pervades the air, and breaks on the ear with a pleasing thrill which must be heard to be understood. He continues *flozeando* on the strings, or as the Italians say, *arpeggiando,* for a few minutes, certain that by this time the harmonious sound has penetrated to the intended nook within the abode and awakened the favoured inmate. Then a tenor, a bass, and a baritone are softly combined with the sounds of the guitar, producing the effect of an opera terzet accompanied by violini pizzicati. To make sure that this melodious prelude has awakened from her slumbers the adorata, the serenader now strikes all the strings in a particular manner—*gospeando*, tapping the sounding-board at the same time with the hand for two or three minutes in the most hilarious style. But now the raising of the lower half of a jalousie in an upper room, through which a faint beam of light appears, once more awakens the soft arpeggios of the instrument, accompanying the touching and imploring seguidillas according as the intentional theme is required to be affectionately tender or simply joyous, and with that the serenade terminates.

The many opportunities I had of giving medical advice to members of the consular body, who in common with the principal inhabitants were dismayed at the sudden irruption of the yellow fever into the town, imported, it was rumoured, from Cadiz, had installed me in a respectable professional practice. The reputation I had acquired through the officious reports of Señor Müller, of my having had experience in the treatment of the plague at Constantinople, which the Malagueños held to be something analogous to the fever that was decimating them, induced the municipality to request me to join a consulta or commission appointed by order of the Madrid government to inquire into the origin and best mode of treatment of the disease. Professor Arejula, from Madrid, was appointed president of the commission, and Dr. Desgenettes, sent by the French government, with Dr. Hernandez of Malaga, and myself, constituted the commission. The result of our deliberations was made known to the public in an able report drawn up by the president, with whom I happily formed an acquaintance which was of great value to me during my subsequent residence in Madrid.

One of my suggestions was that bonfires of green wood should be lighted at night at the two ends of each street, for I had remarked, that while those inhabitants who left the town every evening before sunset for their country residences escaped the infection, all persons who came from the country and slept in the town invariably caught the disease. The suggested process was adopted and strictly adhered to (as I had seen it adopted in Pera and the Fanar in Constantinople), and the number of deaths sensibly diminished. Of course this was not the only hygienic measure which the commission recommended for the ultimate extinction of the epidemic, which took place near the close of 1805—-a memorable year in every respect.

A curious case with reference to the influence of locality and change of air on the progress of yellow fever in this town came under my notice, which tends to prove the correctness of the views I some five years afterwards maintained in two of my publications between infectious and contagious epidemics, to the former of which categories the yellow fever belongs, while the Levant plague is included in the second. The family of a wealthy citizen affected with the fever were permitted, notwithstanding the prohibitory *cordon*, to leave the town for their country house at Torre-Molinos. There they were in free communication with various persons, none of whom caught the disease, while all the individual members of the afflicted family rapidly recovered. Of the reality of their disorder having been the prevalent yellow fever I satisfied myself perfectly, as I did also of their recovery, and of the immunity that attended their intercourse with strangers. Now, had it been the Levant plague, a like proceeding to that which here took place would inevitably have propagated it in Torre-Molinos; nor would mere pure air have prevented its spreading.

The interior of Malaga, with narrow and ill-paved streets, some of steep ascent, was well calculated to retain the seeds of infectious fever when once it had penetrated within them. But the wide Alameda, with its handsome palaces on each side, presented less chance of contagion. Most of the churches had been closed at the suggestion of the sanitary commission, as had likewise been the theatres. The cathedral was excepted, and to it I was sometimes accompanied by Señora Müller, to witness the celebration of high mass with all the attractiveness of vocal and orchestral music. This episcopal church is an imposing structure, though of hybrid architecture, but especially remarkable for its handsome tower, with an elevation of 260 feet, forming (considering that the church stands on elevated ground) a striking feature as the harbour is approached from the sea. I used to consider its interior as majestic as that of many churches with which I was acquainted in Italy. It consists of a nave and two large and lofty aisles, the roofs supported by many pilasters and corresponding twin marble Corinthian columns. The chapel "del Incarnacion," with handsome sculptures and two mausoleums, is the most frequented on Sundays. I was glad to notice that amidst all this ostentatious display of architecture and decoration, the home of the good prelate who presides in the cathedral had not been neglected. His palace was worthy of the rank of its inmate.

CHAPTER XV.

1803.

Climate of Malaga—Travelling in Spain—Granada: its Alhambra—Visit Cordova—The Mezquita Tower—Count Florida Blanca—Seville as a capital—The Alcazar—Visit Gibraltar—Trafalgar captures—Preparations to leave Malaga—Journey to Madrid.

My citizenship of Malaga seemed now fully established, and with the concurrence of most of the members of the *élite* of society. One of the houses I frequented, for an introduction to which I was indebted to Señora Müller, was that of Señor Kirkpatrick, who had acted as English consul at Malaga until differences had arisen between England and Spain, which ended in a declaration of war, when his functions ceased. I retain a slight recollection of his two daughters, one of whom married a grandee of Spain, Conde de Montijo, Duca de Penesada, whose second daughter, well known in some of the high circles in London in 1851, afterwards shared the throne of France with Louis Napoleon. Worldly matters seemed to go on well with me. I was at ease as to money, for the Levant speculation had turned out well. I occupied a respectable place in society; I had gained experience of men and manners in a new country; and my profession was yielding me both profit and occupation, albeit to a moderate extent only. I had not suffered an hour of ill health since the attack of the plague at Constantinople; in fact I never was better or stronger. The healthiness of the place (apart from the accidental invasion of the yellow fever) was impressed on me from many professional observations at the end of my first twelvemonth's residence in it, and also from remarks I had made on its climate, inclusive of that of some adjoining or neighbouring districts I visited. With such evidence before me, whenever I have been called upon during my practice in London to name a southern climate to patients, for the recovery or the protection of health enfeebled by pulmonary ailments, I have not hesitated to recommend Malaga in preference to Nice; its cosmic aspects being moreover much superior. Malaga receives direct the warm breezes of the African soil in front; it is sheltered at the back from the chilling north winds by the Sierra Morena; the meeting of the Pillars of Hercules at the Straits keeps the rainy south-western gales in check, while the hills of Granada and Valencia screen this fair daughter of Andalucia from the deadly sirocco. What happier locality can be dreamt of? With all this, excellent sea-bathing.

Once well known in society, many were the temptations thrown in my way by young men (the fashionable and consular castes) to make excursions that I might become acquainted with some of the nearest accessible provincial cities. One insisted on accompanying me to Granada. He was a most enthusiastic admirer of the ancient Moorish race. A second young man, belonging to the Austrian consulate, with whom I was what the French call *très-lié*, and who knew the great predilection I had for Seneca, obtained from me a promise to go with him to see that great philosopher and poet's birthplace—Cordova. A third, half an Italian, secretary to the Alcalde Mayor, fancied that if I saw the religious ceremonies at Valencia and the cathedral at Seville, I need not seek for any more information as to religious matters, unless I chose to visit the ruins of the convent of Burgos. To all these I promised to make a selection in turn; yet, after all, my hankering was more after Cadiz, and, if possible, Gibraltar. Both places were nearer than any of those mentioned to me, although to the last named I could only proceed as an Austrian subject, and unaccompanied by any Spaniard. It was, however, determined that it should be left as a last excursion.

In view of these several explorations, a little private arrangement was made between myself and the Señora Müller, with the approbation of the consul, for a correspondence between us in Spanish, in which language I had made considerable progress: Donn' Anna (such was her Christian name) receiving my letters descriptive of my journeys, while her own critical or other remarks in reply would be forwarded to me by next post. A small packet of letters was the result, and these I carefully preserved for many years, as containing valuable commentaries on my own Spanish composition by a capable person.

Travelling in Spain at the commencement of the present century was a work of patience and perseverance. Charles III. and his very able, though unfortunate, prime minister, Count Florida Blanca, had established good roads on all direct lines from the principal south and western provincial cities to Madrid, but mean of intercommunication from one district town to another were altogether wanting. Riding post on a mule was the speediest mode, and this was generally adopted, though not the safest. It was a rough sort of travelling that brought back to my recollection the long and rugged excursions through Greece.

When we speak of visiting Granada, we must mean visiting its enchanting Alhambra; for, independently of that marvel of Moorish art, its site, and the magnificent—I may say unparalleled—panoramic view over the Alpuxarras which unrolls itself before your eyes from the balconies of the Generalife, the town of Granada itself offers no particular attraction. Yet, when you have passed through the courts and halls, and the Torres, with all the dazzling decorations of mixed red, blue, and gold, a feeling of disappointment seizes you unawares that you have not reached that stupendous palace your imagination had pictured from reading an account of the Abencerrages and of the old conquerors and masters of Spain. You look for and expect to behold such imperial palaces as in our days the sovereigns of France and Russia hold their courts in, and you find only apartments of small dimensions. You look for giant columns, and you see but slender pillars; nothing is vast, nothing is imposing. It is not an imperial residence: it is a skilfully designed and adroitly contrived aggregation of moderate-sized rooms, with open spaces interspersed amongst them, yet none of great dimensions. One large apartment, and that only forty feet square, does the Alhambra contain—the Hall of the Ambassadors, at the end of which three windows afford the opportunity to admire the top of the surrounding hills. Its general exterior (which presents no signs of any ideal uniform structure) you can only discover piecemeal as you clamber up to the Gate of Judgment; and such an exterior disappoints you even more than the dwarfishness of its interior apartments.

Donn' Anna on the receipt of my letter from Granada, wrote in answer, expressing the opinion of the majority of the assembled Tertullians at her house, to whom my account had been read, in confirmation of my remarks respecting the disappointment which the general view of the Alhambra of Granada is apt to produce on many of the strangers who visit that city, although every one comes away enchanted with the rich mosaic-like ornaments of its interior. There is another reason for the disappointment I experienced, and it is one that must be common to all travellers who have had opportunities of seeing the richness of the interior of many of the great houses in which the wealthy Turks, Greeks, and Levantines generally live at Constantinople. In these they must have seen a good deal that vies successfully with the richness of the Alhambra's internal chambers.

After a short interval, on my return to Malaga, where my occupations were principally professional, I accompanied others of my friends in an excursion to Cordova and Seville, of either of which cities I retain only a recollection, having entered but few notes in my diary; all that I saw or heard of concerning them being recorded at length in letters to my fair correspondent. These letters, with many clever and acute replies, having been left in the custody of Señor Müller, together with some Spanish and Romaic books of my own, I was never able to recover after the disastrous prononciamentos which brought Malaga at one time to within two inches of her ruin. But I well recollect, when visiting Cordova for the first time, that I was struck with the great mosque of Abd-er-rahman II., converted into a Roman Catholic cathedral, the interior view of which is perfectly bewildering, from the immense number of slender pillars and arches, horse-shoe shaped, of marble of different colours, of porphyry, and jasper. An exterior lofty wall, supported by square buttresses at wide distances the one from the other, is the part that first attracts attention to this great edifice. Doors, niches, ornaments, and windows appear between the buttresses. Through one of the doors, crowned with a Moorish arch, you enter to find a square court planted with orange and palm trees and cypresses, having a fountain in the middle, and light porticos running along three sides of the square, the fourth side being the cathedral, or the Mesquita, as the Cordovans call it when they forget its Roman Catholic denomination, "Iglesia de San Nicolo." It is impossible to determine how many aisles the innumerable columns in this church may form, or to tell the many vistas they present in whatever part of the church you place yourself.

I doubt whether there exists anywhere a more cheerful approach than the one that leads to this imposing edifice, which on summer evenings is often resorted to by the señoras and their caballeros to enjoy the fresh air, redolent with the fragrance of many orange blossoms.

The lateral tower of the Mesquita is equally a curious object. It has the form of a sexagon of considerable dimensions, strongly built, I know not how many feet high; but the architecture of its summit, peculiar to the Moorish principles, gives it a graceful aspect notwithstanding its massiveness and the repetition of the members of which it consists, all of them ornate and projecting in due proportions, as if they were meant to form a capital to a great column.

Cordova retains much of the Moorish physiognomy; singular in the absence of modern fronted dwelling-houses in the town, all of which (at least those I have any remembrance of) present lofty walls without windows towards the street, except here and there a single latticed gazebo. All necessary light for the interior is derived from the large open patio, generally laid out in parterres, with a fountain in the centre and light galleries running round it. These houses put you in mind of the habits and customs of the days of Abd-er-rahman II., fourth emir of the Omiyados of Cordova in the ninth century. Although remarkable in many ways, all equally creditable to him, this emir would boast, among other distinguishing peculiarities, that he had had by his several wives forty-five sons and forty-one daughters.

Of Seneca's claim to be a citizen born in Cordova, I could not find any authentic record in the archives of the city. Canon Don Ramires Esperado, who has the reputation of being a man of immense erudition, informed me that he had consulted the oldest civic records of Cordova, from the commencement of the Christian era, without discovering any statement of the birth of Lucius Annæus; but he had found a record of the existence of Marius Annæus the father, whose eldest son, Marius Novatus, having changed his name for that of Junius Gallio, became proconsul in Achaia, before whom the Jews cited Paul of Tarsus, accused of attempting to subvert the religion of Moses by new-fangled doctrines.

I was more fortunate in my next search, which was to see and know a Spanish statesman who had for more than half a century engaged the attention of Europe as one of the ablest diplomatists of the age—I mean Count Florida Blanca. Though the sun of his administrative glory, like that of his predecessor Tanucci, and of his ministerial contemporaries in Europe, Pombal, Kaunitz, Turgot, or Calonne, had long set, his name rang still in the ears of the Spaniards, whose material comforts he had effectually promoted. His had proved the most brilliant administration of Spain. At his accession to power, Spain was almost in a state of barbarism, lacking every public convenience—roads, internal navigation, water, and sanitary regulations. With the firm support of his master, Charles III., the last of the Bourbon kings good for anything, new roads were opened, old ones enlarged or repaired, canals made, bridges thrown across rivers where needed, aqueducts erected, streets cleansed and made large, and many cities embellished. Moreover, Madrid is indebted to him for an observatory, to which he presented a telescope by Herschel.

A letter from the Governor-General of Andalucia procured me the satisfaction of finding myself in the presence of a man of so much and just celebrity. Unfortunately I had no pretension to address such a person on any subject, young and inexperienced as I was, but on hearing of my recent adventures in the Turkish navy in the Levant, he was pleased to question me on that subject, and thus putting me at my ease he enabled me to wind up the interview without appearing to be a lackbrain. The count had just come to Seville from his native city, Murcia, where he had lived in exile the victim of Court intrigues, and had selected glorious Seville, as he called it, to end his days in. He was, however, destined to be placed as President at the head of the first Cortes set up by the Revolution, till the invasion of Madrid by Murat drove him again to Seville, where he died in 1809.

Possibly it might have made an immense difference in the history of Spain had the capital of Andalucia been the capital of the entire kingdom. The sea is not much further removed from Seville than is the mouth of the Thames from the metropolis of England. The Guadalquivir is not exactly like the river Thames, yet it offers a sufficiently free course for vessels of moderate draft to plough its surface; and engineering art in the course of the first quarter of a century from the day when Ferdinand III. added it to his kingdom of Castile, might have made its navigation for larger craft quite easy from Cadiz to Seville. Contrast for a moment the situation of this pretty, cheerful-looking city, and the rich and beautiful country around it, with the position of Madrid, immersed in its dusty and arid lands, with its river sometimes dried up, which means drought, want of drainage, and absence of cleanliness; who could hesitate in choosing Cadiz, at the mouth of the Guadalquivir? Seville as the capital of Spain, thirty miles inland on the same stream, the whole world's commerce would have poured into that lucky region of Western Europe, with the vast opportunity too of establishing manufactories in the plain of Seville, where at one time, not far remote, silk factories employed more than one hundred thousand artisans of both sexes.

Such was the impression of the moment as I stood surveying Seville after issuing from its Alcazar, which had presented to me almost a replica of the Alhambra in its Arab-Mauresque mosaic ornamentation and the distribution of its apartments. There are not so many courts in the former exquisite example of Moorish art, but it has a beautiful patio paved with marble, in the centre of which is a fountain planted round with myrtle and flowers, besides a gallery along the four sides supported by a series of twin pillars of white marble, with slender trefoil arches. As in the case of the Alhambra, so in the Alcazar of Seville, I was pained at the unmistakable signs of degradation I beheld, of which both monuments exhibited the effects, not so much due to lapse of time as to neglect, and a want of love for art among the inhabitants of Seville; a remarkable deficiency in the native city of Murillo, Velasquez, Zurbaran, and Herrera.*

For its singularity of design and execution the cathedral of Seville may be considered as the most wonderful church of the Catholic world. It is not easy to define the style of its architecture. Let me at once note down that on casting my eyes on the tower, rising to the height of two hundred and thirty feet, which is a separate structure, my admiration was all but confined to it alone, for it is unquestionably the finest portion of the entire group. La Giralda, for such is its name, is one of the most graceful structures of its kind in Western Europe, if one can apply such an adjective to an imposing square tower having the appearance of great solidity, built of pale red bricks, and covered with many fanciful designs, some of them gilt, symmetrically distributed over its four faces. This tower, designed for an observatory by order of Kalif Yacoub-el-Mansour, was converted into the bell-tower of the cathedral by the superaddition of a smaller square tower surmounted by a round pinnacle, not in harmony with the rest of the building, yet still pleasing for its form and ornaments. The whole is a remarkable structure of its class, and well merits the commendations bestowed on it by architects of all eras and all nations.

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* From books of travels and private information I am glad to learn that in both the Alhambra of Granada and the Alcazar of Seville, reparations to a great extent, and with more or less taste as well as solidity, have been executed in the course of the many years that have elapsed since my visit.

I will not attempt a description of the interior of the cathedral. I found it beyond my graphic power, and so I enclosed to my fair correspondent at Malaga a printed account of the church and of all its paintings and riches: this I procured from the sacristan who exhibited the relics and acted as cicerone in pointing out and explaining the several monuments and mausoleums of the many Alphonsos in the Capilla de los Reyes. Going through the gorgeous Louvre many years after my visit to Seville and Madrid, it was an additional enjoyment to recognize in the salle reserved for the École des Peintres Espagnoles many of the best pictures that had been pointed out to me, and that I had so much admired in the cathedral and the museum at Seville fifty years before.

My other impressions of this lively and joyous city are of a mixed kind—of satisfaction, of disappointment. Satisfaction at the appearance of bustle without confusion among a numerous population in the common thoroughfares; at the striking national physiognomy of its varied population; and, above all, at the comeliness and stylish simplicity of the costume of the women. Disappointment at the foulness of the streets, many of them narrow, crooked, and scarcely safe for a pedestrian. Yet there are not wanting parts of the city, the spacious streets of which, paved with large flagstones like Florence, are flanked by the residences of the aristocrats and the wealthy merchants; or plazas, like that of San Francisco or San Salvador, and others, some planted with orange trees, and having seats for a halt to enjoy the perfume of the blossoms.

Seville rejoices in the reputation of exhibiting the most showy Fiesta de Toros of any city in Spain. During my short stay in that city no such spectacle took place, and I was glad at having been spared the temptation of witnessing it.

With a visit to the Columbiana, a small public library in connection with the cathedral, founded by a son of the great and ill-requited navigator, I terminated my acquaintance with the metropolis of Andalucia.

These several excursions had brought me to the middle of October, 1805, so that about six months had passed since my arrival from the Levant, and it was time to think about making arrangements for my projected visit to Madrid, where I hoped to remain a couple of months longer, though not with any view to a settlement in it as a professional man, for to such a step no consideration of pecuniary resource in the least compelled me. But before quitting a city so near to Gibraltar, of which I had heard so much, it was decided, even by the recommendation of my friends in the Alameda, that I should ride over to San Roque and afterwards to Algesiras, crossing thence to Gibraltar. Señor Müller had given me a consular pass as an Austrian subject, to enable me to land at Gibraltar from the Spanish main as a neutral, Spain being then at war with England.

It was known at Malaga that the French fleet had joined the Spanish men-of-war in and before Cadiz, with the intention of sallying forth some day to attack the English fleet under Admiral Nelson.

I crossed from Algesiras on the 15th, and was subjected to a quarantine of five days on account of a few cases of yellow fever that had occurred in that little maritime place during the summer.

On the morning of the 21st, a day since become historical, I was released from quarantine and suffered to proceed to the house of a friend (Señor Schotto), a merchant, to whom I had brought a letter of introduction from Señor Carl Müller. On that day a distant booming was heard in the west till late in the afternoon, mingled presently with a fierce tempest that had raged in the air, in perfect accordance with the terrible event that was then taking place in the direction of Cadiz. The first evidence of that event was seen in Gibraltar, when the shattered *San Idelfonso*, 74-gun ship, and two other Spanish vessels of equal force—their respective captains standing without side-arms on the poop, in their blue and scarlet uniforms richly braided with gold lace—were being towed as prisoners into the harbour, followed by the *Bahama* and the *Swiftsure*, French vessels of a like number of guns, and equally prisoners. They were escorted by an English frigate, the *Phœbe.*

As soon as the vessels were moored inside the Mole, a few of us were allowed on board to view the havoc committed by the English guns. Curious coincidence! On the very quarter-deck of the last-mentioned captured French man-of-war, the name of which I well remember puzzled me, and which I was never able to pronounce correctly—on that very quarter-deck, the captain commander of which I beheld pacing it mournfully and dejected, I was myself destined at no great distance of time to strut in the trappings of an English medical officer.

My host, Señor Schotto, offered me a paper published twenty-four hours afterwards—the "Gibraltar Chronicle'

—containing an account of that memorable *rencontre*, in which the navies of two great nations were at one blow annihilated. But that account was written in a language the sound of which had been strange to my ears since my kind travelling companion in Greece had tried to teach me a short vocabulary of English words, in hopes of my being able to mould my lips and voice to their pronunciation. However, it was all in vain, for even with the aid of dictionary and grammar, I was not able for two years at least to become fully acquainted with the details of that greatest example of valour and naval tactics of modern times, which cost the life of the commander, but which made the names of Nelson and Trafalgar imperishable.

After a cursory examination of the fortifications of Gibraltar, and having mounted to the loftiest monkey's hill, whence a marvellous eastern view of the Mediterranean is enjoyed, I returned to San Roque, engaged a mule for myself and a second for a guide or postilion, and slowly rode back to Malaga.

Once more, December 1st, 1805, in my wandering life the painful necessity came round to bid adieu, probably a long adieu, to many kind friends, with not a few among whom I had formed a sincere attachment and had lived a life of happiness. Most of them have since passed away, but the memory of the happy days I spent amongst them can never be forgotten. It was fortunate that my experience of the Spanish people commenced with some who left so favourable an impression on me, steeling the heart against the very opposite impressions I was about to receive in the midst of a dissipated capital.

The question now was, how to reach the next resting-place in my peregrinations. At that time the ferrocarriles, as the Spaniards call the railways, were not dreamt of, and with the exception of the camininos reales, the inter-communication throughout Spain was in a deplorable condition; and not only so, but in a state of insecurity also, on account of the many disbanded militia-men, brigands, and contrabandistas wandering about the country. The mountain ridge of the Sierra Morena which I should have to cross was infested with all sorts of vagabonds.

Remembering what I had suffered from the Coches de Colleras, slow, dirty, and expensive, employed in my previous excursions to Seville, Cordova, Granada, &c. (alternated with horse-riding), I declined that mode of travelling to Madrid. It was at length decided that I should join a caravan of regular muleteers or common carriers, called arrieros, trusty men, constituting a useful as well as formidable body of robust, agile, and good-natured fellows in whom one could trust. Always gay, laughing and singing, they are on the best terms with the bands of contrabandistas one is apt to encounter in the mountain passes on the Castilian roads that lead to the metropolis. To the care of the chief conductor of these people, therefore, I was recommended through the kind offices of a Malaga merchant who employed the arrieros extensively in his commercial transactions. The choice of conveyance for my own use was the next question to be debated and settled. Posting, whether by horse or mule, entailed the necessity of many changes of the hacks, unless I purchased one of those animals for my own sole use—a rather expensive investment in such a place as Malaga, where every good mule or horse was bought up by the hidalgos or wealthy merchants for their carriages or for riding. It was decided at length, by the advice of friends, that I should purchase a strong and good-sized mule, with which I should set out escorted by a guard as far as Antequera, the dreaded pass of the Sierra, where I should be consigned to the conductor of the caravan of arrieros already mentioned, under a regular contract for board, but not for lodgings; for at night I had to sleep, like many of my fellow-travellers, stretched on my face over the back of my docile animal, occasionally embracing its stiff neck and suffering my legs to dangle behind. I had no saddle, but a thick square pillow (basto) stuffed with hay, fastened by two broad bellybands, and an ordinary bridle, such as the beast had been wont to wear. It was most important that I should take good care of the animal and treat it well, as on my arrival at Madrid, where good Andalucian mules fetched high prices, my intention was to sell mine, in accordance with the advice of my Malaga friends. I took care to suspend in front of my extemporized basto a pair of alforjas or saddle-bags, which Donn' Anna had gaily embroidered for me as a keepsake, in which were deposited all the requisite appliances for securing tolerable comforts, inclusive of a rota or leathern flask containing Xérès for my journey; and I had provided against the chilly air of the night by taking a manta or travelling cloak, which covered me all over while travelling.

The journey occupied three weeks, in the course of which, and at every important halting-place, information on local subjects or objects was daily collected and recorded in the Spanish language for transmission to my lady correspondent at Malaga. While travelling, halts were made on the road during the hottest hours of the day, and on three different occasions at night also, when we passed through a circle of contrabandistas who seemed to fraternize with our escort. But, as hucksters and salesmen, their route, far from being in a direct line as it was expected to be, deviated from one to another until we reached La Carolina (a comparatively newly-established inland colony, principally of aliens), whence the straight road to Madrid was steadily pursued, passing Val de Peñas, not without making free with that "Vino de Cabezza" (vin capiteux) which the farmers of Castilla la Vieja have vainly endeavoured (as I was told some years after) to persuade good-natured John Bull to substitute for his favourite port. At length, after traversing Manzanares, Ocaña, and Aranjuez, the cavalcade was admitted into the capital, and I was landed at the posada at which the arrieros were in the habit of stopping.

CHAPTER XVI.

1806.

Madrid—Don Miguel Godoï—The medical profession in Madrid—State of society—Poverty of the public buildings—The Spanish language—The Countess Villaviciosa—El Hospital General—Lawlessness of the populace—Attacked by robbers—Visit the Plaza de Toros—Public and private picture galleries—The Correggios in the National Gallery—Bonelli's impositions—Sad news from home—Adopt the surname of my maternal ancestors—Joseph Bonaparte—A millionaire!—Leave Madrid for Lisbon—Appointed to the *Real Carlotta*—Introduction to Captain McKinlay—Resign my Portuguese appointment.

Provided as I was with letters of introduction to many families of distinction among the upper classes of society, added to a previous acquaintance formed at Malaga with Professor Arejula, filling the position of a leading physician in the metropolis, I was not likely to remain long unknown or solitary in Madrid. Invitations to take up my abode flowed in, some of them in earnest, many more simply complimentary. All of these I declined, as I was determined to enjoy perfect independence, and with this view I selected a convenient suite of apartments in one of the streets by the Puerta del Sol. My sojourn in Madrid commenced with a round of pleasure and amusement. Once more my taste for music led me away from more serious occupations and profitable engagements, either in a pecuniary or in an intellectual sense. Madrid in my time was a perpetual revel, and more, "vitium exemplo principis inolescit," unquestionably the queenly example made vice fashionable!

Don Miguel Godoï, the lucky dragoon, and now Principe de la Paz, was the absolute ruler, and the star to which all bowed in adoration and submission. She by whom he had risen to his highest dignities still lived. Panderers to a depraved nature were not wanting who found it to their interest to throw temptations in her way during her daily walks through the trellised avenue of that delicious garden and the favourite boschetti which distinguished the royal residence of Aranjuez. Of concealment and mystery there was hardly a need, for society was rotten to the core, and needed not to be ashamed of witnessing or partaking in the general dissipation. This was apparent in the occupation of the leaders of fashion who thronged the levées of Don Miguel, or disported themselves in the alleys of El Prado after sunset.

Elevated through immoral, not less than political intrigues, this quasi regent had recently been named generalissimo of the Spanish army on the declaration of war against England, and when I was presented to Su Altessa Real, as he was then styled, Don Miguel was in possession of unlimited power over the whole monarchy. The ostensible ground for that presentation to the prince was the desire he had expressed to hear from an eye-witness a truthful report of the Pestalozzian system of education recently established in Italy, and which the prince had just introduced and was patronizing in Spain, especially in the capital.

El Duque del Infantado, who was equally a patron of the system, and to whom I had brought a letter of introduction from the old minister Florida Blanca, had explained to the prince that I had received part of my early grammatical schooling at Milan in that system, and accordingly our conversation for some minutes became interesting. Doctor Arejula, who was his physician, had mentioned to the prince the part I had taken in the Malaga Commission on the yellow fever imported from Cadiz, respecting which his royal highness expressed his sense of the service I had rendered, at the conclusion of which he was pleased to say that every facility would be accorded to me to visit the various literary, scientific, and medical institutions I might desire to examine in Madrid. It is due to truth to avow that all those branches of knowledge were patronized by the prince, who, besides his ostentatious levées, held a special one at mid-day every Monday and Saturday, for the reception of distinguished literary characters, among whom were the political economist Jovellanos, Milendez, Josef Condé, the great oriental scholar, and my Malaga colleague, Professor Arejula, with a few more eminent men.

Spanish literature and the literary institutions owed to the prince their continued existence in the midst of the disordered state of the country, for in proportion as Don Miguel himself had from his youth being unprovided by Nature or education with the love of learning—and he must have felt often the disadvantage of the want of mental culture—so did he strive to make up for his own deficiencies by coming in contact with his superiors in intellect and learning. He was above all desirous of receiving well all foreigners who might impart knowledge he did not possess.

I found at Madrid the practice of medicine placed under the strictest and most precise regulations, dating from 1795, just ten years old, issued under Carlos IV., the same king who had issued a "Real Cedula pará el Gubierno y Direccion del Real Collegio de Medicina" at Madrid. Europe had not then, nor has it since, observed any wonderful result from such a corporate body, which was kept very distinct from the Real Collegio de Chirurgia, founded by Carlos III., his predecessor. One of the prescribed regulations common to both colleges referred to the publication of their academical memoirs, as well as to that of any single work written by any of the members, and it is thus emphatically headed by that sovereign, who always insisted on interfering personally in such matters :—"In regard to the publication of works on medicine or surgery, *Quiero y es mi voluntad* that the MS. copy be submitted to the authorities of the college to which the writer may belong, for the examination and revision of its contents, and for determining whether it be fit for publication."

It may be questioned whether such a proviso has not had the effect of retarding for threescore years the progress of medical literature in Spain. In modern times it might have proved a wholesome and useful provision, even in more advanced countries. In our own days a more enlightened government, by a Reglamento General issued at Madrid in 1859, has established a code of laws concerning public instruction which makes us forget the obsolete gagging regulations of olden days, and may be quoted as an example worthy of imitation.

Studious to avoid all possible chance of finding myself in antagonism with the medical authorities of the Collegio Real, I tendered myself for examination. This took place in the Latin language, and was conducted with much urbanity and consideration. The result was a permission to exercise my profession in any part of Spain I might choose to settle in. But I had already engaged myself in the investigation of other matters, including the study of the state of pictorial art in Spain, for which probably no opportunity so favourable would again occur to me.

In such a large city as Madrid, it was not likely that I should find employment as a physician as readily as I had done in a smaller city like Malaga, where one becomes known individually in a short time. I was far from being pressed by want of means; hence my zeal in securing profitable employment was not great. Inconsiderate, like most young men of my age, I preferred to leave the future to take care of itself.

After a few introductions into the privileged circles, I found the constitution of society in Madrid to be a subject well worthy of reflection. So strange indeed did the conduct of all the higher classes appear to me, who did not affect prudery, as to convince me that unless a more vigorous form of government was established in the country, and better and more stringent municipal laws adopted for the protection of life and property in the metropolis, the nation must inevitably lapse into a complete state of disorganization. The dissolute days of the fifteenth Louis of France were brought vividly to my recollection, as if the Paris vices of that era were about to take root in Madrid. But the practices of la Du Barry and Mademoiselle Le Duc were strangely reversed in this latter capital; for instead of women of that conspicuous character, or others who resembled them, being the intrigued, they had here become the intriguing sinners; and in lieu of a Petit Trianon with a dissolute master, we had here a Retiro with a Messalina mistress. What wonder that by and by the highest ladies of the court themselves should follow their sovereign's example? They did so, and the names of not a few, more conspicuous than the rest of their class, were publicly known. Incredible as it may seem, its reality was too palpable to be gainsaid; nor was any attempt made to deny it, so general was the practice.

But the parallel between the dissolute years of 1770 and those succeeding in Paris, and the equally dissolute years (thirty years later) in Spain, offered a divergence. In the "most Christian capital," amidst the grief experienced and expressed by many writers, a contemporary poet could give the hope of a return of holier days in a stanza such as the following:—

"Français, ne perdez pas l'espérance,
Tout va bien : tout encore mieux ira.
La liberté, le crédit, l'abondance,
La candeur, les Jésuits, l'innocence :
Cela reviendra." *

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* Collet, "Journal," &c.

Alas! such promising and cheering vaticinations were not uttered either by poet or philosopher in the capital of the most Catholic country.

I cannot at this distance of time account for the intense desire I experienced to visit the capital of Spain from the moment I set foot on its shores. I find less difficulty in explaining the reasons of the great disappointment I experienced when I had been a few months in Madrid. The annals of Spain we had read as part of our early training in European history were so replete with romance, that the impression left after perusal was apt to create a blind enthusiasm for the country. This, however, soon dwindled into a sort of commiseration for the very altered condition of its inhabitants when compared with that of their chivalrous forefathers. A general view of Madrid, its civic state and *régime;* the experience one soon acquires of its society; the show of submission, without a protest, in the capital to the most bare-faced dissoluteness in the highest places, and withal superficial religious convictions—these, and many other deficiencies in what constitutes the well-being of a nation, are more than sufficient to produce in a stranger the most painful disappointment. Applied to the metropolis these observations are indisputable. Fortunately in most of the chief provincial towns the case is different. As regards the metropolis, it may be said that a nation does not lose her sentiments of morality when thus attacked by vice; but she does so when vice ceases to be an object of abhorrence, and the passions so blind the judgment as to make her miss the right path in life, and induce her through innumerable sophistries to justify vice by substituting it for virtue itself.

Madrid is a disappointing city to a stranger. In it he finds none of those superb monuments which the wonderful Moors of the twelfth century planted here and there during their occupation of the country, as at Seville, Segovia, Valladolid, Granada, Cordova, and other cities. Again, its few modern and showy public edifices are none of them examples of a lofty architectural genius. Contrast the Palazzo Pitti at Florence with the Palacio Real at Madrid; place the Pinacoteca or the Glyptoteca of Munich by the side of the Museo Real; or compare Our Lady of Atocha, or any other of the Madrid churches, with the magnificent edifices scattered over the east and south of the peninsula, once mosques and now Roman Catholic churches—on which side is the evidence of skill and art, or of the appreciation of the beautiful? Madrid is wanting even in character as a Spanish city; and I feel certain that should the costume of the *saya*, or *basquiña y mantilla* of the women, which serves so admirably to give the city its picturesqueness, be thrown aside—as I am told is now the case—for the unmeaning devices of Parisian milliners, the dulness and monotony of Madrid must become intolerable.

When recommended to see the Palacio Real, I expected to have to admire some choice specimen of architectural genius. I found a huge structure, twice as big as any royal palace in Europe, the most striking features of which are the great staircase and *la sala de los Embajadores*, seldom enlivened in my time by any royal *fêtes*. A visit to its interior is an undertaking one goes through only once. A promenade of one mile through innumerable salles, boudoirs, and galleries, showy and yet shabby at the same time, exhibiting, as some one remarked, "*luxe et misère*," does not impress one with ideas of royal grandeur.

Madrid's redeeming features are its public paseos, and some of the streets flanked with palatial buildings belonging to the grandees or to the wealthy hidalgos. La Calle de Alcala is an example of them. It leads from the Puerta del Sol to a gate of the same name—a pretty edifice, by-the-by; and thence to a semi-circular wide promenade or paseo of considerable length, named generally El Prado, but having three distinct divisions with different names. Here also we find the gardens of the Buen Retiro and the Botanic Gardens.

The whole of the suburban district outside the Puerta de Alcalá is the focus, so to speak, of whatever the good Madrileños can boast of: equipages drawn by two or four mules in rich harness, that scarcely redeems the natural ugliness of the animals, wending their way to the last-named puerta, and the crowd of foot passengers who encumber both sides of the wide street, walking in the same direction from seven till ten o'clock. As the best theatrical performances are in the afternoon, and everyone drives usually two hours before the theatres open, the *beau monde* and the idle have a daily prospect of many hours' continuous enjoyment. Besides these there are the tertulias, which commence after the paseo al Prado—of course I am referring to the summer season and part of the autumn, the period in which I resided in Madrid, and during which I readily accommodated myself to the domestic as well as to the out-of-door habits of the Spaniards, whose language I had now completely mastered.

The means I enjoyed of acquiring Spanish by continuous intercourse with men of letters and members of the polished classes of society, together with the perusal of the best writers in prose and verse, will justify me in declaring that the Spanish language is one of the most majestic, sonorous, and emphatic, and yet one susceptible of the softest and most endearing turns of phrase. Such was my enthusiasm on this point, that I was almost ready to turn apostate from the bella lingua del Boccaccio e del Tasso. Could I have heard the splendid oration of Castelar in the Spanish Cortes of 1869, the apostacy might have been completed.

I agree with the humorous French poet Ménage, who pretends that the language and characters of nations bear an affinity. He says, "Écrire en Italien; se vanter en Espagnol; tromper en Grec:" certainly for boasting commend us to Don Quixote in the language of Cervantes.

With the full possession of their vernacular language there was no difficulty in getting into society for a young man who had strange tales to tell of his adventures in the East, and who could take part in a musical entertainment, or join the younger members of the family in interchanging cards with slight sketches of some humorous or quizzical subject of the day as a means for desultory relaxation. These acquirements secured popularity, and one acquaintance led to another. An introduction into a family like that of the Conde de Villaviciosa, a relative of the Grand Inquisitor (for that no-longer-dreaded tribunal existed still nominally in Madrid), brought about other introductions of the same kind, and opened the door of many more tertulias than I cared to frequent. I selected the house of the nobleman above named for its sterner character and the people I met there assembled, and that house I never left without carrying away with me a greater degree of information than if I had spent an equal number of hours at any of the most popular tertulias. The countess was an almost solitary example in Madrid of a *letrada*—a lady of letters. I often listened in admiration to her controversial arguments with the Grand Inquisitor—a constant visitor—who liked to bring out the witty sallies of his handsome relative. It was probably owing to this earnest attention on my part that I became somewhat of a favourite with the fair disputant. Her antagonist, a handsome-looking prelate of about fifty, with gentle and courtly manners, never appeared to be in the least mortified at, or indeed to care for, the frequent defeats he sustained.

In the midst of the general apathy (may I call it suspended animation?) of the nation, there were Spaniards whose writings found attention among the better classes, and such was the case with the countess. She had been the friend of Gaspar Melchior Jovellanos, once a favourite of the Principe de la Paz, though then an exile in Majorca; also of Campomanes, the eminent writer who preceded most of the modern economists in enlightened views on public education, especially among artizans. His writings were numerous, and all in advance of the age he wrote in, for he had actually broached the doctrine of free trade in grain before its Manchester champion had broken a lance for it.

Cean Bermudez likewise frequented her house, a most expert judge of pictures, and who had written a valuable treatise on the art of recognizing original from spurious paintings of the Spanish school. The Duque del Infantado was another visitor, who became better known during his short sojourn in London as Spanish minister, when I had the satisfaction of meeting him and putting him in mind of the handsome hostess we used to visit in Madrid.

Although I had evidently arrived in Spain at that point of national decline which marked the close of the eighteenth century, the almost imminent extinction of national greatness, like that of a lamp lacking nutriment after a splendid illumination, was preceded by that kind of sudden and brief corruscation which denotes its final extinction. For during the latter half of that century Spain exhibited a sort of intellectual *renaissance* which attracted the attention of the rest of Europe. Observatories were established at Cadiz, Seville, and elsewhere; cabinets of metallurgy and laboratories for the working of metals brought from the American mines; canals, and the irrigation of the arid plains of Castilla Vieja; the discovery of platinum and of artificial electricity and magnetism; the perfecting of copper engraving and the press; the construction of geographic maps; distant naval expeditions and founding of colonies; the observation of a solar eclipse on the high sea—*tempore* Antonio Ulloa—and perhaps other remarkable facts that escape my recollection—all of them together gave a sort of life to that falling national character in the manner of the sudden corruscation that precedes total darkness.

There was in Madrid at the time I am speaking of, a brilliant *salon* antagonistic to that of Don Miguel Godoï—that of the young Prince of the Asturias, who at the age of eighteen had wedded a young Neapolitan princess, whose feeble constitution and health soon removed her from a scene she could neither comprehend nor in which she was calculated to take a part. But this house of reunion was more a *foyer* of political intrigues than an assembly of distinguished and gifted men. The Duque de San Carlos, the Duque del Infantado, and Escoïquiz, the prince's former instructor, were the principal counsellors of the youthful heir to the throne, and at their meetings political intrigues were carried on which it was the study of his rival, Godoï, to thwart. A set of young noblemen who had travelled and mixed in society in Paris were to be met with at the Prince of the Asturias', especially when in disgrace with his father's or his mother's favourite, and living away from the court. From such an intercourse a sort of Gallic sympathy arose that occasioned scenes which formed the evening subjects of conversation at our own tertulia. Strange as it may appear, there certainly existed a disposition to favour French politics on the part of the younger classes of the nobility.

At the close of the year 1806, experienced people more conversant with European politics than I could pretend to be, might possibly have anticipated the strange revolution which had its origin in this very capital not many months after, when the elder brother of the fortunate general who had recently encircled his brows with the imperial diadem of France, made his sudden appearance in Madrid, preceded and accompanied by French troops.

Medical men in my time were not held in much consideration in the society of Madrid. Often was I disgusted at the supercilious manner in which I saw them treated—a fact which prevented me from pursuing my profession seriously. Nevertheless, from the circumstance I suppose of my being considered as a sort of polyglot phenomenon from eastern lands, not a few serious cases were committed to my care, either singly or in consultation with some of the leading physicians in the capital, all very learned men, and specially punctilious in the observance of the ceremonies of such consultative meetings in those times.

It must not be supposed that my days at Madrid were all wasted in frivolous and desultory occupations inconsistent with my professional character. As intercourse with the educated or fashionable society was principally in the evening, my more serious occupations by day were never interrupted by what are called visits of ceremony.

A certain number of hours each day were devoted to medical inquiries at the great hospital. In this institution, called El Hospital General, I had an opportunity of ascertaining practically how the disrupted condition of society in Madrid had brought about a want of safety to life and property, productive of course of crime, the results of which we witnessed in the number of wounded people that were brought to the surgical wards. Not only was the want of security of person great by night, but in the open day would street robberies from the person be perpetrated with impunity. A foot passenger would be followed by three or four individuals wrapped in their *capas*, when suddenly he would be surrounded by the spreading of the said wide *capas*. Poignards would be produced, the sharp points directed to the stomach, the purse demanded and as instantly surrendered. The group would then disperse without the smallest fuss or resistance, nor would any notice be taken by the people accidentally passing, unaware of what was being enacted at their side. A word of remonstrance implying resistance would instantly dissolve the group of assailants, but one of the blades would be found stuck in the abdomen of the assaulted, while the former were walking away unconcerned with their brown *tabardos* drawn up to their chins. Is it necessary to state that few people would be found to resist at such costs?

This disgraceful state of insecurity in the most fashionable thoroughfare, the Calle de Alcala, the Contrada major, and that of La Montera, all leading to the Puerta del Sol, the centre of Madrid, was notorious, an example of which was soon to be exhibited in my own person.

At an early hour in a summer evening, with daylight sufficient, one would have thought, to render improbable a personal attack or robbery in the public streets, I was returning from the Teatro del Principe, when I was stealthily followed by a set of four ruffians as far as the gateway of the house in which I lived, the Calle de las Carretas, which house, common to several lodgers, stood open all day according to the usages of the country, having a vestibule lighted only from the street door in the daytime, and by a single lamp on the stairs at night. Arrived at my threshold, the ruffians pushed me through the dark vestibule as far as the foot of the principal staircase, where they stopped me. Two or three of them had drawn long *cuchillos* from their breeches-pockets, the points of which they held towards the lower part of my body, with a half-whispered threat of instant death if I made a noise. Two others in the mean time took a purse from my pockets and a pair of gold spectacles from my nose, and insisted on stripping me of my coat and waistcoat, as well as of my hat. With this booty three of the band departed, leaving the fourth, who peremptorily bade me walk upstairs, following me closely, *cuchillo* in hand, and threatening to murder me if I attempted to make the smallest noise before I was admitted inside my apartments—an act not readily accomplished, as the *criada* whom my summons had brought to the small wicket, seemed not inclined to admit a person without coat or hat. The sound of my voice, however, obtained me admission. "Buena noche, caballero," cried the rascal on hearing the door open; after which I heard him running precipitately downstairs. The servant was for making a great hubbub. This, however, I prevented, and as soon as I could recover from the fright into which the shining knives had thrown me, I related to the landlady what had taken place at the foot of her staircase. When on the following morning I saw the head of my *Casa de Huespedes*, he comforted me by an assurance that such adventures had become pretty common in Madrid since His Highness the Principe de la Paz was governor-general. He added, as a bit of advice, that I ought to make my complaint of the affair to the Alcalde del quartel, and that I had better carry a sword-cane by day as well as by night in future, plenty of which defensive weapons would be found in Madrid, and pretty ones too, they being just then quite the fashion. I adopted the latter course, and from that day forward I never went out without such a cane by day or night, in the latter case carrying it naked in my hand under my *capa*. Luckily, fencing had been one of my youthful amusements, in accordance with the general practice among the young men of the day.

My landlord proved correct as to the other part of his advice, that I should report my adventure to the proper authorities, for in a few days I found myself summoned before the magisterial Dons de La Residencia (as they are pleased to call the capital), charged with having omitted to report a great public crime within my knowledge, and consequently I was condemned to pay a fine of *trenta duros* by way of punishment!

It is a phenomenon in physiology that great power of association of ideas which exposes one to have recalled to his imagination the most detested as well as the most detestable scenes in his life, those of which he might have hoped that the distance of sixty-five years from the event might have cancelled the remembrance; but such has been the case with me since the unlucky day on which I was prevailed upon to accompany some friends to the Ring, or Plaza de Toros, outside the Puerta de Alcalà. Most unfortunately I was so hemmed in on the Estradas, on which my friends had secured conspicuous seats, that I could not withdraw from that disgusting scene until the whole spectacle was at an end. The moral disgust at the sight of such degradation of human nature towards the brute creation, produced in me an indisposition which required all my resolution to check. But even to this day the mere sight of a bull driven through the streets, urged on by a brutal drover, brings suddenly back the whole scene in the Plaza de Toros in Madrid, in all its vivid, hideous features and colours, not omitting its garish surroundings.

It required such a resource as the proximity of the Paseo del Prado readily afforded me to restore my moral and physical faculties. Of this I availed myself the moment I could get clear of the Plaza de Toros, leaving my friends to rejoin me in that promenade. Although its beauties never before struck me except in the Buen Retiro, I fancied the paseo just then in every way magnificent, the fair

Madrileñas more smartly dressed and of gayer humour as with their caballeros they poured in from the Ring.

My own friends came at last to the rendezvous we had fixed, and we passed a couple of hours pleasantly *al fresco*, making cigarets and smoking them, glad to drink iced water, *ad libitum*, for the heat in the Ring had dried up all human moisture. A warm discussion followed on the cruelty or the reverse of the spectacle we had witnessed. As a matter of course I was much laughed at for my squeamishness and want of courage, and my misappreciation *del Sublime.* Poor benighted creatures! I let them have the triumph of the dispute, and readily accepted the *petacca* or cigar-case, which the conqueror offered me in token of reconciliation.

One of my profitable occupations was the examination of the picture gallery, so rich in *chefs-d'œuvre* of the best Spanish masters. Two or three private galleries were also open to my inspection, and I may say that no subsequent opportunity of examining royal collections of paintings in most of the principal countries I have since dwelt in has afforded more exquisite pleasure.

I do not blush to avow, that on the fall of the Spanish government, under a wanton military invasion, I trembled more for the fate of the public and conventual collections of paintings than I cared for the loss of the Spanish independence and self-esteem of the nation, occasioned by that long series of military occurrences which, whether through French bayonets or through improvised reactionary soldiers aided by conquering British forces, left Spain in a desolate and exhausted condition.

Among the private galleries I had access to was that of the Principe de la Paz. Visiting some years later the National Gallery in London, I at once remembered the Correggios exhibited under No. 10, an account of which is given by Mr. Wornum in his very useful and elaborate catalogue of that collection. It represents Mercury instructing Cupid in the presence of Venus, one of the finest specimens of the nude figure, and nearly of the natural size. Mr. Wornum commits a mistake in the chronology of the fate of this picture. Murat was already king, and at Naples, when the French took possession of the city of Madrid, and Joseph Bonaparte was at Madrid the declared King of Spain during the invasion, and became possessed of this besides many other pictures, which fell afterwards into the hands of Lieutenant-General Charles Vane Stewart, by whom it was brought to London and sold in 1834, when he had become Marquis of Londonderry. I had likewise seen in the Godoï gallery the picture No. 23, brought to England by a Mr. Buchanan in 1813, and sold by a dealer to the National Gallery.

With regard to another so-called Correggio in the National Gallery, No. 76, Christ's Agony in the Garden—the original of which is in the Duke of Wellington's collection, a present from Ferdinand VII.—I can personally testify to its being a spurious painting, manufactured by a poor painter named Manfredi, a professed picture restorer. The notorious Signor Bonelli (a well-known picture dealer) employed him to restore, metamorphose, and imitate more than one Italian painting by old masters, principally on wood, especially where the back of the board showed any signs of age, in default of which Manfredi was a capital hand at supplying them. This identical picture I distinctly remember to have seen for weeks on Manfredi's easel at his lodgings at the corner of Sherrard Street, Soho, over a shop kept by a German named Koeler. I used to watch from day to day the progress the artist made in his restoration, he in the mean time telling me the history of his engagements with Bonelli. The present picture was professedly to be sold to

Mr. Angerstein, with whose collection it found its way into the National Gallery.

In the midst of my serious occupations, and while studying with interest the singular state of society, there came the first letter I had received from home since I left Constantinople, bearing the mournful intelligence of the death of my mother, to whom I had always been most warmly attached, and whose early instructions, while repeating to her my Latin task of the day, I remember with gratitude. The same letter again reiterated a wish she had expressed in a letter which reached me at Constantinople, in reply to one I had sent from Athens, requesting that in case I should accompany the English gentleman I was travelling with to England, and should finally settle in that country, I would add to my paternal name that of her own maternal ancestors, natives of England. This wish I proceeded to carry out at once by presenting myself with both letters at the French Chancellerie, where I communicated with the Marquis de Beauharnais, French ambassador at that time in Madrid, and representing equally the Italian Republic. As a subject of the latter it was considered perfectly regular that a record should be made of the letters, the wish to which they referred, and my resolution to act upon it of my own free will, there existing no legal impediment in the Italian code which prevented any citizen assuming the name of a relative in connection with his own. This was almost the last important business I had to transact before leaving Madrid after taking a most affectionate leave of the Countess de Villaviciosa, her husband, and clerical relative, with all of whom I afterwards kept up a correspondence until the Peninsular war interrupted all communication.

I was now about to turn my back on Madrid without the smallest inkling of any plan of proceeding, impelled simply by an inward monitor "Forward." I was quitting a capital into which an individual, Joseph Bonaparte, would soon enter in a regal capacity, which, with a short interruption, he was to sustain for some years. Of him I had not the smallest knowledge, neither had I ever seen him. I was about to take a direction on earth the most certain to sunder me from his path and his career; yet after twenty-six years, passed by him partly in Europe, partly in the United States, it was destined that we should meet in the characters of patient and physician, in which capacity, after nine years' attendance, I was fortunate enough to save his life from the effects of a severe attack of apoplexy. He it was too who, at a subsequent period, was to acquaint me with the fact that the blood of my paternal ancestors had mingled with that of his own family in Corsica.

On leaving Madrid I had likewise to remove my money deposit lying in the hands of the correspondent of Señor Müller, where it had continued until the gentleman made it over to me again in a letter of credit on a mercantile house in Lisbon. For that capital I was about to set off in company with a young tertulian I had become acquainted with at the countess', and who was returning to his official post as an attaché to the Swedish Embassy.

When one of the clerks of my banker brought me a long slip, or letter of exchange at three days' sight, I was perfectly startled and thrown aback on reading "Pay three millions . . . ." I involuntarily stopped to take breath. Surely they are amusing themselves at my expense a little! I a millionaire! when all I possess in the world is the total sum of three thousand *duros*, or fifteen thousand francs! But my new companion, Count Grünewald, explained quickly the puzzle. A *duro* is subdivided into one thousand imaginary coins, called *reis*, so that a *duro* and a *mil-reis* are one and the same thing, the accounts in fact being kept in *mil-reis*. Thus do we go on acquiring wisdom as we progress blundering through the world. Our journey to Lisbon was to be performed on mules, with an extra beast for a guide who had the care of our valises. To lessen the irksomeness of the journey, each provided himself with a gun and ammunition, not from any apprehension of danger from robbers on the road, but rather to secure some better means of living than the inns to be met with along our intended line of march were likely to supply, and a wise precaution it proved in the end. For in most places, except where we halted for a night in an hotel in such cities as Talavera, Trujillo, Merida, Badajoz, or Elvas, our more ordinary dealings with the wretched innkeepers ended with a colloquy which showed the bareness of the larder.

Sometimes we happened to fall in with a Mesa Rotonda (table d'hôte) when the *puchero* (a species of hodge-podge) was just served up quite hot, and that did very well for a time.

It happened very rarely that an opportunity presented itself to shoot a rabbit, or hare, or a wild pigeon, but when it did we made up for our disappointments and shortcomings at the inns. The young count was a good shot: not so myself, who found spectacles much in the way of the gun. However, somehow we arrived safely on the banks of the Tagus at Aldea Gallega, crossed over to Lisbon, where at the end of the first week the young count presented me at the house of the Swedish minister, Monsieur de Kantzow. This was then the rendezvous of the *élite* in Lisbon, especially of strangers, including English naval officers and a sprinkling of officers of the Russian fleet lying in the Tagus. Among the latter I found some old acquaintances made when Admiral Siniavine had his fleet at Corfu in 1803.

Ten days' residence in Lisbon sufficed to give me an idea of Portuguese society, especially among the young men of fashion. The difference of language did not impede my intercourse with the families to whom I was introduced. One of them was that of the minister of marine, at whose office I made application for the appointment of chief surgeon of the *Real Carlotta*, a frigate of the Portuguese navy, which was being fitted out in the most ostentatious style, supposed to be destined to convey some great personage to the Brazils. But the real object was kept a mystery, to be divulged some months later. The officials were in a great bustle, but I ascertained that if I chose to offer myself to the Examining Board of the Navy, my appointment would be made out on application.

I find it recorded in my diary that on receiving this assurance I at once fell into a state of complete dejection of spirits, and the sweet memories of home came quick and strong to darken my mind with deep and unavailing regrets, accompanied by a despondency from which no effort of my acquaintances, no amusement or diversion of any kind, could rouse me. I reasoned with myself on the folly of so thoroughly dissevering my identity from all direct connection with Europe, and throwing to the winds any chance I might have of returning to my father's roof. And then, why abandon the prospect I had always kept in my mind of again meeting with my kind friend and travelling companion in Greece? His cordial words, inviting me to visit him in his native country, which had been represented as most likely to afford me suitable resources, were still vibrating in my ears. Here, at the mouth of the Tagus, a large fleet of war vessels belonging to that country is lying. Possibly one of those same vessels which fought on that terrible day of October, seventeen months before, may be with this fleet and in want of a surgeon? How preferable in my case to go and take shelter with so glorious a nation, to win a position among medical associates whose names my professional reading had taught me to esteem and hold in high consideration! I was perplexed, unsettled, and doubtless the most wretched being possible on earth at that moment.

The following morning I sought the counsel of my travelling companion from Madrid, who suggested an interview with Monsieur de Kantzow. Nothing could be more courteous or affable than the reception. The minister considered it natural that I should feel discouraged. He himself, with his experience of the Portuguese court and officials, and his knowledge of the condition of the Brazilian colonies, appeared to shrink from giving me more cheering expectations than my own present low spirits had inspired me with. He could not understand why I hesitated to apply for some medical appointment in the English fleet. "They are not very apt, I know, to admit foreigners into their service except as seamen, but still there have been instances."

It was at last settled that I should withdraw my application to the Minister of the Marine, and that Monsieur de Kantzow should present me to Captain McKinlay, at that moment senior officer in the Tagus, commanding His Majesty's frigate *Lively*, to whom I might explain my desire to enter the English naval medical service. That officer received my application very courteously, and explained to me that he could only give me a temporary appointment, or what was called in the service an acting order, so long as I remained under his command, and that I should be informed in a few days of the result. At this interview I took care to dwell on the connection that had existed during some months between an English diplomatist, whose name I mentioned, and myself, a fact which seemed to produce a favourable impression on Captain McKinlay, as well as on Monsieur de Kantzow, to whose additional recommendation I owe it that I found my way to England.

We were just then in the middle of the New Year's festivities, when no public business of any kind was being transacted, and I had thus ample opportunity of studying the state of society in the Portuguese capital ; for, although the inhabitants speak the corrupt Spanish language they have retained from the primitive dwellers of Lusitania, having only substituted a harsh for a soft pronunciation, a person acquainted with Spanish can enter readily into conversation with a Portuguese. The impressions received were but little more favourable than those of my Madrid experience: nay, I even fancied that in my intercourse with the younger sons of the better classes of people, including the higher mercantile families, I had noticed more laxity of morals.

CHAPTER XVII.

1807–9.

Appointed to H.M.S. *Raven*—Capture a prize—Arrive at Portsmouth—Medical examinations—Join the *Millbrook*—A foray in a sheep-fold—Wrecked off the Berlengas—A court-martial—Return to Portsmouth in *La Vénus*—Appointed to the *Cordelia*—Attacked by rheumatism—The English liturgy—Appointed to the *Dover*—Study of the English language—Confession of faith.

At length an official communication was sent to me, acquainting me that Captain McKinlay, senior officer in command, &c., had appointed me acting assistant-surgeon to His Majesty's ship *Raven*, an 18-gun sloop of war commanded by Captain Grant, which was about to return to Portsmouth, where it would be my duty to report myself to the Admiral commanding, and abide his orders. My appointment was dated March 8, 1807.

Such was my initiation into the great community of England, with which my destiny for a period of sixty-five years became indissolubly entwined, my bond of union being sealed by my marriage with an English lady and the birth of seven British-born children. Of five sons, the eldest died in infancy, the second entered the army, the third took holy orders, the fourth gave himself up to the fine arts, and the fifth became an engineer. Of my two daughters, the youngest alone survives as the constant and devoted companion of my old age.

The *Raven* had scarcely parted company with the rest of the fleet when, at some distance from the coast of

Portugal, she captured a large merchant vessel under Danish colours. England being then at war with Denmark, the vessel was detained, and a communication sent to the senior officer of the fleet at Cascaes that a French family was on board. With the aid of the assistant-surgeon of the *Raven* as interpreter, it was ascertained that the family consisted of General Solignac, who for his distinguished services had obtained the colonial appointment to which he was now proceeding. He was accompanied by his wife and his little girl, with an aide-de-camp and two servants, and was on his way to take a command at Pondicherry. A prize party and a sergeant's guard of marines was placed on board the merchant ship, with directions to keep company with our own vessels. Captain Grant, with the concurrence of our surgeon, decided that I should form one of the prize party—an incident that made the passage to England appear very short to me, however sad and irksome to my unfortunate new acquaintances.

How suddenly and sadly had the general's prospects altered! He had accepted a lucrative appointment in another hemisphere as a reward for wounds received in the achievement of glorious services in the army. He had broken up his establishment in his native land, and bidden adieu to kindred and friends with a flattering prospect of a rich governorship which would ensure him wealth and honour; and now what would be his fate? He was about to be conveyed to a dépôt of war prisoners, with a possible chance of a future exchange on a general peace. During the rare occasions I conversed with him, or happened to be asked for medical advice by his wife, whose bad state of health had partly induced the general to accept the far-distant command, my personal feelings of sympathy in their fate, I need scarcely state, were deeply engaged, especially when it transpired that the general had formed part of the French army which under Bonaparte had driven the Austrians out of Milan ten years before.

The remembrance of that epoch, brought back to my imagination by his references to those happy days, took away much of the satisfaction I had experienced a few days before on receiving the charter of my new nationality. What happened to our captive general after he was made over to the authorities in England, or how long his detention in the prison dépôt near Gosport lasted, I never learned. I trust he was not detained so long as the prize court took to condemn the *Badger* (our Danish prize), my share of which I received about four years after. Still, it was something to commence my naval career with a prize, however slender.

On our arrival at Portsmouth, the sight of it as we entered Spithead between the Isle of Wight and the larger island, struck me as something huge for a port, although neither the town over the ramparts nor the surrounding flats offered anything remarkable. Admiral Robert Montagu directed the medical officers of Haslar Hospital to examine me as to my being qualified to serve as assistant-surgeon, which operation accomplished, and a certificate of my fitness obtained, the admiral confirmed Captain McKinlay's nomination to the same vessel, dated May 25, 1807, the day after the examination. The medical officers at Haslar were Dr. Hope, Dr. Magennis, and Mr. Vance. The latter gentleman became in after years well known in the metropolis, where he settled as a physician, acquiring great reputation as a successful practitioner in complaints of the stomach, for which he used to prescribe certain famous pills, known under the name of Vance's pills. It was my lot when it came to my turn to practise in London to meet him in consultation, and later to commiserate in common with the rest of the profession the sad and singular fate he met at the hands of an insane patient he had just visited in the upper floor of a house in Sackville Street, who threw the doctor over the bannisters to the bottom, killing him on the spot.

At my examination at Haslar none of the gentlemen spoke any other European language than their own. Of that language I was then, if not completely ignorant, at all events little able to understand more than a few words or an expression or two picked up during the very short time I had been on board the *Raven*, the surgeon of which ship, a Mr. Francis Johnstone, a Scotchman, spoke Latin with a certain facility and a pronunciation analogous to that of the Italians. Indeed, our own official intercourse on board had been carried on in that language, as the only possible means of communication. And so it was the case at the Haslar examination, to which Mr. Johnstone had accompanied me, suggesting that it should be conducted in that language, a task which Doctors Hope and Magennis undertook, Mr. Vance interpolating now and then a few practical surgical questions, which were translated to me into Latin by the other two examiners, Mr. Vance possibly not feeling himself competent to employ the more learned language.

Whilst noticing here the first difficulty I encountered on English ground, and which was thus overcome, I must not omit to add that it was followed by more than one of the same sort during the first twelve months of my professional experience in this country. I allude to the number of times I was subjected officially to medical examinations, for having been not long after transferred from the *Raven* to the *Millbrook*, a war schooner with a sliding keel invented by Sir Samuel Bentham, carrying sixteen sixty-four pound carronades on a flush deck, commanded by a Lieutenant Leach and a sub-lieutenant, with an assistant-surgeon only, I felt naturally anxious to make my appointment a permanent instead of a temporary one. To attain this object it was imperatively necessary that I should appear before the London naval authorities to prove my fitness for the office. Presuming myself sufficiently acquainted with the English tongue, to which I had applied myself in the mean time, I obtained leave to go up to London to present myself before the Transport Board, by whom I was directed to the Royal College of Surgeons, to be examined for the rank of a permanent assistant-surgeon in the navy. This examination was followed by another before Dr. Weir, Medical Commissioner of the Transport Board, on which occasion I obtained my first parchment warrant (now called, I believe, a commission) as a regular assistant-surgeon in the Royal Navy, dated November 21, 1807. Then again in less than ten months I was examined before the same two public bodies for the attainment of my full rank of surgeon, which was conferred on me not long after on my appointment to His Majesty's sloop of war *Cordelia*, Captain Kennedy.

All these examinations, except that at the Haslar Hospital, had been carried on in the language of the country, which I had by this time mastered sufficiently to submit myself to another more searching examination before the College of Surgeons in 1809; one I spontaneously underwent with the object of obtaining the diploma of member of that royal college, a distinction I have enjoyed ever since. Lest these were not sufficient attestations of my professional capabilities, I soon exhibited more by presenting myself on three different nights in the autumn of 1817 before the Royal College of Physicians in Warwick Lane, and submitting to be examined in Latin before the president and four censors, on anatomy, physiology, pathology, chemistry, and materia medica; making in all nine distinct occasions on which my professional knowledge was publicly tested in

England before I attempted to settle finally in the metropolis, where I now stand the senior of the five hundred and seventy members of that college.

The *Millbrook* was one of the vessels of war appointed to convoy a large fleet of transports which were carrying to Portugal part of the army that helped Sir Arthur Wellesley to defeat Junot at Vimeira. Tempestuous weather had compelled the English contingent to put into Falmouth, where the *Millbrook* likewise anchored and remained until the whole fleet resumed their voyage. Nothing could exceed the glorious spectacle that presented itself to my view when more than two hundred vessels, most of them three-masted, under full sail, deployed over a calm sea, coming out of Falmouth harbour on a brilliant early sunshiny morning, and took the direction out of the channel steering towards the Bay of Biscay, where many attempts were made on some stray troop-ships by French privateers sallying out of every nook on their well-fringed coast. But convoying ships were on the alert to protect the fleet, and especially useful for such a duty were such ships as the *Millbrook.*

The transports reached their destination in good time, and landed their troops with their staffs, there to initiate that splendid series of military triumphs which raised the glory of England to a high pinnacle, and her illustrious chief captain to the most exalted honours a grateful country could bestow on him. As I had when a mere boy beheld Bonaparte entering Milan in 1796, a simple general at the head of twelve thousand soldiers, so in 1808 was I to see Sir Arthur Wellesley, a lieutenant-general, leaving England with the like number of men, both generals destined to meet after a few more years on the same battle-field, the one an emperor, the other a duke, to contend for the championship of Europe.

Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, commanding the English fleet in the Tagus, sent the *Millbrook* on a detached service suited to her peculiar construction, by stationing her off Oporto, where we were to cruize or lie at anchor between the coast and a cluster of rocky islets at no great distance, called the Berlengas. Here the Portuguese had a small fort, with a sergeant and half a dozen soldiers. The anchorage had been reported to the admiral as a safe one, although very rocky, and the depth considerable.

English sailors when at anchor cannot bear to lie idle in the face of an enemy's coast, and accordingly many volunteering expeditions by night were suggested, and some put into execution, with the object of capturing one or more of the gunboats the French had posted in several nooks on the coast, ready to proceed against any solitary British sail that might pass inland. One such expedition was considered so important (there being a chance of recapturing a French prize) that all the boats of the schooner were pressed into the service. The commander, Lieutenant Leach, was to remain on board. The sub-lieutenant and the assistant-master, Mr. MacMichael, the only two other superior combatant officers of the schooner, were to take the command of the barge and the pinnace, and as there were no midshipmen on board above the age of mere boys, I offered my services, and was put in command of the jolly-boat with a crew of six A B's armed with cutlasses, ship pistols, and ammunition. I ought to remark that I had accustomed myself to rowing and steering since I had joined the navy, and had made myself acquainted with all the technical terms employed as to rowing or sailing. In fact I had resumed the study of navigation I commenced in the Archipelago under Cavaliere Adorni. On the present occasion it was arranged that no one was to speak if challenged but myself, as I alone could reply to the challenge, whether in French or Portuguese. For this reason my boat led the van; oars were muffled, our strokes long and few. The little flotilla at once proceeded, and getting inside the cove, not only was neither the gunboat nor her prize to be seen, but not a vestige even of any other boat. The enemy had probably taken advantage of the darkness of the night to escape, apprehensive of so near a neighbour as an English man-of-war. The night was indeed very dark, and the intending invaders were unperceived as well as disappointed. Three other small coves were looked into, the sea being perfectly calm, with no better result. To the occasional "Qui vive?" of some French sentinel, the commanding officer of the jolly-boat answered "France," while to the "Quem vive?" of a Portuguese sentry, "La Junta" was the reply.

Thus defeated and ashamed to return empty-handed, I proposed to the sub-lieutenant to land at the foot of a sloping rock, where a narrow zigzag path had been observed from the schooner to lead up to some fields in which was a large flock of sheep, known to be for the supply of Junot's army at Lisbon. These I remarked would furnish us with fresh meat, which we had not tasted for many days. No sooner said than done. A dozen of the invaders climbed the heights, accompanied by their officers. Three of the woolly innocents were seized, each held by four men to preclude all struggles, and away scampered the whole party with their prey down the hill to their boats. A barking of dogs and a running fire of musketry followed us just as our three boats had pulled off out of the cove. Little did we, poor extempore pirates (sham imitations after my experience in Greece) foresee how soon the proceeds of this razzia would become the only support of our lives in the way of food, or that it would be the last we were destined to have for some time. But so it was. The stolen quadrupeds were soon converted into a repast under a permanent tent set up on the principal of the Berlengas, by the side of a lovely perennial spring from which water was obtained for the fleet at Lisbon.

One of the duties performed by the *Millbrook* was to provide that fleet with fresh water from time to time. For this purpose she had to fetch from the fleet the empty casks, which were lashed upon her deck, to be returned full and properly stowed in the hold. This service had been performed on two different occasions, and the *Millbrook*, just returned from Lisbon with the empty casks for a third supply, had anchored on the 25th of March, 1808, when at sunset one of those terrific gales which often visit the western coasts of Portugal commenced, and by the middle of the night had risen to a perfect hurricane, accompanied by thunder and lightning. First one cable snapped, and the second followed just as the third anchor had been cast into the sea, to drag the moment it reached the bottom—the schooner all the time driven towards the rocky part of the island by each gigantic wave that rolled in from the south-western Atlantic. Yards and topmasts were struck, a jib and a deep-reefed mainsail being kept to steady the vessel, which Lieutenant-Commander Leach thought could only be saved by the last or sheet anchor.

Thus for an hour or so it was, during which time the officers determined, for the anchor kept coming home, to endeavour to run the schooner into the watering sandy cove, should the last hope from the sheet anchor be baffled. But that anchor kept dragging, evidently over the rocky bottom; it never appeared to bite, and in half an hour the schooner struck on her starboard side with a tremendous crash against the lofty rocks, when rebounding for a moment, in the next she sank. I remember having gone to lie down dressed in my starboard berth in the ward-room, and, when the crash awoke me, I beheld a piece of the rock which had pierced the side of the cabin, through which opening, on the vessel rebounding, the sea rushed in, while I quickly made my way on deck. There the officers and crew, sixty in all, had assembled, one cabin boy alone being missed. Of the boats, the barge and pinnace had all that day been on shore with their crew to fill casks; the gig was swamped, and the jolly-boat was crammed by those who had first got into her. Such as could swim took to the water at once, and swam to the sandy cove; those who could not swim stuck to spars and some to the empty casks, which the terrible concussion and breaking up of the upper deck had set loose from their fastenings. To one of these I hooked myself by putting my right hand into the bunghole, while with the left hand extended I strove to direct my lumbering life-preserver into the same haven, which with the rest of the crew I reached in safety. The small party of Marines that had all along been on shore to protect the watering-party in the day were directed to fire off their muskets as a signal to the Portuguese garrison. We ourselves at the commencement of the storm sent up blue-lights and rockets for that purpose. But all in vain; the distance and position of the fort on the opposite shore took away all chance of our signals being noticed. One of our sailors (all of whom had on more than one occasion communicated with the garrison), who knew the way to the fort, set off for help, which was not long in reaching the shipwrecked mariners.

The sandy cove being under the lee of the island, the sea within was almost unruffled. More than one fire was lighted with the dry and rotten sticks gathered from the brow of the hill, and our clothes were soon dried. Fortunately the temperature of the air was almost like summer, and before break of day the heavy clouds had dispersed. The moon now threw its pale light on the wreck, when it was ascertained that the schooner had sunk close to the perpendicular rock against which she had struck, only a small portion of her remaining visible. There lie buried some of my worldly goods. Fortunately my boxes containing books and papers of consequence had been left with a friend at Portsmouth, a Doctor Porter, an Italian by birth, but long settled in England, and a prosperous practitioner, to whom I consigned my property when I was transferred from the *Raven* to the *Millbrook*. But my surgical instruments of value, which naval surgeons are bound to provide at their own cost, as well as the larger part of my wearing apparel, all perished, nor did I obtain any compensation for their loss until many years after, and then only by dint of repeated applications at head-quarters.

In days unblessed with the great boon of marine telegraphy, an occurrence like the one described in such an insulated situation bespoke an inevitable and indefinite confinement of the crew. Any hope of delivery from it would rest only on the chance of some passing vessel in the offing noticing a flag of distress stuck on the Portuguese flagstaff over the little fort, with an occasional discharge of one of the pieces of ordnance mounted on its walls. In the mean time commander, officers, and crew bivouacked by day and by night, lying on the floor in the interior of a large one-aisled chapel attached to the fort, cleaned out for our use. Some of us took to rambling over the rocks, passing from the centre group to the other smaller ones around and connected. A few, borrowing muskets from the Marines who had been in the cove from the first, tried to shoot some seagulls, and even aimed at some screeching vultures winging their way to the western seas.

I cannot adequately express, as I felt it on the occasion, the vivid satisfaction, nay more, the delightful feelings experienced when, on a sunny morning, and better still on the declining of the sun, with a round and blue canopy over my head, I stood erect on one of the loftiest pinnacles of this curious group of rocks, surveying the immense Atlantic, as smooth as the Lago Maggiore and as blue as the lake of Geneva, without one token of life but my own breathing.

But the end came at last. A vessel from the north, passing down south-east, was attracted by the flag, and lay-to, when we sent our jolly boat with a letter to Sir C. Cotton. A sloop of war was despatched the second day to fetch the wrecked crew to the fleet, where on our arrival both officers and crew were nominally confined as prisoners on board a ship of the line, the *Elizabeth.* A court-martial was held in accordance with the usage of the navy, when we were honourably acquitted, our swords being returned to us officers and liberty to the seamen. The latter were soon distributed among the different vessels of the fleet, while I was maintained in the rank of assistant-surgeon in the *Elizabeth*, in which I continued until the convention of Cintra—the 30th of August for the army, and the 3rd of September for the navy—had placed the Russian fleet at that time in the Tagus at the disposal of Sir C. Cotton, who proceeded forthwith to despatch the surrendered vessels to England, placing prize officers and crews in each. In one of these, a frigate called *La Vénus*, I was appointed by order of the admiral to perform the functions of acting surgeon, and with the rest of the Russian ships of war we sailed for Portsmouth.

Here was I escorting, in one of his own ships, as prisoner of war to England, the identical Russian Admiral Siniavine whom I had met five years before in the brilliant saloons of his imperial master's representative at Corfu, Count Mocenigo, who was then sharing with England the protectorate of the Ionian Islands, for supporting which Seniavine had under his command in the Greek waters the identical fleet now surrendered to an English admiral, and on its way to a temporary captivity in England!

No sooner had I reported the state of the sick on board, both English and Russians, and taken some of the worse cases amongst them to Haslar Hospital, where I was cordially recognized by my old examiners, than I asked and obtained leave to proceed to London, to present myself before the Transport Board for examination. After some delay a warrant of full surgeon in the Royal Navy was granted to me, appointing me at the same time to His Majesty's sloop the *Cordelia*, Captain Kennedy commander, under date the 6th of November, 1808.

The *Cordelia* was one of the recently-invented famous ten-gun brigs yclept water-coffins, as they were in reality both in life and death. She belonged to the Channel fleet, and her duty was to cruize about between the French and English coast, especially in stormy and dark nights, between the South Foreland and Boulogne, the rendezvous being Deal. That narrow part of the Channel being infested with privateers, the service was looked upon as good fun, for when these could not be got hold of there was a chance of running them down, as happened to the *Cordelia* during one of the most tempestuous nights that had been known in the Channel that winter. On that memorable night Captain Kennedy and his surgeon, between whom the best harmony existed, had been invited to dine at Admiral Foley's table, and were enjoying his hospitality when a signal of "Privateer in the offing" was made from the *Cordelia* at anchor in the Downs. Instantly the captain, and of course his surgeon, started for the shore, where no boat could be had, as the first lieutenant had not deemed it safe to send any of the ship's boats. Offers were made by the brave and gallant Deal boatmen to convey the two officers on board for a consideration, to which Captain

Kennedy acceded at once, and into one of the largest Deal boats hauled up on the beach they got, to be covered over with a tarpaulin, and launched by fifty hands into the surf, which rose in gigantic waves around them. The boys pulled hard and strong, until the brave boat fairly emerged beyond that threatening barrier, and in an hour reached the *Cordelia.* The brig, slipping her single anchor, sailed at once, and on that terrible night a French privateer was run down off Dungeness.

As may be supposed, such sea service to one just come from southern climes could not be sustained during three entire winter months without injury to the health even of a surgeon; and so it was that by this time I had become a perfect cripple from rheumatism. Was this illness providential? The events that almost immediately followed in my life would point to such an inference. With Admiral Foley's leave I had taken up my residence at Deal on account of my ill-health. Captain Kennedy, from the commencement of his being stationed in the Downs, had also settled his wife and child in the town, going on board his command the best part of the day, and ever ready, as just stated, to fulfil the special duty to which he had been appointed. Being myself on sick leave, an assistant had been appointed to act in my absence. I can never forget the extreme kindness I experienced from every one I had to depend upon. Evidently an inherent generous disposition in my superior officers towards an afflicted fellow-creature, and pity for a young stranger from a distant land, now stricken with a painful disease and deprived of all family ties, suggested their noble behaviour towards me throughout the period of my illness and convalescence. Both Lady Foley and Mrs. Kennedy were what people now-a-days call pious ladies. I knew too little of English society at the time to be able to judge whether any or what particular difference was discernible between their behaviour and that of other ladies I met, wives or relatives of naval officers, and of many civilians as well. All I can say is, that they impressed me with very different notions of female character and propriety from what had fallen under my observation in the countries I had so recently visited.

Mrs. Kennedy, whom I used to consult respecting my study of the English language, suggested that I should read both an English Common Prayer-Book and the New Testament, as containing a great number of vernacular expressions that would be of use. The subject-matter truly was not new to me, although I had not looked into the Sacred Volume for a long time, and then only in Latin; but in the language in which I now perused the contents they seemed to acquire a more impressive importance, an impression I have ever retained. I thankfully admit that the perusal in English of the Scriptures of the newer dispensation did facilitate my acquisition of that language; and that in proportion as I became better master of it, the subjects themselves in each chapter grew more really interesting than when I used to peruse them in Latin, familiar almost as Italian as was that idiom to me.

But to the lady of my superior officer I had soon to became more greatly indebted, for being able to go out on my recovery, she invited me to accompany her to her own parish church, where, from her example and some previous instructions she had given me how to use the Prayer Book, in which she had marked the proper places, I was enabled to follow the service. Its simplicity, the absence of every showy ceremonial, of lights, of incense, crosses, images of saints, the consecration of wafers, and the elevation of the Host, the absence of all these did not shock me, for I had long ceased to occupy myself with church matters. The English mode of worship struck me forcibly as much more natural than that of the Church in which I had been born, and this feeling was heightened at beholding around me a vast congregation of clean, well-clad people, quietly seated, or kneeling or standing according to the nature of the prayers, instead of a crowd of persons idly wandering about a large church, with scanty accommodation for either kneeling or sitting, disturbing rather than following the sacred service. We here beheld instead the whole mass of Christians present intent and earnest in but one object, all joining in the same fervent prayers, and attentively listening to a written sermon deficient perhaps in fire and rhetoric, but sober, terse, and cogent.

My state of convalescence continued so long that I almost despaired of again being able to resume duty in the same vessel, when a circular notice reached all the medical officers on the Deal and Portsmouth stations, inviting volunteers for the Indian service, to be appointed to vessels in that part of the British dominions. It seemed that a dearth of medical officers existed after an epidemic of cholera in the country. Volunteers would be accepted and entered *ad interim* on the books of the *Royal William* flagship as supernumerary surgeons on full pay, there to wait for an opportunity of sailing to the East in some of the king's ships. Permission would at the same time be granted to such volunteer medical officers to reside on shore should they prefer it. Of this invitation and permission I availed myself instantly, and thus improved my actual position in the world, having only to regret my separation from my good friends at Deal, which place I was about to leave for a residence at Portsmouth.

It happened that when the first opportunity for sailing occurred, by an appointment to H.M. frigate *Dover*, the superintendent medical officer of Haslar Hospital did not consider me yet sufficiently restored to resume active service, and thus I escaped the doom of the officers and crew of that ill-fated vessel, which struck upon the Black Rock on the coast of Ireland, and sunk with all hands.

Another opportunity for embarking to repair to my destination in India did not occur for months, and life might have passed in comparative idleness had I not assiduously applied myself to the study of the English language. My brother officers recommended Smollett's "Roderick Random," from which I learned much of the vernacular and more of English naval life than I had experienced myself. To the actual generation of sailors my own account of that life at the commencement of the present century may appear quite as singular, though not so witty or so ably depicted as in the pages which created Lieutenant Bowling and his nephew. One or two of Fielding's humorous novels were added to the list of my ordinary readings, which gave me great facility of speaking. I felt that from both writers I had collected not only vast stores of English words and colloquial expressions, but of English manners and peculiarities, the knowledge of which converted me almost into an Englishman at once. At the same time I knew from experience that there were other classes of people with manners differing from those described therein, and widely-diffused through society, by which the genuine character of the nation and its institutions were to be estimated.

I tried English poetry a little, and was of course delighted with Falconer's "Shipwreck." But it was not until after I had entered upon more serious studies, and had perused some of the classic prose writers, chiefly of history, forming my small library on board ship, that I ventured to open the pages of the great and inimitable poet of whom England is so justly proud, and in whose pages we find all that a moral, psychological, religious, learned, and poetical philosopher could assemble in one volume to describe truly the heart and mind of man, and to guide them both through life to a prosperous end. Shakspeare is the Bible of Parnassus, as the New Testament is the Bible of Calvary. With my present advanced acquaintance with both these books, to the last-named precious volume in its English version I do not hesitate to declare that I gained greater mastery of the English language than from any other book, whilst reaping, I trust, far different profit.

I confess it was not a wise discrimination, or a mature and practical judgment, that led me to a bookseller's shop to select my English authors as long as I continued a wanderer on many seas. That was left for a much later period in life, when finally settled in London, as the late Sir Henry Halford used waggishly to say, "at the receipt of custom." For the present I was compelled to be satisfied with purchasing such valuable authors as I could pick up at second-hand bookstalls. In this way I became possessed of two delightful companions—Isaac Watts' "Essay on the Improvement of the Mind," and his "Treatise on Logic." To their contents I took such a liking, that I never moved anywhere without carrying one of them with me. Obsolete as they may now be, I still say, happy is he who shall master their contents and shape his conduct through life in accordance with them. I may possibly raise a smile by the expression of this last sentiment, considering the many superior, or at all events more ponderous, tomes from much more recent philosophers and logicians, whether Scotch or from the banks of the Cam and the Isis, that have since appeared. But everything in its own time. On first entering as a perfect stranger into the career of English letters, the key which those two tiny volumes placed in my hands sufficed to acquaint me with the nature of the English mind, as the humorous volumes of Smollett and Fielding had shown me the English habits.

For a simple introduction, therefore, my simple key sufficed. Ulterior experience and a wider acquaintance with the nation brought more important information and weightier authorities to enforce it, and I accepted them.

It was thus that, later in life, two other works proved attractive to me. These were Hervey's "Meditations among the Tombs" and Cobbett's "English Grammar," works trifling in bulk, but most effective in shaping my education; while one was tending to expand and enrich my imagination with impressive and attractive phrases, the other tended to tone it down to sober terms of the strictest accuracy. My conviction of the soundness of Cobbett's principles in this branch of literature led me to the "Weekly Register," the clear, un-rhetorical style of which, with his lucid epistles to the Hampshire farmers on political and fiscal subjects, so riveted my attention (from feeling that I understood him better than any contemporary writer) that I never omitted reading it, but collected it in all its many volumes as the best example of the English language by which I could possibly be guided.

Bringing together all this *disjecta membra* of English knowledge, I considered myself in a position to attend the theatre, one of which Portsmouth could boast, always crowded with petty officers and vociferous sailors from the fleet. But it was during my occasional visits to the metropolis that I derived more profit from that source of information. Unfortunately the principal of the two national theatres was destroyed by fire in one single night, 24th February, 1809, when I witnessed the rapid progress of the devouring flames; while the other, or second national theatre, which had passed through the like fate only twelve months before, and was now reopened, Sept. 17, 1809—the year of my long vacation—had become a dangerous place of amusement owing to a tremendous row every night, occasioned by excessive prices. But the aid to knowledge which I was prevented deriving from the drama I amply made up for by seeking from the Church, which I attended with greater fervour, like all neophytes, as I advanced in my knowledge of the liturgy and the language of the Bible, accompanying thither one or other of the few friendly families I was acquainted with in London, and truly enjoying in so doing feelings of inward gratification I did not remember to have experienced in going through the more gorgeous ceremonial of my former Church.

Yes; I am a seceder from the Church of my fathers! yet hardly so. What my religious creed once was, and what it has been since, will be best judged, and the change more justly appreciated, if I reproduce here my Declaration of Faith, written spontaneously for the cognizance of my children on the 4th of July of the present year, 1870, sixty-one years after the conversion, during which I have been daily and hourly thankful for the very great comfort it has proved to me:—"I am a convert, not from Roman Catholicism, but from Atheism. With the tenets and practice of the former system of religion ever before my eyes during my early years, I sank as I grew older unconsciously into the hollow tenets of the latter system, the result of the political convulsions in my native land. 'Dixit insipiens in corde suo non est Deus.' Its effect on a youth with none but worldly thoughts and aspirations was to leave me without any appeal for superhuman aid in affliction. This dreadful isolation of my soul in life, and the idea of its annihilation after death, caused perpetual unhappiness in the midst of the gaieties of the world, to such a degree that I was on the point of falling again into Theism, Mariolatry, and the worship of saints, which had been to me sources of serenity of mind in my boyish days under the instruction of a pious mother, when the natural course of an adventurous life brought me to England, where my conversion was self-effected. At the age at which I am arrived I need not be intimidated by nor shrink from the cynical denunciations of critics at this announcement, nor do I hesitate to declare that most certainly neither the superstitions of the creed in which I was reared until I was twenty years of age, nor the unhappiness which the subsequent want of every inward religious conviction had engendered, led me to embrace the creed I am happy at present to profess. No, but the sight of a great people with whom I have happily identified myself for upwards of sixty years, governed by laws enacted by themselves, administered for their own benefit by able ministers whose authority depends on the popular will, such was the spectacle which first impressed me with and has ever since maintained me in the conviction that the religious creed which keeps the governors and the governed in such a happy, harmonious, and comfort-producing system of polity must be the really true one. Nor do I deny that the satisfaction of beholding a whole happy nation prostrate at the feet of the Omnipotent, imploring them in their own beautiful and simple language on every Sabbath morn, in every corner of the land and at the same hour, for the safety of their own immortal souls, for the prosperity of their sovereign, for the blessing of their own children and the happiness of their fellow-creatures throughout the world, has added a spiritual and paramount attraction to the inward sentiments by which I have been led into my present state of happy belief."

CHAPTER XVIII.

1809—11.

Marriage—Become a Freemason—Appointed to the *Arachne*—Attacked by yellow fever in the West Indies—Topical treatment—San Domingo—Barbadoes—Suffer from acute rheumatism—Join the *Gloire*—Bolivar y Ponte—Bearer of despatches to the Colonial Office—Again meet Mr. Hamilton—John Dalton—First literary efforts in England.

LOOKING back to the period of my naval service, it must not be supposed that while I remained on shore, vibrating between Portsmouth and London, the time passed in *nugis aut ineptiis*, or that nothing occurred of importance to mark the year I was waiting to proceed to the Indian station. The contrary was the case, for not fewer than three events, all important to me through life, took place in that year 1809. First, I took a young wife, daughter of Joseph Kerr, Esq., of Blackheath, whose only son some years after was Assistant-Commissary-General at the battle of Waterloo, and subsequently British Consul at Prevesa, in Greece. Secondly, I obtained my permanent degree of Member of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, since "of England;" and, thirdly, my initiation into the fraternity of free and accepted Masons took place, in which I have risen to the rank of a grand officer, and am now pretty nearly the father of the Grand Lodge. If I refer with pride to this initiation, it is not so much as regards myself individually, but rather because I am reminded of the galaxy of future heroes of the Peninsular War who were at that time congregating in Portsmouth, to form part of the forces with which Sir Arthur Wellesley would land at

Lisbon on the 12th of April of that year. The Phœnix Lodge at Portsmouth, my mother lodge, was so pressed with applications from military officers in that expedition for initiation into masonry, that frequent lodges of emergency were held to satisfy the demand. I well remember its able master, Brother Rankin, by profession a very skilful optician, living in High Street, whose elegant and scientific shop was the general rendezvous of the day for all species of gossip, but no scandal.

In the mean time a fresh appointment came down from the Transport Board, not later than two months after my marriage, directing me to join H.M.'s ship *Arachne*, a large and handsome 18-gun sloop-of-war just then fitting out at Deptford, destined to proceed to the West Indies. She was commanded by Captain Chambers, who received me with great courtesy. The vessel not having her guns in, and lying outside Deptford Dock, with only working parties of her intended crew, I was allowed to pass each night on shore with my wife's family at Blackheath previous to our departure. Unluckily the atmosphere of Deptford (for at that time the Thames' banks were notorious for ague), combined with my imprudence in continuing on board for many hours till sunset every day, to superintend the fitting-up of my cabin and ward-room (as I was appointed caterer of the mess), caused me to be attacked with a tertian fever, which compelled me to ask leave to remain at Blackheath until I recovered. In these days of quinine the complaint would have been wiped off quickly; not so in former days. With my powdered cinchona I did not shake off my illness in less than a fortnight. By that time I had recovered sufficiently to enable me to return to my ship, which had taken in her guns, and dropped down to Portsmouth, to complete her crew and wait for orders. There I joined, and was regularly mustered by the Clerk of the Check from the dockyard as an "A B Surgeon." Further on in my narrative it will be seen why I dwell so particularly on those two first letters of the alphabet. Our first lieutenant (Boys) was an officer to whom a certain *éclat* belonged, from his having recently made his escape from a French prison at Verdun, a fact which was made the subject of a romantic and interesting narrative published by Lieutenant Boys himself, and much read by naval men of the time. With the gallant author, who in due course attained the rank of post-captain, a most friendly intercourse was kept up till the time of his decease, which took place in 1866, fifty-six years after our first acquaintance.

The climate to which I was proceeding, with the prospect of having to remain some time under its malignant influence, offered no cheering prospect to a young naval officer just married. But there was no shirking the appointment: any attempt of the kind might have proved fatal to the success of that career I had with so much exertion, and good fortune withal, succeeding in securing for myself. The apprehension for my safety arose from the fact that the plague of the West India islands, namely, the yellow fever, was said to be just then particularly rife in Jamaica, whither our vessel was bound from Portsmouth. My experience of what I had witnessed at Malaga, on my arrival there from the East, was not calculated to cheer my spirits while in the act of putting my signature to certain testamentary dispositions I placed in the hands of my distressed wife, who was to continue to reside with her parents at Blackheath. I endeavoured to impart to her that courage which I lacked myself, and assured her that with temperate living there was every chance of my escaping the dreaded fever. These words made our parting less bitter.

Vessels did not in those days fly across the broad Atlantic with the aid of steam, and reach the Antilles in eight or nine days, but required weeks to get to their destination. On New Years' Day, 1810, after three weeks' sailing, the *Arachne* entered Port Royal, in Jamaica. To behold the myriads of crabs that were crawling among the half-buried remains of the victims of yellow fever, and to be seized with the well-known and unmistakable symptoms of that dreadful malady, was but the work of a few hours, for upon waking on the morning of the 2nd of January I was found to be delirious, and to have been seized with the fever. During the outward passage I had been attentively studying Doctor Currie's work on fever, and the efficacy of cold effusion in the treatment. I had, therefore, in anticipation of the probability of an attack in my own case, given instructions to the sick-bay attendant of the ship, to pour cold sea-water in a continuous stream over my head on the first appearance of delirium accompanied with redness of the face, after giving me a powder I had prepared from the commencement of the voyage, namely, ten grains of jalap, five grains of calomel, and five grains of James's powder. These instructions were strictly complied with, and the body being at the same time kept well covered with blankets (the thermometer in the cabin 90° Fah.), a profuse perspiration followed, in which I was suffered to remain immersed undisturbed for forty-eight hours, my head being flooded with cold water poured from a jug whenever it was found dry and burning at the same time. Warm tea was also freely administered at the expiration of sixty hours, and the remedies having had a prodigious effect in the mean time, the febrile symptoms subsided and ultimately disappeared. Calm sleep followed, and in a few more days the medical officer of the ship was convalescent.

Captain Boys, in one of the latest interviews he had with his old messmate, reminded him of the joke that had passed between the doctor and his commander, at the door of whose state cabin was the surgeon's berth on the port side. Captain Chambers had summoned Lieutenant Boys into his cabin, and was discoursing with him as to how the "doctor's remains were to be disposed of in case of death," when a tolerably strong voice from the doctor's berth sung out, "I'm not dead yet, and don't intend to die!" and so it turned out.

To every one his due! Thankful for the happy result of the cold effusion, I ascribed to Doctor Currie's volume the salutary effects of that system; but long before him the suggestion of plunging in cold water in every case of fever in hot climates (*fièvre ardente*) was thrown out by the Comte de Ségur, as we read in the first volume of his "Mémoires et Souvenirs," p. 407. The count was with the principal division of the French fleet and troops on their way from the United States to France, and was stationed for a time at Puerto Cabello, in the gulf of Tinto, when the fever of the country began to sweep off many soldiers and sailors, and not a few of the officers, among whom were some of his dearest friends. Seized with the fever himself, and relying little on the skill of the naval surgeons, who seemed "déconcertés dans leur doctrine d'Europe," in the treatment of such a disease of the torrid zone, "Je tentais," the count says, "de me guérir moi-même. Je me suis mis jusqu'au cou dans un tonneau rempli d'eau fraîche, et j'y suis resté vingt-quatre heures. Cette témérité me réussit : ma fièvre chaude disparut." *

In the course of two years in the West Indies, commenced so unfavourably, the two ships in which I successively served visited nearly all the principal windward and leeward islands, stopping at some of them more or less time according to the requirements of the service, the orders of Admiral Sir Alexander Cochrane, commander-in-chief, or to suit a passing curiosity of the captain. A visit to Port-au-Prince, in San Domingo, the residence of a swarthy emperor and his imperial court, was of that nature. Those of the officers who landed were well received, and had the honour of conversing with dukes of sweet and refreshing titles, such as the "Duc de la Marmelade," and the "Duc de la Limonade," admiring at the same time young sable princesses at court and in splendid *salons*, who, though not over niggard in the display of personal charms slightly veiled with muslin, could not compete with the exquisite semi-nude statuesque figures which the crew and officers of the *Arachne* had had presented to them in the public market on their first landing at Curaçao, where all domestics appeared in public encumbered only with a loin-cloth. How mysterious must appear to us at this moment, September 29, 1870, the will of the Omnipotent in having permitted that long knotted chain of political events in France, which, commenced nearly three-quarters of a century ago with a showy imperial *régime*, to be aped by an insignificant tribe of revolted negroes, we behold now ending suddenly and completely disrupted under the same *régime*, cursed and inveighed against by a dozen nameless natives whose turn it is to ape the Patres conscripti of a republican *régime!*

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* I attempted to cure myself. I got up to my neck into a butt of cold water, and remained there twenty-four hours. This rashness succeeded : my fever disappeared.

While cruizing among the islands our ships were not idle. Guadaloupe was taken on the 5th of February, 1810. Martinique had been seized in the same month of the previous year, and the whole western ocean had been swept clean of French vessels of war. At Barbadoes, which up to that time had never been visited by that scourge of the other islands, the yellow fever, a general rendezvous of the English men-of-war had been insensibly formed and finally established. No better station could have been chosen, for it was the gayest as well as the healthiest, and was regarded as (and indeed called) a "little England." The officers of the *Arachne* had ample reasons to be pleased with their occupations, and the manner in which they were received and entertained by the principal inhabitants of Bridgetown. The residence of the navy agent, a grand seigneur in the place, was the daily resort of all such officers as had leave to go ashore, and there they were always sumptuously treated. The collector of customs again, a gentleman in every sense of the word, whose wife was not less conspicuous for her personal charms than esteemed for her amiable qualities, used to receive us with equal cordiality. The lady was the daughter of that eminent scholar, Dr. Valpy, of Reading, at that time re-editing the complete collection of the Delphin classics. This most kind-hearted couple studied to render the temporary visit of their naval guests in every way agreeable. They largely contributed to the convivialities and amenities of the place, kept open house during the day, provided dancing in the evening, and often proposed equestrian excursions to the different villas scattered at various distances from the town.

My own time, however, was not always spent in such a way, for independently of my daily duty on board, I commenced a series of meteorological observations, such as the philosophical instruments I had brought with me enabled me to make. I collected plants and insects peculiar to the localities, drawing and colouring from nature most of those I considered either as the rarest or the choicest, or by way of contrast the most common and objectionable. Amongst the latter was the cockroach (*Blatta orientalis*), with which my cabin was so infested that on waking in the morning I generally found the outside surface of the mosquito curtain surrounding my bed positively studded with the disgusting insects. To this odious creature I consigned a conspicuous place in my album. To the natural as well as the pathological history of another peculiarly West Indian insect, the jigger (*Pulex penetrans*), and to the so called guinea worm, I paid particular attention. I had on more than one occasion to draw one of the latter worms several feet long out of the legs of the seamen after many days of a tedious operation; and of the former insect I had been myself a victim, one of them having destroyed the half end phalanx of the third toe of my right foot. My observations and experience lead me to the conclusion that these singular parasites have been treated too considerately, in dread of creating mischief; whereas, on the contrary, the destructive process, by the application of the strongest ammonia to the jigger, and of the knife to the guinea worm, would at once ensure recovery. I found both these intruders into human flesh very common among the negroes on the various plantations which I was permitted, and indeed requested, to visit, not only in Barbadoes, but in Antigua also, and Jamaica, in all which places (I remember with great satisfaction) I found the slaves treated with much kindness and consideration, their quarters generally very clean, and their health well cared for; medicines, even the most costly, being provided from England.

A sudden attack of acute rheumatism compelled me to leave the *Arachne*, to which an assistant surgeon on promotion was appointed, and I took up my residence in the "officers' sick quarters" of the naval hospital at Barbadoes (March, 1810), a convenient and creditable establishment, for which the navy was indebted to Sir Alexander Cochrane. My attack was brought on by exposure during my several visits to different plantations. It proved severe, but lasted only three weeks. Much reduced in strength, by special invitation I passed the period of my convalescence in the house of Captain Pickford, R.N., captain superintendent, the delicate attention of whose kind and most amiable lady I have never forgotten. During this period I offered my professional aid to Dr. Mortimer (surgeon of the hospital, who was afterwards promoted to the same post at Haslar Hospital) in any operation to be performed, an offer which was accepted in two important cases.

At length an order came, on the 4th of May, 1810, enjoining me to repair forthwith on board H.M.'s frigate *Gloire*, of forty guns, which had just come into Barbadoes with her crew, or what remained of it, in a most deplorable state of health. She had lost eighty-two of her men, and all her officers with the exception of Captain Carthew, first Lieutenant Church, and one or two juniors. Some of her sick had been landed at the Saintes, near Guadaloupe, whither she was ordered to return with her newly appointed surgeon, and to follow his instructions. On arrival off that island I directed all that remained of the crew to be landed, together with their bedding and mess utensils, but to be kept apart from the first batch of the sick crew. All the ship's guns were by my direction drawn in, and the portholes closed. I then proceeded to place in various parts of the frigate, from the hold up to the waist, every cabin included, earthen pipkins filled with Guyton de Morveau's chlorine fumigating mixture. The hatchways were not removed till after the third day. That done, it became possible after a few hours to get at the main deck, and by opening the portholes of both sides a thorough ventilation was established of that and of the lower deck, including the cabins.

The whole crew in a restored state of health, though decimated in number, being not long after re-embarked, I suggested to Captain Carthew that the *Gloire* should sail to windward for a short cruize. This was done, and afterwards we proceeded to St. John, Antigua, to lay the frigate down for some essential repairs. The crew being put on board a large hulk, the officers and marines were landed, and we lived in tents erected for the purpose, a larger one being somewhat decorated as a general meeting-room, the most conspicuous feature of which was a long table constantly decked from breakfast time till the dinner hour with all sorts of refreshments, cold meat, fruits of the place, sangarees, and the eternal Madeira, which had not then been supplanted by the equally enduring sherry. The presence of the York Rangers, forming the garrison of St. John, and occupying their barracks on the top of the adjoining hill, soon converted what might have been an exile for us of the *Gloire* into a scene of perpetual jollity and banqueting. In vain did I caution the younger officers against the inevitable result of such a mode of living; in vain, as caterer of the wardroom mess, did I keep a fast hand on the key of the "quarter cask." No arrangement, not even the loss of two of the junior lieutenants from a rapidly fatal fever, had any effect in checking the disorderly mode of living. These two young officers it would seem had been absent with leave a whole night at some great ball at St. John (that sort of attraction being very great in the chief city of the island). They had started off home at daylight on the horses that had brought them, so as to arrive in time for morning muster. Heated, and in a state of the most violent perspiration, they stripped and jumped into the sea for a bathe. One of them was seized with cramp almost immediately, which ended in fever and death; the other had a simple attack of fever the day after the plunge, and in a week followed his friend to the grave.

The necessary repairs being at length completed, the frigate again rigged, the crew and officers and guns re-embarked, adieu was bidden to the belles of St. John who had graced the balls on board the *Gloire*, as well as to the officers of the York Rangers, who had shared in promoting all the past festivities. Once on blue water again, everything fell as if by magic into the state of discipline and order which had previously distinguished the officers and crew of the vessel. Captain Carthew had received his instructions from the admiral, in consequence of which, after visiting certain other islands, the *Gloire* anchored once more in Carlisle Bay. Here we learned that accounts had reached the admiral of a great insurrection having broken out in Caracas, headed by Generals Bolivar and Mendez. Bolivar himself, surnamed "El Liberador," was not long in appearing in person in an insurgent vessel among us, and was received with due honour on board the admiral's ship. He had come in the name of the Junta, composed of members of the most prominent families of Caracas, who had determined to shake off the Spanish yoke and proclaim the independence of Columbia. They now solicited the aid of Great Britain in their patriotic efforts, and addressed themselves for that object to the British admiral commanding at the nearest station. Bolivar knew English, as well as some other European languages; but the important documents he had brought with him were written in the Spanish language, with which neither the admiral nor any of his officers were conversant. These I was requested to translate into English, all among them at least which seemed important. This easy and agreeable occupation afforded me frequent opportunities of meeting and conversing in his own vernacular tongue with the founder of the Republic of Columbia, whom I discovered to be possessed of more varied information and sound knowledge than I had found among the class of people equal to his own in his mother country. By accident he learnt I was an Italian by birth, and at our next meeting he addressed me in that language. Knowing me to have so recently resided in Spain, he became very pressing and anxious in his inquiries respecting the apparent condition of the people, the estimation in which the "Principe de la Paz" was held, and what were the chances that Spain would have to succumb to Bonaparte. It came out in the course of more desultory conversations that we were of the same age, he having been born in July, 1783.

Bolivar y Ponte was a great name in the years of my cruizing in the Antilles and Caribbean Islands, near the scene of his momentary triumphs, which were to expand farther in a short time. He became at last as widely known as Kossuth and Garibaldi, though, unlike them, he died in the receipt of substantial proofs of the great esteem his fellow-citizens entertained for him, they having assigned to him a perpetual annuity of thirty thousand dollars (£7,500). Bolivar had a resolute air that well suited his martial person, yet in his conversation, tone of voice, and gentle address, one would hardly imagine oneself in the presence of the founder of the Independence of Spanish South America.

His mission to our chief resulted in a courteous assurance that his propositions would be referred to the home government in England; and as in the mean time I had gone through the process of an official medical examination to enable me to leave the West Indian station, which had been declared totally unsuited to my constitutional tendency to attacks of blood to the head, Sir Alexander Cochrane, with the concurrence of Sir George Beckwith, commander of the forces, intrusted me with Bolivar's papers which I had been employed to translate, and which I undertook to deliver into the hands of the Colonial Secretary on my arrival in London.

I took leave of my captain and messmates, and embarked on board a merchant vessel bound for Bristol. The voyage proved a tedious one and the weather tempestuous. I had, moreover, undertaken the care of two invalid ladies, wives of officers in West India regiments, who were returning to their homes, one of whom throughout the passage exhibited day by day, nay hourly, an example of the most distressing effects that sea-sickness can produce and human nature support. During twenty-two days of incessant suffering I expected every moment would be her last, an apprehension fortunately not realized, and the almost extinct patient was consigned to the hands of her friends on our arrival at Bristol.

For my part I hastened to London to fulfil the object of my mission. According to instructions I drove directly to the Colonial Office in Downing Street, where I had the honour of presenting to Mr. Peel, recently appointed Under-Secretary by Mr. Percival, the despatches with which I had been intrusted. Mr. Peel made a few inquiries relating to the object of the despatches and the personal appearance and bearing of General Bolivar, and after a courteous expression of thanks, dismissed me with a written order for the repayment of my travelling expenses.

I experienced great surprise on my introduction into the official room at the youthful appearance of the quasi-minister, of whom public report had already said much and prophesied more, that was to be fully verified at no great distance of time. This official interview, and the locality in which it had taken place, brought to my recollection old events associated with the latter, and I therefore sought there and then an interview with another under-secretary, Mr. William Hamilton, at the Foreign Office, with whom I was happy to renew our acquaintance for the first time since we parted at Athens in 1803. This truly good man most warmly congratulated me at having finally reached England under such flattering circumstances, thus realizing our former mutual wishes for such an event. To render this the more acceptable, he offered me the assistance of his own official interest to forward me in my naval career, an assistance which for the moment I declined, as the requirements of my health, and the wish for some home repose and medical care, precluded all idea of immediate employment.

During the six weeks on half-pay that followed, some family affairs of my wife's took me to Manchester, a time I shall ever gladly remember, for it brought me into communication with, and gained me the personal friendship of, one of the greatest philosophers of the day, John Dalton, he who first brought mathematics and its numeral precision to the aid and development of chemical science. Seldom had so much intellectual sagacity, quickness of perception, practical application of principles to facts, appreciation and solution of the most difficult phenomena in chemistry and general knowledge, met in one individual, united with such simplicity of heart, so much modesty, and that kind of *bonhomie* which was in this great man an irresistible attraction for every one around him.

If there ever has been a literary distinction I have valued above all those I obtained in England during my long career, it is the one which was conferred on me first in order as member of the Literary and Philosophical Society of Manchester in 1812, under the presidency of the illustrious Dalton. Memorable on this account as my temporary residence in Manchester is, it is a reminiscence no less gratifying which it supplies me of the frequent intercourse I there enjoyed with the eminent physicians and surgeons of the day officiating at the Manchester Infirmary, an institution which stood high in estimation: I mean Doctors Percival, Holme, Gerald, Henry, Ramsden, and others.

There was another circumstance connected with my stay in the great cotton metropolis, the cradle of sound legislation on financial questions, namely, my first venture in print in the English language, by the publication of five critical essays on the principal performances of John Kemble, who had been starring on the boards of the Manchester Theatre Royal. Much as I had witnessed of histrionic excellence on the Italian and the Spanish stage, the scenic representation of Macbeth, Othello, and, above all, of Hamlet, by John Kemble, who had recently added to the interest of a true and impassioned portraiture the prestige of historical costume in each character, compels me to admit that in no country had I seen such striking delineation of persons and events. But the critical remarks I allude to, and which were written after each night's performance, collected together and published at the termination of the theatrical period, were not solely directed to the manner and style of personification by the actor; they referred equally to the verbal interpretations of the text as adopted by Kemble. They were literary more than dramatic criticisms; and, considering that only five years before the writer had been under the necessity of using the Latin language to make himself understood while learned English physicians were testing his fitness for the medical profession, I know not which of the two the public will condone, the presumption of the undertaking, or the manner in which the author performed his task. Yet the performance was received with favour.

CHAPTER XIX.

1812.

Appointed to the *Maidstone*—A bewildered captain—Edward Parry—Arrive at Quiberon Bay—Escape of the French squadron—Bombardment of Cadiz—Gibraltar—Port Mahon—The Duchess of Orleans—Transferred to the *Swiftsure*—Monotony of a blockading life—The cat-o'-nine tails—Edmund Lyons—Palermo—Louis Philippe.

My long interval of home life was disturbed by a recall to active service in the form of an appointment as surgeon to the *Redpole*, in which small vessel however, thanks to my friend of the Foreign Office, I remained but a short time, the appointment having been changed for a superior one to H.M. frigate the *Maidstone*, of thirty-six guns, a perfectly new ship, the command of which was intrusted to Captain Burdett, an Irish officer who for the space of twenty years had never seen the sea. The *Maidstone* was hurried off before she was completely equipped, to cruise off the coasts of the United States, with whose government war was imminent. Captain Burdett, coming from Dublin, had not been on board six-and-thirty hours when we weighed anchor from the Downs, January 9th, 1812, and I still bear in mind, in all its humiliating particulars, the state of confusion and dismay into which the officers and crew of the *Maidstone* were thrown at our very first starting while sailing down Channel in a foggy night. Suddenly we found ourselves alongside a strange sail, slowly coming up Channel on our larboard tack, and so near that her lights between deck were plainly visible through a long range of port-holes, which showed the class of vessel she belonged to. Captain Burdett, a stranger to the sea for so many years, was bewildered. The first lieutenant, Mr. McMeekan, at once suggested the propriety of using private signals, but the key of the box which contained them, received from the Admiralty the day before sailing, was nowhere to be found. In the mean while the first lieutenant had ordered the boatswain to pipe to quarters, but no seaman yet knew his quarters nor his gun. Finally, a short parley through a speaking trumpet from the quarter-deck of the two vessels, declaring aloud the names of the two ships, informed the *Maidstone's* crew that their phantom neighbour, imperfectly discernible, was the *Constitution*. This ship, one of the largest frigates of the United States, was conveying a special messenger on the same errand on which the *Maidstone* was sailing, namely, the question of war, which, as is well known, was not long after declared and fiercely carried on. This identical *Constitution* captured the English ship *Guerrière*, and during this same war the *Maidstone* herself performed distinguished service, though not until she had changed her commander. Truly this accidental night meeting might have turned out a most disastrous rencontre. We then beat down Channel into Plymouth Sound, where we remained till the 20th, when we were ordered to cruise off the Loire.

There were sailing in the *Maidstone* at that very time, 1812, as my messmates, two individuals who were destined to achieve high renown not long after as Arctic voyagers, namely, Lieutenant Edward Parry and Lieutenant Liddon, the former of whom soon outstripped his younger messmate in Arctic fame, attaining the highest rank in that category of seamanship, until he reached at last the greatest distinction a grateful country could bestow on him in rank and appointments. Edward Parry was a most amiable as well as a great man, for whom his medical messmate entertained the sincerest and most cordial friendship.

Captain Burdett on leaving England had received as one of his instructions to call in Quiberon Bay on his way out, and communicate with Sir Harry Neale, of H.M. ship *Boyne*, commanding an English squadron on that station, in case that officer had ulterior orders to give us. Sir Harry directed us to look after H.M. frigate *Laurel* for a couple of days, and so gave us time to get things to rights, of which no ship of war ever stood more in need than did the *Maidstone*. The weather had been most tempestuous since we left the Downs, and water was coming in at every part of the vessel, in my own cabin especially.

We dropped anchor on the 18th of January in Quiberon Bay, between the islands Houat and Heddie. It came on to blow harder than ever soon after, and we received orders to be ready for sea in the morning, although the wind threatened to baffle such an intention. The news spread that we were likely to join other ships in search of three of the enemy's frigates said to be in the offing, but from the behaviour of our captain, and the unprepared state of our seamen, I doubted whether our frigate would be considered in fit trim to co-operate in the intended pursuit.

On the 28th of January, however, the *Maidstone*, the *Laurel*, the *Rhine*, and the *Rola* frigates sailed in spite of the stormy weather. Three French vessels of the same force had sailed some time before. We were all on the *qui vive*, and sure of our prizes. At 11 o'clock some guns were fired to leeward of us, and soon after a signal was made that the *Laurel*, a fine thirty-eight-gun frigate, and one of those that had sailed in the morning, had struck on the rocks before Quiberon Bay, lost her masts, and attempted in vain to get off, the French batteries raking her, the *Rhine*, the *Rola*, and other vessels. At sunset a signal announced that the ship was not tenable. The *Rhine* saved the crew, except seventy who had made for the shore, fired on the while with grape-shot. Most of the officers were of the number, and were made prisoners. Their fate weighed heavily on our minds, for only the night before they had dined with us and passed a merry time in our wardroom.

The weather, which had continued tempestuous for three weeks, changed to a most terrific south-western gale, during which the less valorous paled before it. Not so the old British tar. He is verily a strange being. Courageous from custom, a stoic without philosophy, and a philosopher without sagacity, he lives a life of pleasure and suffering, of vexation and felicity, of trouble and repose, of privations and joys; truly sensitive in many matters, yet a mere automaton in many others.

We lost one man from an accident, and he was consigned to the deep according to sea rites. Is it a prejudice from early habits, or does Nature really look for a more decorous burial than such a one? I never could witness it without a feeling of horror. Would it ever be my lot to be so buried?

On again meeting with Sir Harry Neale, it turned out that while looking as usual that morning into the Port of l'Orient, it was discovered that the French squadron under command of Admiral Lallemand had effected its escape in the night during the severe gale, immediately upon which discovery Sir Harry Neale shaped his course to the west with his squadron, releasing the *Maidstone* from her cruise, and directing her to proceed to her original destination in the Mediterranean, in search of Sir Edward Pellew, commanding the English fleet off Toulon, and apprise him of the escape of the French squadron. On that same day, March 4th, we were informed of the sudden death of our commander-in-chief, Admiral Sir Charles Cotton, whose memory is associated in my mind with my first appointment as a medical officer in the British navy. Intelligence was received at the same time of the resignation of the Foreign Office, by the Marquis of Wellesley, at which news I quaked not a little, fancying it might involve the resignation of my friend the Under Secretary.

On the 5th, signals were made from Quiberon Bay to weigh anchor, as the escape of the l'Orient squadron was an undoubted fact. The news caused immense excitement, and we considered that such an event might make a change in our destination. At daybreak we got under weigh, but were ordered again to anchor alongside the *Conquestador*, Lord W. Stuart, who had just joined. Captain Burdett went on board to remonstrate with his lordship, who allowed us to proceed. Water was instantly ordered on board our ship from other vessels in the squadron, and on the 10th of March we were on our way to Cadiz with the intelligence of the escape of the enemy. On the 16th of March, 1812, we had the town in sight, and anchored in the bay at 9 P.M. I copy the following note from my diary :—"The mode of warfare carried on just now in this place has afforded us some moments of enjoyment." Wretched creatures that we are! While shots and bolts whizzed across the streets right and left, many of them penetrating into houses, while fiery rockets and shells flew through the air to carry destruction to more than one unfortunate dwelling, death appearing everywhere, we, spectators of so much desolation, could hardly experience and express from our place of safety any other than feelings of horror and pity! But no! There were the crew on the gangway, on the fore, on the crosstrees, and on the yards; there were the officers and the captain on the quarter deck and on the poop, all, all intent on enjoying the fiery spectacle of the bombardment of Cadiz!

The city of Cadiz presented a striking point in the general landscape around us as we lay at anchor at a short distance from its walls, having entered its port between some rocks called the Porpoises and a sunken rock called the Diamond. Another entrance is that between the latter rock and the shore, forming the bay, upon which several forts and batteries were erected, and being occupied by the French, proved of no little annoyance to vessels beating in or out of the bay. From St. Catherine's Fort they threw bombs to nearly the distance of the town. There were some large and stately edifices decorating the exterior panorama of Cadiz and its surroundings, which in peaceful times must exhibit a warm, rich, and picturesque scenery.

The firing of shells continued during the whole night. I boarded H.M. ship the *Revenge*, Admiral Legge, where I met two old acquaintances of the *Repulse*, Lieutenants Weymouth and St. John. Two days later we had a capital run from Cadiz to Gibraltar, wind, weather, and sky favouring us. First proud Trafalgar's Cape appeared in view. Above it soared a verdant hill covered with heather, bearing Medina Sidonia, the Spanish Montpellier. Thus far the African mountains were distinguished, and on our left stood humble Tarifa. The *Maidstone* then passed between the two towering shores of Europe and Africa, wafted through by the rapid current towards the Herculean Pillars. Presently the square-capped mount appeared, with famous Gibraltar spread on its lower and mid-way flanks. We anchored in the bay at 6 P.M. on the 18th of March, seven years since I first visited the place, but in how different a capacity!

I landed to see an old acquaintance, and to intrust to his care letters for my old friends the Müllers at Malaga, and one for my wife in England. After this we sailed for Port Mahon with a delicious Favonian breeze, such as one meets only in the Mediterranean. Port Mahon we reached next day but one, March 22nd, entering its eastern deep and tortuous harbour, capable of holding in security the largest fleet of vessels of war. On the left shore we passed St. George's Fort, and further up, about a mile, we came to Mahon, a neat though small town. Its houses are constructed of freestone, which constitutes part of the soil of the island, and are all whitewashed, a few tinted yellow and others of a light blue. We remained six days, from the 23rd to the 29th of March, in Port Mahon, having forwarded to the Commander-in-Chief, by H.M. ship *Rodney*, which was just leaving Port Mahon to rejoin the fleet off Toulon, the intelligence we had brought with us.

On landing, March 23rd, I found no difficulty in making acquaintances. One of the keenest gratifications a traveller enjoys is that of being able to enter into colloquial intercourse with people in their own tongue. On the countenance of the persons you address you perceive the satisfaction they experience at this mark of consideration on your part for their national importance. At the Cafe de San Fernando I found myself in the midst of a number of superior officers, who were warmly discussing the recent surrender of Valencia to General Suchet, declaring in the same breath that Blake was an arrant traitor, and had been bribed by the French. There were those among the accusers of the Spanish general who asserted that they had given timely warning at the Anglo-Spanish head-quarters, that no other result but what actually happened could be expected. Señor Soler, the Comandante de la Marina, was present at the discussion, and politely, by way of diversion, proposed that I should adjourn to his official residence close by, and there spend the evening with "*cafe-y-aqua jelado.*" In the morning of that day I had availed myself of the introduction of Captain Bullock, R.N., to Don Antonio Brione, an advocate of great celebrity in the island, whose warm attachment to the English had cost him much suffering at the hands of the late insular government, he having indeed been only recently released from a long and unjust detention in a prison called el Lazareto, thanks to the intervention of our commander-in-chief. His house was much frequented by officers of the higher ranks, glad to converse with his highly talented and accomplished daughter, not much gifted, however, with her nation's beauty. In the Calle del Castel good fortune again brought me acquainted with the family of the Cavaliere Motta, Sardinian and Sicilian Consul, consisting of three young ladies rich in the qualities wanting in the Señorita Brione, but lacking those she excelled in; still a most agreeable family to visit, and whose acquaintance I cultivated.

On my return to my hotel from the last morning call, I found a laconic message from Monsieur l'Abbé de Talmont, the almoner of the Dowager Duchess of Orléans, requesting me to visit her royal highness at two o'clock the same day. M. de Talmont introduced me simply as Mr. Granville as we entered together a spacious and well-appointed *salon*, in which we found the duchess standing near a large open window overlooking what appeared to be an extensive garden. As I advanced towards her, making my *obéissances de rigueur*, she moved towards another smaller apartment, the door of which stood wide open, saying, "Je vous prie de passer dans ce boudoir; nous y serons plus à notre aise" (Be good enough to pass into this room, we shall be more at our ease.) I did so. The abbé did not follow. What her highness had to complain of was no very serious matter. I wrote a prescription, the execution of which I asked permission to undertake myself, as I was anxious to ascertain whether at the principal chemist's in Mahon they were acquainted with the name of our drugs, and knew the corresponding weights and measures. The medicine should be sent immediately, and I would do myself the honour of calling to inquire about her health again on the following day. "In which case," observed her highness in Italian, "do me the pleasure of dining with me. You will meet one or two other officers of the English fleet."

Her royal highness, who had learned my native place in the course of our medical conversation, spoke Italian with tolerable fluency. I found it was her custom to invite every day to dine with her one or two officers of our fleet from ships that happened to be in harbour. On the present occasion Rear-Admiral Hallowell, commanding a division of the Toulon fleet, and Lieutenant Parry, second of the *Maidstone*, were present. My own invitation extended to all the time our frigate might remain in the port, and I did not fail to avail myself of it, since the subjects of conversation I there heard treated were of a greater interest to me than to the other guests. The dinner was invariably at three o'clock in the afternoon, served *à la Parisienne* by a *cordon bleu*, and with as much of princely etiquette as the number of domestics in her retinue permitted, which was ample. One or two ladies, wives of some of the superior civil authorities of Mahon, or military commanders, graced the table. The repast, which seldom lasted more than forty minutes, was terminated abruptly to adjourn to coffee and curaçoa in the great saloon, where, after half an hour of desultory conversation and one or two more special personal introductions, the company separated, each of the guests making his respectful bow or reverence to the royal hostess as he left.

My communication with this ill-starred princess during the six days we remained in Port Mahon had been daily, and on each occasion in private, as became a professional visit. Naturally our conversation, as is often the case when medical men are treating chronic cases of slight importance, diverged at times into other subjects than those concerning health. We happened to be still too near to those awful epochs which had marked the closing of the last and the opening of the present century, not to be often tempted to refer in our conversations to the events of those times. Exactly nineteen years before, it had fallen to my lot to read the news of Louis Capet's head having fallen under the knife of the guillotine. Just the same number of years before, the duchess had been informed that Louis Philippe Egalité had within a few months from that deed met the same fate. In knowledge of political facts we were almost coetaneous. Unfortunately she had herself been one of the suffering actors in that dreadful drama, which though not tragically concluded in her case, as in that of her husband, had been wretchedly preluded by that most iniquitous and scandalous treatment on his part, which compelled her to abandon his roof and take shelter under that of her brother, after twenty-one years of a most unhappy marriage. Yet this meek and angelic creature had borne it all patiently without a murmur or retaliation. Advancing age (for she was now approaching her sixtieth year) had not made her more garrulous; nor did she find courage enough to look back and regret the days of her own infatuation for the dashing and attractive Duc de Chartres, when she herself was still in her teens. On the black ingratitude of Madame de Genlis she dwelt with bitterness, as well as on her scandalous conduct, attributing to her outrageous immodesty, as vaunted by her own paramour, the personal alienation which took its origin then, and ever continued between her husband and herself. On that delicate subject she reluctantly used to add, that the duke would often exculpate himself by citing the examples he had witnessed among the surroundings of George, Prince of Wales, in the course of his two visits in

1784 and 1786 to that intimate of his who became afterwards King George IV. Unlucky princess, whose union with the son of a selfish, scheming Duke of Orleans, only eager to secure the unbounded wealth of the bride's father, commenced with unprecedented splendour at Versailles, and terminated with the decapitation of the husband, leaving for a time his much injured wife and children beggars and outcasts!

The comparatively happy days spent in friendly intercourse with many excellent people, due to the unexpected and unforeseen expedition of the *Maidstone* into the Mediterranean, were destined to be of a long duration, for as soon as the frigate was considered to be in a fit state to proceed to her original destination, and having reported herself on the 29th of March, an order came from Sir Edward Pellew, directing the transfer of the surgeon of the *Maidstone* to H.M. ship of the line the *Swiftsure*, vice Osborne, surgeon of that vessel, who was appointed to the *Maidstone*. Against so unusual an act on the part of an admiral interfering with the appointment of an officer who did not belong to the fleet under his command, I respectfully protested, and appealed for support to Captain Burdett, in which appeal I was most strenuously backed by all my good messmates, McMeekan, Parry, Liddon, and Captain Rae of the Marines, all of whom considered my removal as an unfair stretch of authority. They were aware, these kind friends, that the station which the personal influence of my friend at the Foreign Office had procured for me, was one likely to yield what sailors look for in war—a good share of prize money to each officer (as it turned out to be the case in good earnest on that occasion, and which the medical officer had richly shared); and they considered as unjust the stretch of authority which at once cut me off from that prospect, to benefit another medical officer not originally appointed to the *Maidstone*, but simply claiming the advantage of being a Scotch cousin of the commander-in-chief. No appeal, however urgent, seemed to have any effect on our captain, timorous and inexperienced, who "could not venture to expostulate with the admiral," and so the doctor was left in the lurch—that is, in the *Swiftsure*, while his more fortunate messmates gaily turned their prow to the west under prosperous gales, arriving in time to distinguish themselves in Transatlantic waters.

Engaged in one of the most irksome services an English fleet can be employed in, blockading, or rather watching, off Cape Sicie a hostile fleet of equal force but not of sufficient pluck to sally forth to confront her enemy and jailer, I saw myself compelled to remain in the Mediterranean till towards the end of the year—that is, nine months. "Turbam non habet otiosoriam," wrote a Latin author, speaking of Roman legions encamped around a beleaguered city. So used frequently to be my own exclamation when I reflected on my present profitless post; for the fleet was generally healthy, and so was the *Swiftsure*, except our good commander, Captain Hardy, who was indisposed. There was a superior medical officer, entitled "Physician of the Fleet," who to remedy the dulness and depression of spirits generally prevalent, bethought himself of the ingenious mode of starting a subject of fussy interest, by announcing the publication of a "Treatise on a Pernicious Mediterranean Fever;" but of such a fever neither I nor any of my *confrères* in the fleet whom I interrogated ever met with a single example, so no one felt alarmed at the dismal announcement, and the attempt to enliven our dulness failed. Dr. Burnett made a luckier hit while in the service, when he patented his kyanizing process.

Immersed in the gloomiest *tædium vitæ* I had ever been afflicted with, I turned to my books—not those of a professional character, for I had enough of that in the practice of daily bandaging sore legs, setting dislocated shoulders, and distributing alterative powders and peptic pills, but to books of a more enlivening and encouraging type in classical lore. I sought comfort from the stoic epistles of the philosopher of Cordova—my favourite classic, and cheerfulness as well as learning from those of Cicero and the younger Pliny. I know not whether to other people under circumstances of absence from home, and of being condemned to a very dull sort of life, the perusal of an animated, interesting, and well-written correspondence between two distinguished characters of ancient times, on domestic as well as on more general subjects, would exercise the influence it had on me, that of arousing, quickening, and giving a fillip to the faculties of the mind, while it gratifies the affections of the heart. Such were the effects on myself. But as in reading I had always before me the desideratum of advancing my acquaintance with the English language, I not only turned to works in that language recommended by our reverend chaplain, but I selected an edition of Pliny's Letters with Lord Orrery's English version, which helped me immensely in retaining the one and in acquiring the other of the two languages embraced in that work.

Nevertheless that *tædium vitæ* would still maintain its ascendency, even to the effect of making me drowsy in the middle of the day. "L'oisiveté la plus pesante (justly observes Madame de Girardin) est l'oisiveté d'un esprit laborieux." Entries such as I give below appear frequently in my diary of April and May, and even June, 1812. I was then in a seventy-four-gun ship, in which my special duties were despatched in a couple of hours in the morning with the aid of two assistant surgeons; after which I had the whole long summer day to myself and my meditations. The quotations will serve to show what progress I was making in the English language *de die in diem.*

"19th April.—It is in vain I strive to conquer that spirit of indolence which almost overpowers me. It is evident that the kind of life I now lead is not congenial with my feelings; and to pretend to reform it in my present situation would be as vain as to clamour for a similar change in the body of our representatives." Bear in mind, I was habitually reading Cobbett's Register.

"24th April.—I seldom can muster spirits enough to write or study in the morning, though I rise with the full determination of doing so. I am overpowered by head oppression."

"28 April.—I am so oppressed by indolence, I cannot apply to anything useful."

"15 May.—I feel this morning a kind of heavy gloom pressing heavily on my brain,"—and so on as regards many more similar entries.

The monotony which produced so uncomfortable a state of the mind was at times broken by occurrences incidental to the sort of life we were leading. There were the occasional encounters with the outside Toulon squadron whenever their advanced ships chose to venture, however little, within our reach. Such occasions were invariably joyful days for our fleet, and days of "great bustle," as I heard them called. Then there were the occasional courts-martial on officers and men on board particular ships to keep us on the alert. Of these, three or four took place in my time, and I regretted to find myself in company with one or two cashiered lieutenants, sent on board our vessel till an opportunity occurred to give them a passage to England. No painter could have faithfully portrayed the heart-broken dejection depicted on the face of one of these ruined young officers, who for insubordination had in one day forfeited the rights, privileges, and satisfaction he had earned during several years' service. A far greater stir and a yet more melancholy sight would take place when an unfortunate sailor, for some unimportant crime having been condemned by a general court-martial to "go through the fleet," was destined to receive a certain number of lashes alongside of each ship, on which occasion it was my duty to get into the boat with the culprit, and remain present during the infliction of the corporal punishment. This barbarous spectacle, which in a more limited degree it was also my duty to witness whenever the captain of our own ship ordered a sailor to receive from three to four dozen lashes, used to recall to my mind the painful and distressing descriptions of which I was made to read in the ponderous folios of Christian martyrology by my reverend instructors while yet a youngster. With equal fortitude and serenity the infliction of agonizing pain was borne by the guilty seaman as it had been submitted to by the sainted martyr; although the quivering of the lacerated flesh I witnessed in one case, and the deep gashes left on the muscular shoulders of Jack Tar by the cat-o'-nine tails of the boatswain's mate, must be deemed to have been comparatively venial when contrasted with the horrors we find recorded by Baronius in his "Martyrologus Romanus," to which Pope Sixtus V. accorded his holy approbation.

I have complained of the dulness of our life in the Mediterranean, and yet, looking back to my diary, which I may call my log-book, for the period during which I remained connected with the Toulon fleet, namely, from the middle of March to the end of September, 1812, I read of so many movements, manœuvrings, hostile expeditions on both French and Catalonian coasts, some successful, others the contrary, of arrivals of fresh men-of-war to join the fleet, and of others parting company to return home, of promotions and changes of commanders, &c., that one would think we must have been for ever on the alert, and merry instead of dull and *ennuyés*. But there was one redeeming advantage in the constant companionship with men-of-war, many of whose officers, persons of birth, education, and whose higher qualities were in course of further development, would probably form friendly relations with one another that might last through life.

To such opportunities I have myself been indebted for more than one acquaintance which has ripened into cordial and neighbourly intimacy. At the genial table of the Duchess of Orleans such accidental connections were frequent, and reciprocal introductions under such auspices were not likely to be soon forgotten. One young naval officer I there met, whose success in life has been marvellous. He had already the reputation of a distinguished officer, although he had been only eleven years in the service. Our casual introduction soon ripened into something like intimacy, owing to our having exchanged some dictionaries,—a Regia Parnassi he had purchased in Sicily being handed over to me for an Italian and also a Greco-Romaic dictionary which I presented to him, both which languages he was earnestly studying at the time, and the knowledge of which proved to be his first step to political success. Little did we in our frequent and friendly walks in Port Mahon, or when we met at the cheerful board of the royal exile, think what was in store for one of us, who, though ambitious by nature, was not presumptuous, and was satisfied if his superior officers recognized in proper terms the various dashing acts of naval skill and courage he had performed. Little, I repeat, did we imagine that the same individual, a post captain two years later (1814), would in fifty years more be an admiral commanding in chief a fleet in the very waters in which he was then sailing as a simple lieutenant. Still less dreamt that same lieutenant that he was destined to become Sir Edmund Lyons, then a peer of the realm, and that his daughter would be the wife of the premier duke of England, and the mother of a numerous line of Howards.

A large fleet of men-of-war could not exist in a distant sea, with a whole line of coasts on the north and east in hostile array against them, without securing for themselves some friendly corner of land whence to draw timely supplies of meat and water. Both these the British commanders off Toulon found in Sicily and the Balearic Islands. An excursion to the first for provisions, and partly for political purposes, enabled my brother officers and me to view Palermo, then the seat of the lax court of Ferdinand IV. and his queen, Maria Carolina, whose Messalinic looks at once brought to my recollection the immodest consort of the fourth Charles whom I had so lately encountered in Madrid. Palermo at the time of our visit was probably one of the gayest capitals in the south of Europe, to which thousands of aristocratic and wealthy Italians and other refugees had resorted, to flee from persecution and insecurity of life. The sight also of British officers and soldiers promenading along the splendid Marina, with crowds of idle citizens and their fair black-eyed partners thronging the Jardin des Plantes and the orangeries that perfumed the air, added to the glorious sight the harbour and the city presented. An attempt had been made not long before to assimilate to that of England the constitution of Sicily under an English general, Lord William Bentinck, as captain-general. But the ill success of a somewhat similar recent endeavour on the part of the English to give a British turn to the constitution of the Ionian Islands, left only slender hopes of a better result in the present case, and accordingly both schemes proved signal failures, as history has recorded.

At our present visit to Palermo, among the various distinguished foreigners whom curiosity attracted on board our vessel there was one particularly pointed out to my notice, who, though not more than twenty-seven years of age, was not very long after to play a conspicuous part in the revolution of 1830, which his ill-starred father had cast away in the revolution of 1789-93. He appeared as an exile just returned from Switzerland, where he had supported his bachelor existence by giving lessons in mathematics. But on the present occasion the son of Egalité had found not only a flattering reception from the royal family of Sicily, but also a devoted and faithful consort in the young Princess Marie Amélie, whom he had married two years before, and by whom he had had a son. It would not be easy to describe faithfully the expression of feelings Louis Philippe (for it was he who was visiting the vessel) exhibited on being told that the principal medical officer of the ship was well versed in the south continental turmoils of Europe, and had recently had the honour of many interviews with his royal mother. The duke addressed me at once, and entered into a variety of subjects, first in reference to her health, and the people I had met at her table; next, concerning my experience of the society I had frequented in Madrid, on all which points it appeared that I gave him satisfaction. On taking leave I ventured to express the pleasure I should have on our return to Port Mahon in reporting favourably of the state of his health to his royal mother, to which he assented. Three months longer of this irksome and tedious life succeeded this visit to Palermo, the *Swiftsure* cruizing in and out of Sicie Bay, exchanging signals, the officers visiting one another on board during some of the calms so frequent in these seas, and even venturing on some private theatricals—all this *pour tuer*, not *pour passer le-temps.* Nor were the French loth to afford us some occupation in the exchange of shots between our advanced squadrons, which ended in noise and a great expenditure of powder, though never in such profusion as on the 15th of August, in honour of the saint who it is to be presumed will now be removed from the calendar. In the dearth of more serious occupations I was indebted to one of my new friends, Lieutenant Roberts, of H.M. ship *Bombay*, now Admiral Roberts Gowan, and a staunch shipmate, for what I considered an intellectual treat in the loan of Blair's Lectures, in addition to which our own kind chief, Captain Hardy, had presented me with the "Spectator." With this much more wholesome and intellectual fare than I had lately enjoyed, I found the hours more usefully as well as agreeably spent, and my knowledge of the English language progressing satisfactorily. Still, "grata domus optima semper," and such a feeling induced me twice to seek an interview with Sir Edward Pellew, in which I urged the injustice of my longer detention on a station to which I had not been officially appointed by the home authorities. It was ultimately arranged, that as I was to be a principal witness in the intended court-martial on Lieutenant Donnellan, late of the *Maidstone*, and nephew to the well-known Captain Macnamara, who shot his opponent in a duel for insulting his dog, I might be sent home with him in the *Impregnable*, which was under orders to return to England.

CHAPTER XX.

1812.

Departure from Port Mahon—The voyage home—Arrive at Plymouth—Prospects of a seafaring life—Obtain leave to go to Liverpool—Move to Manchester with my wife and infant daughter—A member of the Manchester Literary and Philosophical Society—John Dalton and his theory—Arrange to enter a new phase in my career—The Rev. Legh Richmond—A clap of thunder.

A "DINER D'ADIEU" which the Duchess of Orleans graciously offered to a few of her habitual visitors, including her own medical adviser, marked the eve of our departure from Port Mahon and from the Mediterranean. Several of the English guests I found assembled at dinner, Captain and Mrs. Hardy, for example, I again met the next day on board H.M. ship *Impregnable*, which ship was to convey us to England, and which sailed the following day, the 25th of August. The weather was intensely hot, but the idea that we were to sail first westward and next northward in such a state of the atmosphere tended to cheer us up a little, as we hoped to catch the breeze from those quarters, though it would not help us except negatively in our voyage, which we quite expected would last at least a month. The prospect of an agreeable life on board was encouraging.

Besides the usual number of officers belonging to a 74-gun ship, there were several supernumerary officers as passengers, some *per force*, others by favour, among the latter of whom, at all events, we might hope to pass many pleasant hours. Of the former number we could hardly expect much good humour. A post-captain who had lost a fine frigate, a lieutenant who was going home to be tried by court-martial, another officer of equal rank who was returning home reprimanded, with a fourth who had forfeited two years of his time of service; these were not passengers likely to add cheerfulness to the rest, although they might win and be certain to obtain sympathy and encouraging companionship. I happened to find an old acquaintance in First Lieutenant Donaldson. To him, an able officer as well as a pleasant companion, I am indebted for having enjoyed every possible comfort compatible with the difficulty of finding space and accommodation for double the number of officers, claiming all of them their privileges in virtue of their rank, or from the courtesy which is never wanting on such occasions on the part of the officers properly belonging to the ship. One annoyance we had to bear for a time until we got out of the Straits, and that was the convoying of the store-ship *Prévoyante*, which, besides being a great drawback on account of her slow sailing power, had committed the blunder of allowing herself to be boarded by an Algerine frigate, in consequence of which she would have to perform quarantine. These Algerine pirates had become so insolent that the Dey's power had to be curbed, else the whole Mediterranean would have been infested with pirates. Only a few years before, a *povero diävolo* of a teacher of Italian named Pananti—well-known as a satirical poet of merit, who had lived thirty years in London, and could never succeed in pronouncing (so as to be understood) his own address of "Berwick Street, Soho," but had succeeded nevertheless in realizing a little fortune by his calling—while returning to his native land in a Livornese brigantine, was snapt up when in the latitude of Algiers, imprisoned, stripped of every penny he possessed, and suffered to continue in slavery (an interesting account of which he published after his liberation) until the English expedition under Sir Edward Pellew caused a general "gaol delivery." But it was left to the French to destroy the abominable dens, to the influence of whose ruffian chief we submitted even during our sovereignty in the Mediterranean.

As regards myself, I commenced the voyage homewards inauspiciously, having had an attack of fever in the night, which prevented my accepting the invitation to dine with the captain of the ship, who had politely requested my company on the first day of sailing. My fever had an aguish type, a reminder of my Deptford fever, caught while fitting out the *Maidstone.* It was worse at night, and left me during the best part of the day, which I generally passed in some part of the poop under an awning in the society of my late Captain (Hardy) and his lady, with whom I read "Thalaba," "that wild and wondrous tale," and ventured on some critical observations on the style, the machinery, and composition of the poem. Mrs. Hardy differed with me in opinion as to the spirit and style of the composition, but was pleased to say that she could not gainsay the merit and genius of the metre in which the poem was written. Is it not surprising that, novice as I was in a language so difficult as English is to an Italian, I should have taken so sudden and so great a liking to Southey's poetry—so wild, so expressive, so oriental?

Our sea progress was provokingly slow, and it was not until the evening of the 31st of August that we anchored at Gibraltar, where we were put in quarantine, owing to the suspicion of yellow fever being at Carthagena. This occasioned a detention of ten days to enable us to obtain a clean bill of health. Notwithstanding our ship had the yellow flag flying while we remained at Gibraltar, the passengers were not precluded from business intercourse with the shore, and I availed myself of the occasion to dispose of some of the duros I had brought with me from the East, purchasing articles which contraband collectors bring to this emporium of prohibited merchandise. But during all this time we were losing the favourable south-east breeze that had accompanied us.

At length, on the 10th of September, we left Gibraltar, standing over to Tangiers to take some oxen, but when near the place the dread of another quarantine made us tack and shape our course for Cadiz with variable winds. Having no official occupation in the *Impregnable*, I found the time pass heavily. I resumed my study of Blair's Lectures, and to this day, with my more extensive acquaintance with English literature, I consider him still as one of the most perspicuous didactic writers I have perused.

Many vessels following the same course were in sight, and we watched the sky-scrapers of those farthest to windward for some sign of a breeze springing up, it being still dead calm all around us. In this state there was only one regret possible for us in those times. Should the same standstill occur in these days, we should have two regrets, being in an ordinary man-of-war. We should regret the absence of steam as well as of wind. We were therefore only half unhappy then. My fever lingered, and I could not apply myself to any serious occupation. There were my medical journals and reports for the period I was on board the *Swiftsure* to be got ready, to be forwarded to the Board on my arrival at Plymouth, and to this task I applied myself from time to time. Towards sunset, and for a hour or two after, I passed the hours in walking a measured distance on the quarter-deck a certain number of times, so as to make up about three miles on the whole. The officer of the watch generally, or one of the officers of the Marines, was my companion. With a young officer of the first mentioned class, Lieutenant Chapel, I liked much to consort, as he was a nephew of Dr. Clarke, the professor of mineralogy in the University of Cambridge, and author of travels in Greece and the Levant, where he followed Mr. Hamilton and Colonel Leake's route, whence I had recently returned. Captain English of the Marines was also one of my walking companions. He likewise made one of a small club we had formed, at which subjects of all sorts were discussed. I remember that one evening the subject of keeping a private journal was introduced, and underwent some strange disquisitions. Captain English, while speaking of my practice, which was well known on board, seemed not to be pleased with the idea of the possibility of his own speeches and opinions being recorded in my pages. In the course of conversation I was sorry to discover that the reciprocal bearing of the captain commanding and the officers was not of the most friendly sort, though they were perfectly courteous to one another.

We sighted the rock of Lisbon on the 15th of September. A slight improvement in the wind had pushed us forward, but it soon changed again. Between the 19th and 20th it became "set fair," and we all enjoyed on deck the fine weather, observing in the day-time the clear horizontal lines, with now and then a tiny sail passing over the field of our spy-glass, too distant for a chase; and at night contemplating a star-spangled sky, such as the zenith in the Atlantic so frequently exhibits. Under such talismans at length we found ourselves safely anchored in Cawsand Bay, Plymouth, on the 26th, and placed in quarantine. On my reporting myself on the 1st of October to Sir Robert Calder, the admiral in command, I learned that the intended court-martial was postponed indefinitely, on hearing which I applied to the Admiralty in London for permission to spend whatever time I should have to wait on full pay at home with my family, instead of idling it in Plymouth harbour until the court-martial should assemble. The Admiralty having signified their assent in the course of three or four days, I wasted not another day before joining my wife and the dear infant I had not yet seen, who were then living with my wife's father and mother. I immediately removed them to my old quarters in Manchester, where friendship, science, and literature offered me a better prospect of passing the period of Admiralty leave with benefit as well as satisfaction to myself.

Looking back to the last five years of my sailor's life, and passing under review the very long list of naval officers of many ranks and various merits with whom I had become acquainted more or less intimately, not only on board the ship to which I belonged, but in the many other ships of war with which we had consorted in the Channel, in the West Indies, and the Mediterranean waters, the names of all of whom I find regularly mustered in my private log-book up to the period of my leaving the last ship (October, 1812), and as it proved my sea life altogether, I tremble to inquire at the present time (October, 1871) how many of them are like myself surviving that bustling, half-joyous, and half-melancholy period of life. For the sake of bearing a naval title with the hope of attaining soon a higher one; for the honour of wearing the King's uniform, and for the scanty guerdon of a few shillings daily pay, with the chance of increasing it by legitimately getting what pirates and privateers catch unlawfully —I mean prize money; for the sake of all these, how many consented to a daily and hourly privation of home blessings, to a scanty fare, and the absence of every domestic comfort, to the chance at last of a stray shot, a shipwreck, or a watery grave! For such in reality is the nature and such are the expectations of a Royal Navy sea life.

The satisfaction I experienced at finding myself once more at home, and embracing an infant daughter who had come into the world three months after my last departure from England in a smart new frigate, and in which I expected to make my fortune, can be easily imagined. The failing of part of that expectation did not lessen the pleasure of finding myself again with those I loved. The choosing once more Manchester for my temporary residence while waiting for orders from my superiors, being still on full pay and active service, was not the effect of chance or caprice, but a deliberate selection, knowing from former experience the many advantages the metropolis of commercial and industrial England offered to a stranger, and one happy to profit by the opportunities that city afforded him if desirous to become acquainted with the many remarkable institutions with which England is endowed. For any professional improvement, what better than the English hospitals, and in my present case, the Manchester Infirmary? For chemistry and its agnate sciences, what more promising than to live in propinquity and in almost daily communing with such a genius as Dalton? At my first visit to the Literary and Philosophical Society, I found that in my absence I had been honoured with a nomination to a membership of the society, and that a diploma as such lay ready for me at the secretary's office. My admission took place that same evening—John Dalton in the chair. It was the first academical body into which I was admitted since my first coming to England; and considering under whose auspices I received that distinction, and how fortunate I was from the very commencement in making the personal acquaintance of some of its most able, zealous, and distinguished members, no surprise will be expressed if I declare that among the many academical distinctions I have received in subsequent years, both in England and in foreign countries, my membership of the Manchester

Literary and Philosophical Society is that which most flatters my vanity.

By adopting Higgins' theory, and developing it as a doctrine of equivalents, under which he accounts for the composition of bodies, Dalton had established a philosophical system of his own, the principles and elements of which he had published to the world a year or two before my present or second visit to Manchester in 1812. I was therefore at the very fountain-head of the most recent discoveries in science, added to which fact, that good old conventual Manchester College offered me abundant sources of literary enjoyment. But in the midst of this intellectual gratification, I did not forget that my future was still undefined as well as undecided, and that I must not suffer opportunities to escape of establishing myself honourably and advantageously in society somewhere on *terra firma*, being pretty well tired and disgusted with active sea life such as I had lived lately, for which purpose a correspondence was kept up with my friend at the Foreign Office.

In November, 1812, a new era in my life commenced. Mr. Hamilton offered me, by a letter dated the 2nd of that month, the means of putting an end to the nautical part of my career, and initiating me into a fresh path, more consonant with the bent of my judgment, with the knowledge I already possessed and hoped steadily to augment, and, lastly, with the desire I entertained of distinguishing myself in a profession held in so high esteem in the country of my adoption. The proposal was accepted at once, and I felt a much happier man. I then sought my friends, and prepared them for our separation; but, during the few days left, I still attended the infirmary to witness some important operations, and the College library, to terminate certain literary investigations I had commenced from the very beginning of my former residence in Manchester.

Ere I left that city again I consigned to my day-book two incidents of my life while resident in it, which I wished to be able to remember in later times, as having greatly interested me. The town had been for some days on the stir at the doctrine of the Rev. Legh Richmond, a gentleman of about forty years of age, who had been preaching at St. James's church. His pulpit eloquence was much extolled by all parties. I heard that he was to preach in the evening of the 12th, and I secured a seat to hear him. Although much had been said in his praise, I was in no wise disappointed in the high expectations I had formed of his abilities in consequence. Far from it, and I once more regretted my inability to follow him by stenography. He appeared before the Manchester audiences as a travelling apostle, having a particular mission to fulfil and to support by his eloquence, namely, the conversion of the Jews. The character of his oratory seemed to me well suited for the purpose. It was that simple, smooth, soft, gliding sort of eloquence which pleases, commands, and rivets attention to the subject, and must carry conviction to the hearer. Some strange propositions, however, he now and then advanced in support of his peculiar opinions as regards the interpretation of parts of the Gospel, which demanded much more attention and greater consideration ere they can be accepted as truths. Mr. Richmond maintained that the Jew and the believing Gentile (as he called the Christian) differ only in the interpretation of the Gospel. In some parts of his discourse we thought he committed both logical and historical errors. If there was a defect in his style of preaching, it was his synonymic repetition of the same idea. For oratory, such a figure is certainly allowable, but its use should not be too frequent, or when so the repetition of the same idea in different phrases ought to be either in an ascending or a descending proportion, to heighten or to diminish the interest we desire to attach to the thing spoken of. In this Mr. Richmond certainly erred, for his employment of the rhetorical figure in question was a mere succession of pleonasms that added nothing to the force of the expression; as for example, "If I am in the wrong," . . . "If I stray from the right path," . . . "If I err," &c. This too frequent use of such a figure of speech becomes at last tedious and irksome to the hearers. It weakens rather than supplies additional vigour to a discourse. The spirit of moderation with which Mr. Richmond endeavoured to instil Christian faith into the Jewish mind, deserved the warmest praise from every religious man, from the general worshipper of the one only God as well as from him who considers himself as one of the vast family whom Providence has sent to people and inhabit the world, and who owes to the Deity suit and service.

The evening after this speculative sermon was spent at the house of the very able surgeon of the Infirmary, Mr. Ransome, a member of the Society of Friends, whom I learned to value truly, with such others of their distinguished members as flourish in Manchester, Dalton one of them *par excellence.*

When I rose on the morning of the 15th of November, a letter of a gloomy purport was handed to me, directed "On Her Majesty's Service, to A. B. Granville, Surgeon, R.N.," coming from the Admiralty. It would be easier to conceive what a sudden clap of thunder in a sunny day would be to a man situated as I was at this moment, than to judge of the effect this official missive produced on me:—

"(Immediate.)

"Admiralty Office, 11th November, 1812.

"SIR,

"I am commanded by my Lords Commissioners of the Admiralty to signify their directions to you to proceed, without a moment's loss of time, to Plymouth, applying to Admiral Sir Richard Bickerton on your arrival for a passage to join Admiral Sir Borlase Warren.

"Yours, &c.,

"JOHN BARROW, Secretary."

In undertaking to draw up that part of the narrative of my life which relates to the period (by far the longest) which I passed in England, I firmly determined not to allow a single expression to escape my pen which would imply dissatisfaction, complaint, or resentment at what might have appeared to me to be acts evidencing dislike, envy, or hostility against me on account of my not having had the good fortune of being born in England. Were I to follow a different course, often should I have occasion to point out deeds of injustice, spite, and enmity committed against me from no other motives than feelings of national antipathy. But into such a field of distasteful investigation I shall abstain from entering, saving and except when any question arises to make it necessary for me to vindicate my character as a professional man, or my rights as an author. On the present occasion, which has elicited these general remarks, I could have told immediately the worthless motive, and point out the man to whom I owed so unexpected and inexorable a blow; but as it was frustrated in the space of twice twenty-four hours, I am satisfied to let it pass as an extinct *brutum fulmen.*

CHAPTER XXI.

1813—14.

Installed in London—Instruct Mr. Hamilton's children in Latin, mathematics, and chemistry—A pupil at Westminster Hospital—Mr. Carlisle: his eccentricities—Sir Joseph Banks's Sunday evenings—Colonel Leake and Mr. Salt—Blanco White and John Morier—Aspasia's lyre—The duties of an Under-Secretary of State—Letters of Vetus—A fête at Vauxhall—The Lancastrian system of education—Birth of a son—The "Italico"—Enrolled a member of the Royal College of Surgeons—Admitted a member of the Royal Institution—The Society of Arts—Honorary physician to the Italian Opera House.

New Year's Day, 1813, found me installed in London, in a neat and comfortable lodging in the immediate vicinity of my good friend and Mecænas, as I may now call him, having through his intercession, and some concessions on my part, obtained the withdrawal of the Admiralty order to proceed to North America, with the payment of my full pay up to the day of that withdrawal, and the consent of the authorities to my being placed on the half-pay list. Mr. Hamilton's main object was to enlist me to instruct his two eldest sons, William and Alexander, in the Latin language, and to teach them to speak it fluently, as he had heard me do, he said, whenever I had occasion during our travels together to converse in his presence with people who did not know any other language by which we might carry on a continuous discourse. We had frequently discussed together this proposition: why should we not learn a dead language like the Latin as we learn its corrupt and living offspring—the Italian language, for instance—by rote and use, instead of wasting years in learning it by first committing to memory a vast number of what are called "rules of grammar," which, when impressed on the memory, after all cannot be made available if we understand not the meaning of the mass of words to which these rules are intended to be applied?* Why not rather employ the same time in learning the signification of a certain number of Latin words, from the collected mass of which (a vocabulary of our own making, in fact) we may proceed to the formation of single phrases, and by-and-by to that of whole periods, precisely as a growing child proceeds under a natural instinct with respect to its mother tongue?

On the general proposition we both agreed perfectly; the question was as to the best method to be adopted for carrying out the idea in the case of our two pupils, who were of the age of six and seven years. It was manifest that to learn by heart a long list of dry Latin words and their English interpretations every day would be a tedious, irksome, and uninteresting operation; nor would such a process give the learner the smallest inkling of how to combine some of those words so learned into phrases. Now if, instead of such purely mechanical process, we adopt that of learning by heart the meaning of a successive number of words out of a known classical theme or composition, be it history, oratory, epistles, poems, or plays, the learner as he proceeds through his task would naturally feel and take an interest in the subject, progress with greater zeal, and find it easier to remember, not only all the words, but many of their minor combinations, alias phrases, from an association with the plot, plan, or scheme of the work from which the words were taken. This view struck my friend's intelligence so immediately that he at once said, "Recte, Magister! Ecce

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* "We do amiss to spend seven or eight years in scraping together so much miserable Latin and Greek as may be learned otherwise easily and delightfully in one year."—MILTON.

Terentius." He had understood me, and forthwith from his library he produced two well-printed copies of that delightful Roman dramatist, with which it was settled that we should proceed with our work without any further delay.

Teacher and pupils commenced reading the "Andria," the former interpreting every word, showing how they were combined together to signify particular ideas, while the pupils committed to memory, by frequent repetition, not only the single words, but many short phrases of general use, which the teacher and the taught were expected to employ among themselves in their daily intercourse. This method soon found high favour with both my young friends.

They felt quite proud from the very commencement of their task that they were able not only to read and understand a Latin play, but could address a number of Latin phrases in colloquial intercourse to their father and teacher, the latter of whom, on his part, felt happy to revive his old acquaintance with the most terse, elegant, and perspicuous Latinist of the Augustan age. Matters being so settled, we proceeded to the enacting of our domestic drama and all the expected consequences, and by the end of three weeks all the ordinary interlocutory communications between teacher and pupils and the head of the family became exclusively and almost naturally Terentian.

As Mr. Hamilton had not of his own accord made any stipulation with regard to the extent of instruction I should impart to my two pupils in return for the very liberal nature of the arrangement he proposed when he invited me to assume the tutorship, I offered to instruct them in geometry and the practical use of logarithms, and during the summer, when the family removed to Arundel House, Fulham, to give them practical instructions in chemistry, a favourite science of mine, as may be supposed from my antecedents. All this was agreed to and acted upon. The early hours of the day, from seven o'clock (even during the winter) until twelve, exclusive of the breakfast hour, and the post-prandial hours (being from two o'clock till four), were devoted to my task at my friend's house. The rest of the afternoon and the evenings I reserved to myself, and I tried to make good use of the time.

My honorarium, joined to my half-pay, placed me in easy circumstances, independently of which there was the residue of the professional fruit gathered in the Levant. I considered myself therefore a comparatively independent man. My wife agreed to remain with her father and mother in the country for the first few months of my town experience, as it was my determination to devote whatever time I had left to myself after the fulfilment of my daily duty to the prosecution of a practical study of all the branches of the medical and surgical profession as practised in England, knowing the vast difference which existed between it and the mode universally adopted in foreign countries. For this purpose, I set apart a couple of hours in the day, without interfering with the curriculum in Dean Street, Hyde Park, for attendance at a hospital, and I chose the Westminster in preference, entering myself as a pupil, or in reality as an assistant, to the two physicians, Dr. Bradley and Dr. Paris, whose patients I often visited for them, entering the cases and treatment in the hospital books. Dr. Bradley was learned in mathematics and not over-burdened with practice, unfortunately for him, and I obtained the favour of securing lessons from him in algebra for an hour twice a week in the evening.

Mr. Carlisle, one of the surgeons of the hospital, having remarked how desirous I was to enter deeply into the theory and practice of anatomy as well as surgery, suggested to me, at the recommendation of Mr. Hamilton, with whom he was acquainted, that I should take up my abode at his house in Soho Square as a "house pupil" for six months. I agreed, thinking naturally that in his circle I should have frequent opportunities to become acquainted with some of the best-known practitioners in London, and derive benefit from intercourse with such able professors of the art. An experience of three months proved so unsatisfactory to both of us that we agreed to return to our former status of teacher and pupil at the hospital only. I know not whether there be any hereditary eccentricity in the name of Carlisle or Carlyle (no matter how spelt), as the works of some authors of that name would induce one to suppose, but my Carlisle, afterwards Sir Anthony, unquestionably had a right to that distinction, irrespective of the spelling, whether as regarded his doctrines or some of his acts. One morning, coming down to breakfast, I discovered under my folded napkin a phial, inscribed "a black dose." I stared at my host and professor with a look of inquiry. "It is the seventh day of the moon," he said, "on which everybody who desires to enjoy health and live long should give a scouring to his alimentary canal." Of course I begged to be excused. He would often come down dressed without a waistcoat, which he had forgotten; and not unfrequently we would meet him out of doors, or coming into the hospital, with two half-gaiters of different colours, or with both gaiters on the same foot. Those who did not like him pretended that he affected eccentricity for a purpose.

To replace the loss of Mr. Carlisle, I entered myself as a hearer of a sound, popular, and truly philosophical lecturer, though very quiet in his manner, Doctor Tuthill, and engaged myself also to follow the instructive practical lectures of a teacher of anatomy and surgery well known in those days, of the name of Taunton, who lived in an out-of-the-way quarter of the town, called Hatton Garden, involving on my part no insignificant trouble and fatigue in reaching his dwelling and returning home on foot. At these several lectures I took full notes, all of which I preserve, and look to now and then to remind me of the earnest and laborious life I led with the sole intent of qualifying myself for a London practice. As an aggravation, such hard ordeal, which extended to two years, took place chiefly in the winter months, with deep snow on the ground, and who can forget the winter of 1813–14?

Nevertheless, a winter in London is an El Dorado for a young scientific man to advance his knowledge and commune with men of his caste likely to appreciate him while reciprocating useful and very often novel information. Thus, on the first Sunday after my settling in South Audley Street, the 20th of December, Mr. Hamilton drove me to Sir Joseph Banks's *conversazione*, and introduced me to that venerable patriarch of science, who was pleased to receive me with great courtesy, congratulating me on my intention of establishing myself in England, expressing at the same time his hope that I would be a frequent visitor to his Sunday meetings. I did not then presume to think that a day would arrive when, as President of the Royal Society, it would be part of his duty to receive me as one of its fellows. With such a possible object in view, and the obligation I was under of becoming a licentiate of the Royal College of Physicians before I could set up in practice as one of them, I now turned my attention to acquiring and deserving the reputation and character of a man of science. As a matter of course, I became an assiduous frequenter of the evening *réunions* in Soho Square. The aristocracy of talent, with a not small sprinkling of the aristocracy of blood, were to be met with on those occasions. It was deemed a great distinction to be admitted into such an assembly, from which all ostentation, idle display, or ceremonial stiffness were entirely banished. Sir Joseph's house was open every Sunday night, without preliminary or formal invitation by cards or notes. Some claim to the distinction was expected to exist in the person who sought admission through personal introduction by some one of the best-known friends of the president. There were no formal lectures, nor discourses, nor set discussions, but general conversation on all scientific, literary, professional, and artistic subjects. The latest news in science was sure to be learned here first. The most recent works in literature, history, voyages, and travels were ushered into the world in these rooms, such works lying on the table. The rooms which composed the valuable library of Sir Joseph were not large, but sufficiently numerous and roomy to admit fifty or sixty choice spirits, who, after receiving the friendly greeting of the host, grouped themselves here and there in twos and threes, intent on conversing on their own special topics, while a few remained near Sir Joseph (himself an inexhaustible source of interesting information), enjoying at the same time the gratification of witnessing in the principal room the reception of some of the most remarkable characters who visited on such occasions. One such individual, who made for himself an unrivalled name in antipodean botany, Robert Brown, the companion of Captain Flinders in their Australian travels, would be seen every Sunday night standing by the side of Sir Joseph, who had committed to his charge the large collections, both his own and those Sir Joseph himself had collected, together with the splendid specimens of natural history they had brought to their native land from those distant southern climes, and which were finally consigned to the British Museum for the use of the public, thanks to Sir Joseph's munificence. The library of the venerable president afforded rare and splendid works, exquisitely illustrated, which were, if required, pointed out and shown methodically by a learned young German, Dr. Thiarks, who spoke English fluently and acted as under-secretary. From this gentleman I took some lessons in German in return for instruction in Italian, which I imparted to him until he was appointed mathematician to the English commission sent out to trace the boundary lines between British America and the United States.

But adventitious temptations were not needed to assemble a sufficient number of *savants* on each Sunday evening in their rooms, sacred to science and learning, for who would not have desired to behold and become personally acquainted with individuals whose names were as well known on the Continent as they were in England, and not a few of whom professed never to absent themselves from Sir Joseph Banks's Sunday evening *conversaziones?* Here Humphry Davy and his brother, Wollaston, Dr. Thomas Young, Thomas Brande, Marcet, Henry Brougham, Lansdowne, Herschel, Whewell, Brewster, Henry Ellis, William Lawrence, Leman Horner, Humboldt, De Candolle, Doctor Baillie, Sir Astley Cooper, Sir Everard Home, Birkbeck, Stewart, Playfair, and other members of that galaxy of talent which in those days shone so pre-eminently in this land, were certain to meet at one or other of these delightful Sunday assemblies.

I look back to the history of my life during the eventful year of 1813 with a degree of satisfaction commensurate with the result obtained from incessant study and intellectual occupation, and the approbation I obtained from the party most interested in the success of all these exertions. It was impossible for a person situated as I was to wish for more encouraging treatment. My two young pupils, tractable and assiduous, were making rapid progress in Latin, not only in Terence, but in Cicero and Livy; also to the great delight of their father, who expressed at the same time the satisfaction, indeed the obligation, he said he owed to me for the time I bestowed on the additional instruction in mathematics and botany I gave to his sons; and especially did he feel thankful for the course of lectures in practical chemistry I gave them through the whole summer months in a well-appointed laboratory I fitted up at the end of the garden of Arundel House, which lectures were illustrated by homely and practical experiments.

Nothing could be more encouraging to me as an instructor in more than one branch of knowledge, than to have the daily supervision, and to know that I was under the immediate eye of a most able and erudite person as well as a statesman and a man of the world, that supervision leading to the expression of an unqualified approbation. Mr. Hamilton's delicacy in his intercourse with me never shone more conspicuously than when in the presence of distinguished guests at his house. But, in truth, such courteous manner in my good friend was a natural feature of his character, extending to all occasions in which people were obliged to have recourse to him, whether on public or private business. None was more conversant with *le grand art de savoir vivre;* few gave better promises to achieve distinction as a high-bred, able, and polished member of the diplomatic service, in which he terminated his public life as a retired minister plenipotentiary at the court of Naples, a post he had occupied in difficult times.

My daily, nay hourly, intercourse with one so well qualified, and so occupied in directing some of the great public affairs of the day, which necessitated the intervention of individuals of different nations and of various degrees of importance for pre-eminent intellect, military or diplomatic position, or for their social status, tended naturally to advance me in the knowledge of the world and its ways in a country new to me in a shorter time than as a young man

I could have hoped to accomplish by the mere routine of general observation as a guide. My introduction to the meetings of some of the principal learned and scientific societies was another mode of extending my acquaintance with persons of note. Thus, on an early day in January of the year to which this portion of my memoirs relate, after dining in Dean Street, our good host drove an old Grecian fellow-traveller, Colonel Leake, and myself to the Royal Society, and also to the Antiquarian Society in Somerset House. In the first I was present at the admission as "fellows" of Sir Charles Brisbane, a distinguished mathematician and governor of Saint Vincent, and of Consul-General Salt, the fellow-traveller of Lord Valentia, author of a description of the interior of Abyssinia, with which country he tried to establish friendly relations with England, the rupture of which, a little more than half a century later, was to cost eight millions of pounds sterling to the one nation, and his throne and life to the sovereign of the other. Mr. Salt had also made some successful studies on the phonetic system of hieroglyphics as treated by Doctor Thomas Young and Champollion, and he well deserved the scientific distinction he received on the present occasion, as well as his subsequent appointment of Consul-General in Egypt.

At the meeting of the Antiquaries, which was held simultaneously in an adjoining apartment, and of which society Mr. Hamilton was one of the vice-presidents, my good fortune made me acquainted with that well-known as well as esteemed prelate of Saint David's, Thirlwall, who occupied the chair on the occasion in his character of a learned antiquary. To him was due the foundation of the Royal Society of Literature in a subsequent year. It was about this same period of my life that, on the occasion of his attending one of my private lectures on chemistry in the laboratory at Arundel House, with the master of which he was intimate, John Morier, the author of "Hadji Baba," was added to the number of my acquaintances, and later to the number of those who sought my medical advice.

About this same time commenced those friendly relations with Blanco White, which were to last to the end of his days. There was a certain similarity in Blanco White's early fate and my own which brought us together insensibly, though it is not unlikely that my intimate acquaintance with his native land and language, as well as the similarity of our literary pursuits, were the causes of the continuance of our companionship, as I may observe likewise in regard to my relations before mentioned with John Morier, whose work from the Persian was at that time in everybody's hands. With this oriental scholar and friend I used to carry on more congenial subjects of conversation respecting the Mahomedan countries we had both visited. I remember when he formed one of a small private committee in Dean Street, to examine an interesting object of Grecian antiquity brought from Athens by the master of the house, and respecting which an early suggestion of my own as to its nature and application was taken into consideration. In a sepulchral bronze urn of a semi-spherical shape, partly destroyed by time and verdigris, and which had been found in what was considered to have been the tomb of Aspasia, were discovered several fragments of wood delicately turned, which appeared to have been some slight structure. Attempts to put them together, so as to divine the use they had served, had proved vain, and the matter had been set aside. One day, when at leisure, I asked permission to study the fragments. First of all I took drawings of the natural size in pencil of each fragment separately, and next, as they appeared when arranged so as to bring them in close and fitting contact. The appearance the figure assumed by the time one half of the fragments had been put together at once supplied the hint of the form which the other half should make, and the use which the whole of it was intended to represent, namely, an Apollinean lyre, probably the identical one which served the irresistible Athenian beauty to retain captive the son of Xanthippus. My readers will find the restored lyre in one of the halls of the British Museum.

The occupations and engagements of a permanent Under-Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs under Lord Castlereagh at this particular epoch, constituted a post of incessant labour and vigilance, when all hands were against and all Europe in arms to overthrow a self-made sovereign, who had marched over the whole Continent with giant strides, knocking at every capital in turn, leaving his despotic behest behind him at each, until he found not only man, but Nature herself against him. The principal Minister with the second Under-Secretary, Mr. Planta, being absent at a congress abroad, Mr. Hamilton had the entire charge of receiving and replying to despatches from many parts, and I have known him to be roused from his sleep very often twice and three times in the same night to receive expresses from the Continent requiring either immediate reply or consultation with some member of the Cabinet. I resided then in his immediate neighbourhood, 16, Charles Street, Grosvenor Square, where my wife and child had joined me. The management of the Foreign Office had been made one of anxiety, from hostile feelings that prevailed politically against the previous administration when the Marquis of Wellesley was foreign secretary, and the famous letters of Vetus, as sharp and as ably written as those of Junius, had made the occupants in Downing Street quake, until the discovered writer of them, Edward Sterling, an Irish half-pay officer, showed a disposition to side with the actual administration (Liverpool's).

About this time the Austrians were marching to the reconquest of their lost provinces in Lombardy. Lieutenant-General Sir Robert Wilson was appointed military commissioner at the head-quarters in the north of Italy, and Mr. Hamilton, unknown to me, sent him the expression of his private wish that Sir Robert should call on my father at his official residence in Milan, and offer him Sir Robert's official aid for himself and family if he required it with the Austrian authorities. I did not learn of this kind and friendly act of Mr. Hamilton's until a year after, when in communication with Sir Robert himself. At this time the English government had determined to disseminate such information as would tend to rouse people under the yoke of a French military rule; and as regarded Italy, which was wholly in the hands of the French, except such parts as the Austrians occupied in virtue of former treaties, the bulletins from the Peninsular triumphant armies were purposely translated and largely distributed among the Italians, to stimulate them to follow the example of the Spaniards. These bulletins were consequently handed over to me in their original for translation, printed, and distributed through the hands of proper agents throughout the Italian peninsula, appearing also in a journal, entitled "L' Italico." During these pressing occupations on my part all studies were suspended in order that I might devote the whole of my time to the needful object, and such bulletins recording the military successes of the British army came sometimes faster than the translator could accomplish his task creditably.

One of the bulletins, which recorded the victory of Vittoria (though compared with Sadowa, Sedan, or Metz it was but a skirmish), was translated, printed, and distributed before the preparations at Vauxhall for a grand evening illumination and fête were completed. To that fête, admission to which was by select tickets, to be obtained from a number of aristocratic stewards, and which was made memorable by some royal wrangles it gave rise to, my wife and I accompanied Mr. Hamilton and his family. Vast as the western and southern suburbs of London are, the number of carriages that encumbered them on the occasion was such that a line formed in Pall Mall at three o'clock, P.M., did not reach the entrance of the gardens before seven or eight o'clock, to be received by the fashionable stewards in their evening dress and with their white wands of office at the entrance. Arrivals continued till a much later hour, and those who came too late for music, Madame Sacchis, or the tumbling and pantomimes of the hired theatrical artists, were in time for refreshments and supper. In spite of many rules of exclusiveness, one perceived a certain mixture of society, which however did not detract from the grand and decorous manner in which the fête was conducted. Altogether the general sight was imposing, and the illumination of the whole garden, in which almost every leaf represented a variegated lamp, casting a splendour mimicking sunlight, while over our heads was spread a canopy of the darkest azure twinkling with myriads of splendid stars. To a few who had been in the secret a sort of royal vaudeville which escaped general attention was enacted in the crowd. The Prince and Princess of Wales had attended, each hoping that the other would not be present, but when once aware that such was not the case, a game of hide and seek was kept up for an hour or so to avoid meeting, much to the general amusement, thus adding something to the merriment, but nothing to the credit of the intended display of national rejoicing at a glorious triumph of the British arms against France.

I confess that I derived much greater pleasure, and I may add edification, at a visit I paid the day after the fête, in company with Monsieur de Châteauneuf, a friend and travelling associate of Baron Humboldt, with whom I had become acquainted at one of the lectures on geology by Professor Hare. Monsieur de Châteauneuf was in London to inquire into the state of public education, and our joint visit to a great Lancastrian school well suited us both. At that school we were met by Admiral Hamilton—no connection of my friend, but so intimate with him that the admiral left him the guardian of his only daughter, a most intelligent and *spirituelle* young lady, who afterwards married a distinguished officer, Colonel Edward Fitzgerald, to whom I am indebted for acts of kindness, while he owes me his life, saved in the very instant of an apoplectic seizure, a fortunate result which prolonged his existence and inaugurated a friendship of more than half a century's duration.

Admiral Hamilton being in some degree connected with the managers of the great establishment Monsieur de Châteauneuf and myself were visiting, put us in the way of forming a just notion of its object and means. The pupils were made to go through all the parts of the system, which was both simple and logical, albeit in appearance complicated. If the results generally, and in all the schools of the same denomination said to be spread over England, corresponded with the limited sample we beheld on this occasion, I should be tempted to rank the system in a humanitarian point of view with the one in which I partly received my own earliest instruction in Italy, I mean the Pestalozzian system. Both systems were based on emulation and a method of imparting instruction simultaneously and with great expedition to a large number of scholars by the assistance of other scholars, constituting what may be called the mutual or monitorial education. The good quaker who originated the Lancastrian system was not destined to live to witness the happy result of his bright idea, the bringing which into active operation in many parts of England and Canada had involved him in embarrassments that rendered self-exile compulsory.

On the 13th of September, 1813, Earl Clancarty and Mr. Sydenham, formerly a diplomatic agent at Lisbon, dined at Arundel House. His lordship some time after the cloth was withdrawn tendered to Mr. Hamilton a document purporting to be an official protest of several Portuguese officers, who complained that they had been ill treated in certain transactions by some British officers, and now claimed redress and compensation. The paper was a long one, and written wholly in the Portuguese language. Mr. Hamilton handed it across the table to me, when having cast my eyes over it, I was able to state in a few words the nature of the complaint and the compensation expected, at the same time I volunteered to translate the entire document, an offer which was gladly accepted both by my lord and Mr. Hamilton. I may add that the question was disposed of in a just and honourable manner, to the satisfaction of the aggrieved. These services rendered by me to the Government were always suitably acknowledged, and I thus found myself in the receipt of an additional income to that arising from the tutorship and my half-pay. These increments of income came in very opportunely, for on the 4th of January, 1814, another child, a son, was born to me in Charles Street, Grosvenor Square, Mr. Hamilton's fifth son, Arthur, being born on the same day and at the same hour. Mr. Hamilton's son lived to become a commissioner in the West Indies for the suppression of the slave trade, and a useful member of society, whereas I was less fortunate than my friend: the son born in Charles

Street, who grew up to become Lieutenant and Adjutant in the 89th Regiment of Foot after a strict education in a German Military College, was snatched suddenly from his devoted parents by a terrible accident.

Having completed the third volume of my Italian journal, "L' Italico," I dissolved my association with two Italians who had contributed to it, and confined myself to the translation of diplomatic and official papers from Spain, Italy, and Greece. In the mean time my attendance at all the surgical lectures throughout the winter, and at the hospital, including a course of dissections in those most practical but insufferable anatomical rooms of Mr. Brooks's, in Blenheim Passage, Great Marlborough Street, having added all that was needed to my professional knowledge of the art, I tendered myself to the council of the College of Surgeons in Lincoln's Inn, claiming to be admitted this time a member of that body corporate. Accordingly a diploma, after a long examination by Blizard, Blick, Everard Home, and other examiners was signed and handed over to me, October, 1813, when I found myself enrolled in the list of members of the Royal College of Surgeons of London, at present denominated Royal College of Surgeons of England.

But always work, work and no play, was not quite suited to my constitution. I experienced at times an actual yearning for society and the mixture of the *utile dulci*, without however wishing to fritter away valuable hours. I therefore set about gaining admission into the Royal Institution of Great Britain, which had recently been formed on the suggestion of Count Rumford, a distinguished Bavarian nobleman and *savant* (married to the widow of the guillotined Lavoisier), under a powerful and illustrious patronage, and which institution took its rise at the house of my venerable friend and patron, Sir Joseph Banks, he bringing forward such an association of talent as well as of noble and wealthy patrons of science as must have startled the men of science in every country. As I was fortunate in forming a more intimate connection with this illustrious body of scientific men in the course of time, I abstain now from stating more than the fact of my admission into it, having continued faithful to its *Lares* for the last fifty-eight years, and being very nearly the senior of its members. Its managers have very judiciously republished the original proposal of Count Rumford in the proceedings of the institution.

Two other scientific societies afforded me occasion of spending some of my evenings in an amusing and instructive manner. I allude to the Linnæan Society, and to another more enlivening as well as useful one, the Society of Arts. This last became a favourite with me on account of its division into sections, by which active members were afforded good opportunities to work and express their opinions to numerous assemblies of well-qualified hearers. The society was then in a progressive state, and in time took a higher rank among the useful societies of the metropolis, under the patronage and innate moral sense of that Royal German Prince whose presence in England served to introduce an era distinct from any other of the preceding eras, being marked by superiority of intellect and great æsthetic tendencies.

The profitable connection with the Foreign Office, and the benefit it was intended to be to the Italian cause, were not the only advantages I derived from the establishment of "L'Italico," ostensibly set up as a means to encourage Italian literature in this country. The good will and support of the great Italian artists at the King's Opera House was another gain of which I most readily availed myself. It was natural that in a periodical professing to address itself to a class of society whose knowledge of the melodious language of Metastasio led them to love music, critical reviews of the opera and its performers should form part of its contents. This share of the editorial office I took upon myself, the result of which was an acquaintance and friendly connection with the *élite* of the singers engaged at the opera, which was soon to be so extended as to become general; for a gentleman, Mr. Ayrton, himself a most accomplished musician, who had the direction of the Opera House under Mr. Waters, had prevailed on me to accept the office of honorary physician to the Opera. This I did most willingly, first in consideration of my former friendly connection with Mr. Ayrton, to whom the merit is due of having introduced into this country the best works of Mozart, hitherto scarcely known, and secondly because it imposed on me none but light and sympathetic duties. Tramezzani, a gentleman born, and almost a fellow-townsman of mine, a tenor and actor the like of whom we have not since seen in this country, was the lode-star of the day, to whom succeeded the delicious Rubini. Tramezzani held at his house in Gerrard Street a nightly *conversazione*, except on opera nights. Madame Catalani had likewise her *soirées* at Brompton, at a house called the Hermitage, on the site of the present Ovington Square, where she lived *en princesse* with her husband, Monsieur de Valobrèque, and received the *élite* of London society during the summer days in her pretty garden, now and then indulging her fair aristocratic visitors with some of her inimitable *fioriture*, in which art no soprano capable of imitating her has since appeared at any theatre in Europe. Those of my readers who share with me the privilege of surviving the glorious opera days here alluded to, will agree with me that our contemporaries, and I venture to add their successors, will look in vain for a chance of ever enjoying a similar treat to that which the two incomparable and inimitable artists I have named afforded to their audiences night after night in their histrionic not less than melodious art, and especially in their respective parts in the last act of the great opera of Semiramide.

But I will not dwell farther on this, nor introduce more of my theatrical acquaintances, most of whom I found well-bred, agreeable in conversation, and pleasing companions. Their history has been told in octavo volumes and in the columns of the daily English journals, which have always been distinguished for their critical *feuilletons* on the Italian Opera. The privileges attached to my post in that establishment were most pleasant, for they enabled me often to procure for one or two friends the satisfaction of being present on the first night of an opera, by giving them a place in the box assigned to me in virtue of my office.

CHAPTER XXII.

1814.

Domiciled at Brompton—Mr. Hamilton's book of reference for the Foreign Office—Arrival of Madame de Staël in London—The fair on the Thames—Fire at the Custom House—Great stock-jobbing fraud—Fall of Napoleon I.—An offer to go to Paris and Milan—Reach Paris with Mr. Hamilton—Charles de Lafolie—Mr. J. Ritchie—Start for Milan with despatches—Reception by my father—Marshal Bellegarde—Discussions with Sir Robert Wilson—The public mind in Italy—Carlo Botta—Revisit Pavia—Tour through the chief Italian cities.

Eventful of consequences affecting my destiny as was the year 1813, the year following, 1814, leaves its antecedents behind in more respects than one. I was now with my family occupying a small but comfortable house facing a large open space—a green paddock since become sacred ground, being occupied by a new parochial church and an oratory—in Saint Michael's Place, Brompton, No. 16. I found the situation more convenient for my daily intercourse with my pupils' family, who had now changed Arundel House, Fulham, for a more showy and convenient residence called Stanley Grove, Chelsea, having an extensive garden, in which a "Temple," or laboratory, was erected for chemical lectures and demonstrations on natural history and botany.

My services as an interpreter for the Foreign Office, whither I often accompanied Mr. Hamilton, became of sufficient importance to be placed sometimes before my other ordinary employments. Although harassed by incessant occupations with the several diplomatic ministers of foreign nations, and in attending to the correspondence with his superior, Lord Castlereagh, absent at head-quarters, Mr. Hamilton about this time conceived the idea of collecting all the *pièces officielles*, or other creditable and interesting documents, articles of importance in politics, administrative science, as well as diplomatic documents drawn from English newspapers of both political parties, and from foreign and American journals having a character for honesty. All such, carefully cut out and pasted on large folio pages, were indexed with the origin whence obtained, their dates, country, and the subject to which they referred, thus supplying the librarian of the Foreign Office with a new and abundant source of useful information for the members of the government, who on many occasions have had reason to be thankful for the advantage they derived from this new scheme of reference. Its execution was confided to Mr. Hertslet, librarian to the Foreign Office, who during a long and industrious life in that office gave ample proofs of his ability and zeal in the service, by the publication of many useful politico-diplomatic and statistical works that have become important and necessary additions to every statesman's library. I can declare, from a personal intercourse of many years, that few public servants of the Crown more justly deserved the pension which he enjoyed until his death in 1870. I remember the particulars as well as the origin of this new branch of his department in our Foreign Office with reasonable satisfaction, having contributed from its very commencement in developing it, by suggesting occasional articles from foreign journals that might have escaped attention, and supplying translations of the same on the occasion.*

I ought not to have dismissed the year 1813 in my references to London life, without recording the arrival of a lady with a European name among the aristocratic and intellectual circles of the capital, an event to which nearly as much importance was attached as to any of those which were related almost daily in the public journals from the head-quarters of the continental allies. Such an event was the arrival of Madame de Staël in London, and her unexpected presence at one of the fashionable *soupers* at the Countess of Bessborough's. A select party had previously attended at the King's Theatre to witness Mrs. Siddons and Mrs. Jordan in their inimitable representations, which had made a deep impression on the sensitive daughter of Necker. The same party assembled again, with suitable additions of noble and learned guests, at the countess's *souper*. On Madame de Staël entering the *salon*, and her name being announced, all the gentlemen assembled retired to the farthest end of the room, as if reluctant to approach her. To such a point was this carried, that when supper was announced not a creature could be prevailed upon to go and offer to lead madame into the supper-room, each gentleman excusing himself awkwardly, skulking one behind the other, leaving the lady in suspense at the singular appearance she and the company made at that moment. At last Lord Townshend boldly advanced and gave her his arm.

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* At this date, 1870, I deeply regret to learn, semi-officially, that this most useful politico-statistical, as well as literary and encyclopædic miscellany, has been for some time discontinued.

At supper matters were rather worse, for on Madame de Staël being seated, the gentlemen drew themselves quietly to the bottom of the table, fearful to be addressed by her, so that Lady Bessborough had to seat herself by her side. Sheridan was present at the supper without knowing that he would meet Madame de Staël, and when his name was mentioned to her by the mistress of the house, and Sheridan pointed out, Madame de Staël exclaimed, turning to him, "*Ah, voilà le grand Sheridan*," who, however, did not appear inclined to go up to her until Lord Holland actually pushed him towards her. She then addressed him with several flattering compliments, to which Sheridan replied by observing that he knew not one word of French. "Tant mieux," cried Madame de Staël, "car alors j'aurais l'honneur d'entendre la belle langue Anglaise, que je parle très-mal moi-même, mais que j'entends très-bien."

Two striking occurrences in the metropolis at the commencement of the year 1814 served to withdraw somewhat the public attention from the all-absorbing military events that had converted the whole continent of Europe into a field of carnage. The river Thames took to freezing on the 17th, and continued frozen until the 24th of February. With my two pupils I visited some of the wooden booths erected upon it, and there purchased some trifling articles as a reminder of this not very common event. Nineteen days later, the second occurrence alluded to, but in this instance most disastrous, came to add to the general bewilderment in which the public was perpetually kept by every day's tidings through the post from the allied armies.

The Custom House of London had taken fire on the 12th of February, and was destroyed, together with all the books, bonds, and documents, besides most of the adjoining warehouses. But even this disaster was forgotten, or dismissed from consideration, when one morning a travelling chaise coming from Dover, and drawn by four smoking, jaded horses, crossed Westminster Bridge at a rapid pace, and entered Downing Street with a foreign-clad inmate as a messenger, bringing the news of the death of Napoleon and the defeat of the French army. It was one of the most audacious stock-jobbing frauds ever perpetrated. It marred the reputation of a popular and gallant officer, a Lord and M.P., while it caused untold fortunes to change hands among speculative people.

Still real and extraordinary events were transpiring every day with a rapidity as great as their importance, bringing at last the allied armies into Paris, compelling Napoleon's abdication on the 6th of April, and his departure for his self-chosen place of monarchical exile on the 21st; permitting the entrance into Paris of Louis XVIII. on the 3rd of May, and finally producing the Treaty of Paris on the last day but one of that month. It takes away one's breath to have to rehearse such a long list of facts and incidents, each in itself the foundation of many more future and much graver transactions.

However, in my own case their influence proved as productive of advantage and joy as it was unexpected. One day Mr. Hamilton requested me to visit him in Downing Street, where, after giving me the latest continental news, he informed me privately that Lord Castlereagh, who as British plenipotentiary had attended the negotiation at Chatillon, which he broke off, had expressed a wish to have him in Paris to assist during the deliberation of the allied sovereigns. He next referred to my often-expressed desire to have an opportunity of going to see my father and family at Milan, stating that as the British government might possibly require a special messenger to convey official directions to their military and diplomatic commissioners in Italy, Lord Castlereagh might feel disposed to confide that charge to me. His lordship had been well aware of the part I had taken in the cause of Italian independence, and had accepted my pamphlet just published with the usual complimentary expressions of thanks and a promise to peruse it.*

This pamphlet I also proposed to present in person to

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* "Appello ad Alessandro Imperatore e Autocrate di tutte le Russie. Sul destino dell' Italia." Londra, 1814. Rees, 62, Pall Mall (written in three languages—Italian, French, and English).

His Majesty the Emperor of Russia at the Paris Congress. I was quite aware that Lord Castlereagh's political views on such a question coincided with those which dictated the pamphlet. I may add, with the experience of subsequent events, as well as in justice to the zeal of the higher authorities in the English Foreign Office, that it was not owing to remissness on their part that the independence of Italy was not obtained or even pointedly submitted for deliberation to the Congress. There was no want of good-will on the part of England. The difficulty was in the paramount interested views of the two imperial chiefs of Russia and Austria concerning Poland and Italy. "If Alexander insists on the title of King of Poland," said Francis of Austria, "I too shall insist on that of King of Italy;" and it was so determined. I had employed the few hours of holiday I had at my disposal at Christmas in preparing my appeal, and I do not regret the step I had taken.

I accordingly accompanied Mr. Hamilton to Paris, where he took up his abode at the English Embassy as the guest of Sir Charles Stuart, whilst I went to the house of my eldest sister, Madame de Lafolie (living in the same street), whom I had not seen since my departure from home—the image of our dear mother in appearance as well as in her amiable qualities. Her husband, Charles Jean de Lafolie, occupies a conspicuous niche in the "Nouvelle Biographie Générale," published by Didot Frères, where he is styled "Polygraphe Français, né à Paris 1780, et mort jeune le 4^e Février, 1824." He fell a victim to a complicated affection of the heart. To an anonymous memoir from his pen, which created a great sensation, it is owing that the famed General Moreau's trial did not have a tragical end. Lovers of French antiquities are indebted to him for an extended account, in several volumes, of all the monuments of Paris, as well as for a practically artistic description of the design, casting, and erection of the colossal bronze equestrian statue of Henry IV. on the Pont Neuf in Paris. The Italians, whose language was almost natural to him, owe to Lafolie the advantage of an Italian encyclopædic journal, entitled "Il Poligrafo," which stood unrivalled for many years, not from the abundance of matter and the interest of its contents so much as for the terseness of language in which it was written. Like many more able men who look to the accumulation of intellectual wealth to the neglect of more substantial resources, Charles de Lafolie left his widow and only son ill provided against the wants of this world, which no mere reputation in the departed, however high, suffices to supply.

Mr. Hamilton was soon plunged in *medias res*, for the political transactions of almost the whole of Europe, I may say, were at that time managed in Paris. A congress; despatches from the several military commissioners at the allies' head-quarters; deputations from minor states claiming redress; cabinet despatches or official notes that called for immediate consideration; all such were occupation enough for the distinguished statesmen assembled in a vast metropolis at the very instant of casting off a regretted ruler to readopt a recalled ancient one long forgotten and little cared for. I was introduced to the gentlemen of the Embassy's Chancellerie, and next had the honour of being presented to Lord Castlereagh himself, who approved of my "Appello," and was pleased to assure me that it should have his support. Among the gentlemen attached to the Embassy was Mr. J. Ritchie, from whom I had received a short time previous a letter in London on some scientific question in connection with his great desire to travel in Africa. He thought, that having been on the coasts of that part of the world, and also in some of the Spanish provinces that had intercourse with Barbary, I might supply him with useful information. This fortuitous acquaintance led little by little to a more intimate connection and correspondence between us, which was carried on with more or less reciprocal useful results, the nature and issue of which may possibly find a record in the course of the present memoirs. What I can acknowledge at present is, that as long as Mr. Ritchie remained at his post in Paris, I owed him a debt of gratitude for the facilities which, with the full sanction of his superiors, he afforded me in carrying on general correspondence with learned foreigners and scientific societies for several years in succession.

At length, after a few days' residence in Paris, I received instructions to hold myself ready to proceed to Italy with despatches to several parts of that country. I hired a light but strong travelling carriage, and having received the sealed bag at the Embassy, whence I intended to start with post-horses and the usual passports granted to government messengers, besides my own signed in London and *visé* on Paris, I set off at eight o'clock at night on the 25th of May, 1814. Naturally I selected the most direct and the easiest route, through Lyons, Chambéry, crossing the Simplon to Turin, and thence to Milan (a distance which at that time the post took five days to accomplish).

I can hardly express what I felt as I inhaled my native air while descending into Domo d' Ossola in my open *calèche* early in the morning of the last day of my journey over the magnificent Simplon road, the bright red sun rising on my left and casting a splendid illumination over the surrounding scenery. I seemed to welcome every high peak that came in sight, every precipice I met, every torrent and cascade, the noise of which was music to my ears, and I admired as I passed them every village, hamlet, châlet, hunter's hut, no matter in what state or condition. All was beautiful to my eyes! Oh! the longing *per la Patria!* How it overlies every other feeling!

It was late in the evening when I reached Milan, where I found the gates closed, and a body of Austrian soldiers on guard, much as was the case when I left home in 1802. Some delay occurred until my passport and my "*charakter*" were exhibited to the commandant, when he suffered me to pass, accompanied by an orderly to escort me to the residence of the military commissioner to his Majesty the King of England, General Wilson, whom I fortunately found at home, and by whom, as well as by his aide-de-camp, Captain Charles, I was most kindly received. Having delivered up my despatch bag, I got in return for it the next day the following acknowledgment: "I certify that Dr. Granville has delivered to me the despatches from the Foreign Office, and from the Right Honourable Lord Viscount Castlereagh, addressed to myself and to Lord William Bentinck, on the 29th instant at 8 o'clock P.M. Milan, May 30th, 1814. Robert Wilson, Major-General." This official ceremony being ended, I was very considerately allowed to withdraw by Sir Robert, who was aware on what other errand I had come to Milan, and knew from a message he had received from my father in the course of the day that I was anxiously expected. We agreed to meet at noon on the following day, and I directed the postilion to drive me home.

The moment my *calèche* drove into the courtyard of my father's official residence, my eldest brother (he who twelve years before had been my judge at Venice, and was now *delegato* at Como), who had just arrived in Milan to meet me, and with him my second brother, Anthony, and my younger sister, Paulina, carried me upstairs and deposited me in the outstretched arms of my aged father, who stood on the threshold ready to receive and most affectionately embrace me. That we both shed tears need hardly be said: tears of joy on the one part at the restoration of a fugitive son,—of mingled pain and joy on the part of that son who found his father bereft of his cherished partner in life, he himself looking around in vain for that beloved mother whom he had left twelve years before to her grief and to her (alas! never to be gratified) hope of beholding again her favourite son on this earth.

Our family circle at home continued around me for a whole week, several other relatives joining us at dinner or in the evening, on all which occasions a reciprocal intercommunication of past and actual events tended to add greater interest to our interviews. I learned then that my third brother, Joseph, who was absent from Milan on important business, was prospering as a stock-broker, and had a large family; that my sister Paulina's husband was one of the judges at Como; that Ferdinand, my youngest brother, whom I had left quite a boy, was now employed in the Imperial Chancellerie in Vienna. My dear eldest brother meanwhile had to tell me of the loss of his first wife, a Countess de Spar, and his marriage some years after to his second, a widow, Countess Ragazzoni, while he was left with an only daughter by the first marriage, who afterwards wedded Count Adelasio of Brescia.

As to the numerous cousins whom I had left behind me in 1802, all had grown and prospered; some were married, some yet single, but all honourably and successfully engaged in various branches of the public service, of art, or of law. War, and the heavy rule of Austria, had proved disastrous to some members. Two or three younger nephews, forced into the service of that nation as cavalry soldiers, subsequently rose to the rank of officers, and fell in some of the recent conflicts with the French. One only, Leopold, survives as a captain of lancers quartered in Hungary.

By the end of the week all my younger and active kindred had taken their leave to return to their respective homes, while I remained in my father's house all the time of my stay at Milan. Sir Robert Wilson judged it necessary that I should be presented to Maréchal Bellegarde, who had entered the ancient Austro-Lombard provinces with his army, under a convention to occupy them until the Congress of Vienna should have determined the ultimate fate of Italy, but who was just then in reality commander-in-chief of the Austrian armies, ruling in the room of Prince Eugène, driven from the vice-royalty of Italy. The presentation took place early one morning, when I took the opportunity of adding to its importance by presenting at the same time a letter in my favour from Lieutenant-General Count Nugent of the Austrian service, whom I had known in London. The maréchal was particularly courteous, and promised every facility for my intended tour through central Italy, of which Sir Robert had already apprised him when he applied for a general passport for that object in my behalf. On the following day a note from the secretary of his excellency requested my company to dinner, which I attended in my naval uniform.

Sir Robert and I were old acquaintances, as I had known him in London, where he stood godfather to my second child, while I had attended his wife, Lady Wilson, whose health had always been delicate. Sir Robert's views of Italy and my own coincided entirely. He would frequently converse with me on the subject, on some of which occasions he would lay on the floor of the drawing-room a large map of Italy recently published by the defunct Italian government, and with his cane in hand point out the strategical, political, and administrative points which he considered suited to illustrate and support our joint views regarding the realization of the wishes expressed by many of the most enlightened liberal Italians spread over the country, who had read the various publications in Italian I had been able, with the aid of the British government, to distribute throughout the Italian peninsula. Sir Robert and I, however, differed on one paramount question,—the form of government under which Italian independence should be proclaimed. It was my earnest wish, as that of the large party to whom I adhered, to see a constitutional monarchy established in my native country, with a king selected from the oldest royal stock of Italian sovereigns; in other words, a prince of the house of Savoy, illustrious from the earliest times for valour, chivalry, firmness of character, and patriotic feeling, as shown in their conduct since that awful eruption of 1799 in France. That avalanche they had endeavoured to stem for many months on the heights of the Alps, and when overcome they withdrew without yielding to the Gallic giant, preferring to live secluded in a petty insular, independent sovereignty until changes of fortune and the spreading of sounder political ideas in the country should bring about a different state of affairs, and afford to the Italians themselves the opportune occasions to fight for and secure permanently their own national independence. This dream of my manhood, thank Heaven, I have lived to see realized, and I am not a little proud of the share I have had in bringing it about.

Sir Robert Wilson, on the other hand, saw no chance of success but in a republican form of government for the whole of Italy. The examples of that form of administration which it was my lot to witness at the close of the last century in the Milanese territory in Liguria, the strife, litigiousness, schisms, and brawls in which I saw myself drawn when hardly able to distinguish right from wrong, or to judge correctly of the many abuses in the public administration,—all these things were not calculated to win my assent to the warm and earnest arguments of my really gallant friend in favour of a republic. "Besides," said I to the general, "the Italians, no more than their neighbours the French, are fit for such a form of government. Their intrinsic character, nay, their very nature, revolts against the notion of equality. As regards Italy, had there not been a doge, with his pompous ceremonies; the senate, each with his individual selfish sway; the Libro d' Oro; *I Dieci*, and the distinction between the patricians and the earth-born, the mighty republic of Venice would not have endured as many years as it did centuries. The old Italian republics, what were they in reality? They were principalities with a republican title. For how long were the French proletariat able to sustain their own republic one and indivisible which they paid so dearly to purchase? and how much blood and gold did not they squander in striving to comprehend what a republican administration really was, and learn at the same time that the rule of a single tyrant is preferable to that of a legion of myrmidons!" In conclusion, I told Sir Robert distinctly, that if in the course of my peregrinations through the peninsula I should find opportunities to proselytize the anti-Austrian cliques of enlightened Italians I might meet, I hoped it would be in the sense of a monarchical, and not of a republican independence.

In accordance with the arrangement entered into with Mr. Hamilton, who had returned to England, I commenced my confidential correspondence with him on my arrival at Milan. My letters refer naturally to times long past, and offer but little interest in these days, except as indications of those varied (many of them extraordinary) events which have since come to pass, and have served for the compilation of the history of Europe during the first half of the present century. In that light the letters which I may occasionally insert may serve either to confirm or rectify, sometimes to add to, the statements put forward by the writers of that history, while they will not be found altogether unnecessary for the elucidation of my own narrative.

"1st June, 1814. Milan.
"Direzione Generale delle Poste.

"Dear Sir,—I avail myself of the few hours' notice which Maréchal Bellegarde has given of his intention to despatch a courier to Paris, in order to inform you of my arrival here on the 29th ultimo at night. I waited immediately on General Sir Robert Wilson with the letters I had brought from England and those from Viscount Castlereagh, by whose private secretary's advice I remained three days in Paris, in order to carry any despatch there might be ready for Lord William Bentinck, commanding the English troops occupying Genoa. Sir Robert Wilson was just on the point of sending off a courier to Genoa, and as there is nothing in that capital at this moment demanding my attention, I delivered to him, with his assent, the letters I had brought for Lord William, and also for Sir Edward Pellew, containing duplicate notice of his elevation to the peerage" (a more welcome message than the one Sir Edward had sent me on my arrival in his fleet in 1812, when he removed me from a desirable frigate to an undesirable line-of-battle ship to serve his own particular purpose). "Lord William was to have left Genoa the very night I arrived at Milan, and consequently I should have been too late had I attempted to get to him.

"I shall not undertake to describe the many symptoms I noticed of the present convulsed state of France through the districts I passed. You were well informed on the subject in Paris. The disorganized state of the country strikes even the most superficial observer, and I have met several who had traversed the country on their return home to England, and who confirmed me in my observations. I began these at Lyons, and all the way up to the Simplon, and it would surprise you to find how greatly the inhabitants of those mountains like to meddle in the politics of the day. It would seem as if the late commotion, and the great changes to which it gave rise in Europe, had served to give a turn for political thinking, even to the meanest of the dwellers in these mountainous districts. Associated with this state of the public mind, there is an unnatural restlessness and an air of discontent which they do not attempt to conceal. The temporary suspense of the government police has given them leisure and facility to indulge in that dearest of all privileges to them—free-thinking and free speaking, of both of which they had so long been deprived, and this indulgence is by every one carried to excess. The smallest encouragement suffices to put you in possession of their way of thinking, and thus to become acquainted with the spirit and character of public opinion.

"You no doubt remember the ideas mentioned in an interview in London as regards the disposition of the Italians in general, but of the Milanese in particular, respecting the Austrians. Nothing that has happened since induces me to alter my notions; rather the contrary. But I was far from supposing that the same feeling of animosity towards the same nation was shared by the Savoyards and Piedmontese in general. This, however, is indisputable, as I had opportunities of ascertaining in my conversations with some of the leading men of the day, such as Saint Marran and others in Turin, where I had letters to deliver to Count Vidua, the Piedmontese Prime Minister, on the part of Count d' Aglié, Minister of the King of Sardinia in London, and our common friend.

"In passing through Savoy in my way to Turin, I could not help remarking that the government troops were on the alert, and prepared to defend the Alpine passes from either side, as they had done most persistently in 1796; and I was glad to find that some of the Italian regiments and officers, *ci-devant* in the service of the French-Italian kingdom, had joined the standard of the house of Savoy, and had been incorporated with the Piedmontese troops. The prospect of a return of the royal house of Savoy was looked for with intense interest, and the Savoyards seemed to have religiously treasured up their feelings of loyalty towards their native princes, at which fact, with my peculiar political opinions, I heartily rejoiced.

"I remain yours truly,
"A. B. G.

"W. HAMILTON, Esq.,
"Under Secretary of State, Foreign Office, London."

I soon found myself reconciled to my novel position in the old quarters, and in a day or two later surrounded by old faces which I had left very young ones at my departure twelve years before. The congratulations and the interchange of friendly expressions were of course such as one might expect on similar occasions. I found all my friends and contemporaries of one political opinion and faith,—faith in the stability of Italian independence when properly secured by the adoption of the constitutional monarchical form of rule; an opinion not differing from that which I had promulgated in all my public writings in England, and in my translations in Italy also. With Carlo Botta, Ugo Foscolo, Angeloni, Cattaneo, Pallavicini, all ardent patriots, I preached this great truth till I was hoarse: "You will never achieve independence without an armed champion to support your aspirations to that blessed political condition which the freest nation in the world has purchased for itself with the horrors of a revolution. Italy, a nation of 25,000,000 of people, from the Alps to the southern shores of Sicily, and from Nice to Trieste, the mistress of intellectual civilization, the teacher of the Fine Arts and of the elements of beauty and taste; Italy, the inspiring goddess of poetical genius, the instructress in political laws and political economy; Italy, who, at the destruction of Athenian Greece and of her own Roman empire, was the only country remaining which could point out to the world, eager for enlightenment, how to escape from a state of brutish abasement to reach one of sentimental and intellectual enjoyment; Italy, in fine, will not, cannot achieve her great destiny without first promoting the extension of the kingdom of Piedmont, which stands now isolated on its Alpine summits as a great fugleman to all the Italian races about to be drilled in the theory and practice of liberty and independence. The day will come when the 'drilled' will help the drill-master to extend his own influence and command over the whole Italian peninsula!"

Some of my audience were sceptical, others dissented. Carlo Botta, whose friendship I was proud to acknowledge, was not likely to surrender that enthusiasm for a republican form of government with which his masterly composition of the History of America had inspired him. Ugo Foscolo was too Spartan to admit any regal theories. Yet had both of them survived but a few years longer, as their friend has done, they would have witnessed his, and not their own, cherished ideas triumph and overcome all others. These, then, were the ideas it was my purpose to disseminate during my visits to the chief cities of central Italy, all of them once, and some still, the seats of learning and intelligence with a high tone of civilization. There I was sure to meet with men whose minds had great influence over a rising generation of young students likely to take high stations in the councils of a redeemed and self-ruling country.

The facility which railroads at present afford of flying from place to place, different from the slow and inconvenient communication by horse conveyance such as I was condemned to, like every one else when I was last in the country, did not exist so as to enable me at once to visit my alma mater, Pavia. I did nevertheless pay a visit to that cherished spot, and renewed acquaintance with old school or college fellows, among whom I was grieved to find many changes had taken place, although the institution itself had advanced and improved with the improvements of science and the *belles-lettres*. In Milan, my favourite literary retreat, the library of the old Brera, I found enlarged and greatly improved, a Pinacoteca being established in the building, which offered to the lovers of first-class pictures a never-failing treat. My own lyceum of S. Alessandro had now assumed a more consequential rank, and some of the old teachers were still living and active, truly glad to see their former pupil. Some of my fellow-students, I learned, had now assumed the professorial gown in other cities and institutions, and I took care to write down their names and abodes, with the full determination to see some of them shortly.

In the mean time, as the term of my residence abroad was limited, and as I had still some official communications to make to our English consul at Leghorn, and through him to Colonel Neil Campbell, English Commissioner and representative in the Isle of Elba, I prepared to depart at once for the south, taking the line east of the Apennines, so as to pass through many of the principal of the ancient lesser capitals of Italy.

Before leaving England I had promised to make special inquiries into the condition and management of the principal quarantine establishments in Italy, where a sad experience had taught them to be strictly on their guard against the introduction of contagious diseases, by which indeed they were threatened in the east as well as the south; and again more recently in the west, where they had to keep off the yellow fever from the Andalucian, Valencian, and Catalonian shores, places at which it had been so lately prevalent. As Leghorn was named as the place where I should find the most complete and best regulated lazaretto—another of those measures for which Italy stands indebted to the enlightened Grand Duke Leopold—I determined to make myself master of its details, with the view of practically applying them to any similar public establishment which I might succeed in persuading the English government to adopt. To this end I determined to proceed to Leghorn as the winding-up of my other semi-political and literary investigations.

Sir Robert Wilson having given me his instructions, I took leave of my father for the present, and set off on the 7th of June from Milan, traversed that most lovely and rich plain between it and Lodi, passing over the ever-memorable bridge to Casal Pusterlengo, and thence to Piacenza—the sight of which strongly reminded me of my comical embarkation on the Po in a Noah's Ark about twelve years before—and crossed the river this time on a flying bridge. At the gates my passports and permits were again demanded by Austrian soldiers. There was certainly no lack of sentinels and out-posts over fair Italy with these hated *tedeschi*. In the present instance the words "Courrier du Cābinet Anglais," screamed out by my servant, settled it all, and we entered Piacenza and there stopped for the night.

On the following day, on arriving at Firenzuola, a little village, I was recommended not to proceed farther until a detachment of hussars should have passed on their way to Bologna, which they would do early the following morning, as the road was then infested with robbers and vagabonds of every sort, who during the late disturbances had been set free from prison. At this place I witnessed one of the most awful thunderstorms I ever remember to have seen. The close proximity of the village to the Apennines renders it liable to an almost daily repetition of these disagreeable electrical phenomena.

Borgo San Donnino comes next, where we waded through the Torro, a formidable torrent rushing down almost perpendicularly from the Apennines, and without a bridge. Castel Gandolfo follows, and next Parma, the entrance into which city, not less than the aspect of its principal street and large mansions in grey stones or brick, with their unusually lofty arches, present interesting objects to an architect.

In Parma I halted for a couple of days to see two of my learned correspondents, Doctor Rubini and Professor Tomasini, the latter well known as the author of a novel theory of medicine, and afterwards to view the Correggios and pay my respects to Count Nugent, who kindly gave me a letter of introduction for the commandant of Bologna, to which city I drove, after resting a couple of days at Reggio and Modena, with both of which places I was well acquainted.

Of course the railroads have since put an end to excursions of the complicated kind I have described, and travellers nowadays are transported to, through, or by the side of the several cities I have named with an expedition which admits of no time for observation. But I may still dwell with delight on the recollection of such an excursion as I have slightly indicated, as one of the most inviting, agreeable, and instructive which an observant traveller could desire to undertake. The landscape is throughout picturesque, here and there fantastical, and in the interior some of the towns afford specimens of architecture, statuary, and pictorial art that remind one of those we expect and are accustomed to meet with in large capitals or metropolitan cities. But as I shall have to say much of all these matters when staying in Bologna, I shall not dwell longer on any analogous observations I made in the intervening cities I passed through.

CHAPTER XXIII.

1814.

Arrival at Bologna—Cornelia Martinetti—Cardinal Mezzofanti—His method of acquiring languages—Medical science in Bologna—Napoleon and the Institute — La Signora Tambroni—Her lecture on Homer — Public buildings in Bologna—Italians fail to imitate the English constitutional system—Barbarian discipline—Leave Bologna for Florence—Threatened with brigands—The first to recommend a prince of the house of Savoy as king of united Italy—Danger of restoring old sovereigns.

I HAD received warnings long before I left England, and indeed the part I had all along taken against the Austrian interest and politics might have led me to expect them, that my movements would be watched by that jealous government. Monsieur de Neumann, the Counsellor of the Austrian Embassy in London, had addressed letters to the ministers at Vienna, announcing my departure for Paris and Italy, and it was natural to suppose that from Vienna notice to the Austrian authorities in Milan, and elsewhere in Italy, would be forwarded to keep them on their guard against the manœuvres of a political opponent. Aware of this, I took care to provide myself with letters of introduction from the military commander (beginning with the chief, namely, Maréchal Bellegarde) of one district to that of the district next in order throughout the line of my intended journey, so as to preclude all possible excuse for any maltreatment on the pretence that I was an unknown individual without standing or character. Accordingly, through Sir Robert Wilson, and my own personal acquaintance, I obtained unmistakable documents from Maréchal Bellegarde's office, vouching for my individuality and respectability, and with these I deemed myself safe at the commencement, at all events, from all possible annoyance. The good effect of these preliminary precautions became evident on my arrival at Bologna, when, being conducted to the general commanding the Austrian troops and the city, my papers from the head-quarters at Milan, as well as the private recommendation General Count Nugent had given me at Parma, secured me a courteous and friendly reception. This was a great point gained, inasmuch as I intended to make Bologna my head-quarters, for many reasons.

Arrived on the 28th of June, I took up my residence at the Citta di Parigi, a moderately decent hotel. According to etiquette, my first visit on the following morning was to Baron von Eckhart, who had not appeared at my examination at his office on the previous evening. I found him to be a gentleman of very affable manners, and a man of the world; his wife, to whom he had been married for many years, was an English lady he had met at Brussels. My next was a much more formidable visit. If there are any English tourists of Italy who survive from the early years of the present century, I would, in confirmation of my statement, fearlessly appeal to them to declare whether the most imaginative writer, or the limner most prone to flatter his original, has beheld, or known, or imagined an example of such exquisite beauty as the lady who wielded the sceptre of fashion and beauty in the higher circles of society in Bologna at the epoch I now refer to. I was forced to admit the possibility, which I had before stoutly denied, of the celebrated sculptor Canova—the most simple-minded and simple-hearted genius alive—having fallen desperately in love with Cornelia Martinetti (as the lady was called), while modelling the bust which he afterwards transferred to the purest Carrara marble.

Signor Martinetti, Cornelia's husband, a scientific architect and antiquary, retired from an exalted profession that had made him a name and put him quite at his ease in the world, had raised a spacious fac-simile of a Pompeian house, with corresponding gardens and inviting terraces and porticos, where they welcomed strangers and natives who possessed any claim to be admitted to such an intellectual and artistic symposium. My own introduction I owed to Il canonico Schiassi, a well-known antiquary and Latin scholar, president of the University, with whom I had been for some years in correspondence. He had instructed his fair friend in all the difficulties of the Latin language, many of the best writers of which they had read together. This initiation into a knowledge of classical authors awoke in the lady the desire to become personally acquainted with her eminent townsman Mezzofanti, of whose wonderful philological talent she had frequently heard her guests discourse, but whose modesty, and the knowledge of his own humble origin, had precluded him from asking the privilege of an introduction so much the ambition of other people to obtain. I happened to have met him at the table of Baron von Eckhart, and I undertook the pleasing task of presenting him at her *conversazione*, when the lady was enchanted with her guest, and was not long in testing his facility in Latin conversation.

This wonderful philologist, who from the humble station of a son of an artisan rose to be a cardinal and one of the Pope's ministers, could speak thirty-one languages, inclusive of dialects, all equally well, whether as regards facility or pronunciation—the latter probably the most remarkable speciality of his talent, since he had never once been out of his native country. I can vouch personally for his being conversant with French, German, Spanish, Portuguese, English, modern Greek, and Turkish; and I have heard

Hungarian officers, Slavonians, Moldavians, and Russian travellers vouch for his equally accurate knowledge of their own languages. Questioned as to the mode he had adopted for acquiring the correct pronunciation of such diverse languages, he stated to me, that with respect to all the languages which were spoken in Christian countries, he had caught the proper accent by getting a native of any of those particular nations who happened to be studying at Bologna (at that time in high esteem owing to the celebrity of its professors) to repeat to him three or four times a day for a week the Lord's Prayer and the Apostles' Creed. As regarded the Turkish and other oriental languages he had taken regular lessons from a learned mollah residing in the University as professor of oriental languages. Being possessed of a prodigious memory, his references to, and citations from, authors of so many nations were frequent and appropriate, rendering his conversation a perfect intellectual treat.

The Italian liberals in the old Roman legations (late a part of the Gallo-Italian kingdom) also found in the *salons* of La Martinetti a genial and ever cordial reception. It was her policy to keep friends with the powers that be for the day, and hence Austrian officers who had any pretensions from position and education to be presented, were received with courtesy. Thus the son of the general commanding, Baron von Eckhart, was one of the most assiduous *habitues*, and an admirer of the mistress of the house.

The day following my introduction of Mezzofanti we all dined at the house at the usual hour of 2 P.M., when I made the acquaintance of a Captain Gordon of the Engineers, a most agreeable man, whom I had met before at Milan. Soon after dinner, and some hours before the Opera, under the direction of Mezzofanti, we drove in my carriage to the promenade called La Montagnola, ossia Giardini Publici, one of the public improvements for which Bologna was indebted to Napoleon I. It consists of a circular promenade and ride, both for cavaliers and carriages, edged in all along by handsome and lofty trees, having in the centre a small lake of the clearest water, and, being elevated above the ordinary atmosphere of the town, a cheering freshness is imparted to the air in the sultry seasons of the year.

All these gaieties and delightful occupations did not alienate my attention from another of my main objects in undertaking my present excursion. Medical science was at the time holding her head high in Italy, owing to the many very distinguished teachers who flourished in the universities of Pavia, Padua, Bologna, and Turin. Many novel theories had been started, and surprising facts announced which invested with paramount interest the art of medicine. It was natural, therefore, that I should seek the acquaintance of the most eminent practitioners in the several cities I visited. To some of these, Professors Borda, Brera, Giannini, Tomasini, and others, I am indebted for an acquaintance with new medical views, and the knowledge of particular medicines in connection with them, which proved of great advantage to myself and patients in my subsequent practice, besides forming the groundwork of some of my published writings in England. On the other hand, errors had crept in much to be deprecated. There is no disputing the fact that the introduction of a general theory of inflammation in fevers, which had led to the indiscriminate use of the lancet among the Lombard and Piedmontese practitioners, was a serious mistake—a mistake aggravated by an additional erroneous idea which had taken hold of medical men's minds at the same time, namely, that the surface of fresh-drawn blood which exhibited a cup-form appearance and a dense yellowish pellicle on the surface, indicated the continued existence of inflammation, and the consequent necessity of more abstraction of blood until such cup-form appearance and such pellicle ceased to show themselves. Hence those melancholy instances of reiterated venesection we have read of, which cost the lives of Gioberti and Cavour, and of other illustrious individuals, the disastrous effects of which prematurely bereaved me of my mother. But I need not dwell more particularly on medical subjects in this part of my narrative, as I have very fully divulged my way of thinking on many of the most strenuously debated points of physiology and medical practice in books and essays, and at some of the ordinary meetings of medical societies, whose transactions have fully recorded the same.

The Abbate Mezzofanti accompanied me to the public library, where I saw a collection of engravings of all the best European schools, but none English. Some manuscripts of the tenth to the thirteenth centuries were tendered for our admiration, chiefly on account of their remarkable state of preservation. Among these I admired a manuscript of St. Basil in Greek of unexceptionable correctness. Considerable additions had lately been made to the edifice of the library. In the anatomical cabinet, which exhibits no specimen but such as are made in wax from nature, I noticed several from the hand of a female professor of anatomy. They consisted chiefly of tablets, on which were represented the minor sections of the human body modelled in wax to perfection. I was reminded by the rector of the University, that under the pontifical government anatomical dissections were strictly prohibited, as was the case indeed in other parts of Italy, in Florence itself, for instance, under the more enlightened government of the Tuscan Grand Dukes. Mezzofanti pointed out to me, hanging on the walls of the Aula, the portraits of Galvani, Marsigli, and Zanotti, the three founders of the Bolognese

Institute. This name of *Instituto*, it appears, had caught Bonaparte's fancy when he penetrated into the Papal States in 1796, and visited the Bolognese University; and so pleased was he with it that he applied the title to the French Academy of France, and afterwards to the Corps des Savants sent to Egypt. The name, nevertheless, is barbarous.

Il Cabinetto di Fizica Sperimentale deserves to be mentioned in this narrative, even were it for no other reason than the fact that the collection includes the philosophical instruments of the third Earl of Shaftesbury, bought at a sale of his effects in Florence, and presented to the University by some young students who greatly admired the author of "Characteristics of Men and Manners," and other works, and whom Montesquieu placed on a par with Plato and Malebranche.

The richest and best managed department appeared to be that of antiquities and numismatics, under the direction of Professor Schiassi, to whom I was indebted for the introduction to La Martinetti, as well as to another lady, the professor of Greek, La Signora Tambroni. I did not pretend to enter into any learned discourse with this remarkable person in reference to the Homeric language she professed to teach (for she was at the time going through a course of lectures on Homer), but I could not resist the satisfaction of initiating a conversation with her in the Romaic Greek, then so familiar to me. She expressed herself somewhat surprised at my pronunciation, until I explained to her that in those parts of Greece in which was spoken the purest language, approaching nearly to the ancient—as in Samos, for example—the pronunciation was different, and nearly akin to that of which she had just been giving me a specimen while reading and expounding parts of the fifth book of the "Iliad." Her lecture I took down there and then in Latin from her lips as she addressed the students, in order to compare her interpretation with the poetical one in Italian of her own countryman Cesarotti, reserving to myself the pleasure of contrasting both with any modern English translation I might find on my return to England. Nor was I disappointed, but on the contrary more than fortunate in having to welcome (fifty-five years after my return home) a new and masterly version of the immortal poem by no less a personage than the Premier of England. La Signora Tambroni expressed her regret to me that a friend of hers, the great improvisatrice Bandinelli, was at that moment absent in Modena, else I might have had the satisfaction of hearing not only her wonderful improvisations, but also the reciting of some lines from her own clever epic, entitled "La Teseide."

Wandering about on foot through Bologna and entering the churches, one discovers in dark or recondite chapels altar-pictures of exquisite beauty. Thus, in the church of Santo Dominico there are some of the most enchanting specimens of Francia and Guercino, both of the Bolognese school. In the best known public galleries I have visited since, I do not remember to have seen better examples of these two delicate limners of the seventeenth century. To lovers of wood carvings, the choir seats in the same church, representing the principal events in Genesis, will afford a great treat. They are the work of one of the monks, and bear date 1740.

Once embarked in these pleasing and instructive occupations, and with facilities for pushing my investigations, I felt loth to halt in my course, and thus I went on accepting one facility after another offered to me for satisfactorily collecting important information. I may add parenthetically that, freemason like, I cautiously sounded each of my newly-made acquaintances on their political principles before I trusted them, and was happy to find that the dissatisfaction at the Austrian rule was inferior only to their feelings of hatred to the French, the longing for a free constitutional political existence being a sentiment common to all the ablest amongst them. We exchanged our individual ideas, formed projects, and mutually promised to correspond in future, and to help by our pens to bring about a solution of the Italian question as near akin to the constitutional English *régime* as is compatible with the nature of the Italian races. In this respect, with the exception of Carlo Botta, Leoni, Cicogna, Cattaneo, Villa, and others, the notions which most liberals entertained respecting the mode of action of the English government and its Houses of Parliament, the Commons especially, were as far from the real thing as possible, and it was on my part a work of patience not less than pleasure to undertake at times to inform them of first principles of which they had not formed a correct idea before. The expression of contentment they evinced once they had comprehended the simplicity as well as the beauty of the system, fully compensated for the pains taken to make them understand it.

My countrymen have since attained to that desirable state which I prophesied and prayed for, or at least preached for, before hand. They have had granted to them all the refined mechanism for successfully conducting the government of an independent nation as it is conducted in England, and they have now been in the practice of it for a period sufficiently long to have made them expert administrators. They have not become so! Rather the contrary! In the few later years, symptoms of retrogressive political adroitness have appeared both in debate and in the acts of ministers. They ape readily enough the form, but not the spirit of their prototype beyond the Alps and the Channel. They must commence a new political education. What a splendid opening in the bosom of a kingdom of twenty-five millions of the most humanized race in Europe, for a "Heaven-born Minister" like Pitt to teach the diverse chiefs of such a stupendous multitude, and the people themselves, how to steer the vessel of a free and independent state in tranquil not less than in troubled waters!

Before I dismiss Bologna, I may allude to the wealth in pictures by eminent masters which the palaces contain. The Palazzi Marescalchi, Ranuzzi, and Ercolani are particularly deserving of attention. In the first of these, many of the earliest and original Caracci, painted for the family, are preserved. In the last of the three named palaces, a splendid staircase is universally admired. On the occasion of my attending a *conversazione* given by the Princess Ercolani, this magnificent specimen of architecture was set off with increased effect by a profusion of well-arranged groups of lighted candelabra and the choicest flowers. No Austrian or military officers were present, a fact which a gentleman near me, a stranger like myself, but more intimate with the family, explained to me by stating an occurrence that had taken place only a few weeks before, the narrative of which I should preface with "horresco referens," had I not been informed soon after of acts of a similar kind perpetrated by the then military occupants of ill-fated Italy.

A superior Austrian officer quartered in the Palazzo Ercolani, being displeased with the conduct of one of his orderlies, commanded him to be forthwith subjected to the punishment of the *bancata*, meaning a certain number of "*bastonate sul deretano*." The operation was actually carried out under the windows of the princess's apartments, who on hearing the loud cries and shrieks of the victim was thrown into such a state of agony that she exclaimed, "Pietà, pietà per l' infelice." The sergeant who superintended the barbarous punishment, on hearing this, simply smiled, and cried out, "*Der Henker ist ein scharfer Barbier*" (the executioner is a sharp shaver).

Bologna was at that time the known rendezvous of Italian patriots, many of whom, having served as officers in the Viceroy Eugène's army, had preferred to retire from the service and return home to entering that of Austria. Such being the case, that city was the very central spot in which I could gather more practical and useful information towards forming a just notion of public opinion on the political questions of the day. But I began to suspect that sentiments and feelings were stealing insidiously and daily into my nature which might ultimately interfere and altogether mar the real object of my journey; I therefore adopted at once the resolution of advancing farther on my expedition, and approaching as near as I could to the confines of the recently created monarchy of Elba. I had been charged with a despatch from Lord Castlereagh for Colonel Campbell, English representative at Elba, which I was to deliver either personally or through the English consul at Leghorn, but on no account to commit it to the post. I had therefore a plea for proceeding farther into Italy, and that plea had been originally communicated to the Austrian authorities at Milan by Sir Robert Wilson, and from Milan to the commander in Bologna.

My passport as a cabinet messenger being renewed, I ordered post-horses, and on the 4th of June, 1814, started in the direction of Florence with the intention of visiting Pisa, Leghorn, Pistoja, Lucca, &c. Were I to allude in these days to the difficulty of ascending the Apennines after the first level post to Pianoro until you reach Florence, I should excite a smile; nevertheless, the difficulty was great in olden times, as the additional couple of oxen attached in front of the post-horses until we reached an albergo on the top of the hill would testify. Here again, as usual, the landlord, with the proverbial good nature of all such *padroni*, tried to frighten us into a night's lodging and a supper, with a long bill for the morning, by declaring that the road further on was infested with marauders, who had only a few hours before robbed the diligence from Florence to Bologna. The fellow looked to me so much like a cut-throat himself, that I preferred taking my chance on the road to remaining under his roof, or in proximity of his no better looking ostler. My servant, who carried with him on the hind seat of the carriage an Italian blunderbuss, had been instructed to display it as often as possible, whilst I took care to be seen removing a pair of pistols from the carriage and putting them in my pocket on getting out for a short time.

While we were debating these points, and I was steadily intent on looking at the flaring carburetted-hydrogen gas emitted from Pietra Mala, at a short distance, the night being intensely dark and the phenomenon very visible, the rumbling of another equipage and the postilion's horn were heard approaching, which ultimately reached and stopped at the albergo, disclosing, to my great delight, one of my Bolognese acquaintances, the Duca di San Giovanni, with his aide-de-camp and a nephew and two servants. After a brief colloquy, preceded by such an earnest squeeze of the hands and the expression of surprise as are apt to take place under such unpleasant circumstances, it was agreed that we should perform the journey together, and we safely descended into Florence at 10 o'clock P.M., both of us alighting at the same hotel.

Before I proceed further with my report of the political crusade in which I had voluntarily enrolled myself on behalf of my native country, I deem it right to declare my specific object to have been to inculcate among my countrymen in Italy the doctrine of a monarchical government based upon liberal principles, to the entire exclusion of every species or form of a pure republic. I was hostile to Carbonarism; neither did I make any secret of my partiality. From the commencement of my political career, that is to say, from the time I began (apart from my own profession) to write on political subjects referring to my fatherland, my avowed principles had been limited to the choice of an Italian prince for its sovereign, and of a freely elected assembly of enlightened citizens to initiate and enact the laws by which that sovereign and his people were to be directed and controlled. I looked to the Mountain King of Piedmont, with the great prestige of his valorous ancestry and his own firmness of character, as the prince who could best fulfil the part of sovereign to the whole north of Italy, limiting in my mind at first the extent of the new kingdom to the confines of the Roman territory, but comprehending thus far both the eastern and western shores of the peninsula, including Venice and Genoa.

A periodical called "Il Patriota Italiano" was first published by me in London in 1814, to work out my ideas even while the French were in possession of Italy. The periodical was quickly followed and supported with cogent arguments from the able pens of various contributors in a bi-monthly magazine started the previous year, entitled "L' Italico," to which the Prince Regent and several of the British Ministers subscribed as a literary and scientific miscellany written in the purest Italian. But it was in the "Appello" I addressed to the head of the allied sovereigns in Paris the same year that the entire plan, since successfully carried out, was fully developed. I may therefore claim the merit of having been the first Italian to suggest the idea, and warmly to support it during the revolutionary era of 1848, in my two letters to Lord Palmerston "On the Italian Question," published in London and favourably reviewed in all the leading journals of the time, besides being reprinted in Turin.

It is not the abstract idea of Italian unity that I claim as an original idea. "God decreed that unity," as Mazzini himself has declared in a letter he addressed to Victor Emmanuel II. "God decreed that unity when He enclosed us between the eternal Alps and the eternal seas." Dante, Machiavelli, Alfieri, preached the dogma of union. Unity is the prayer, the desire of all Italy; with Rome for the metropolis. What I claim is, that first among all the Italian writers I said in many publications: "Let an Italian prince of ancient descent, let Charles Albert of the house of Savoy be placed as king at the head of the Italian union, backed by a freely elected legislative body of enlightened citizens, and aided by a suitable number of patricians as moderators. Thus constituted, such a sovereign will be looked upon by all Italians as the head of a confederacy of free and independent people, as the centre in which their joint allegiance should be fixed, and as the balancing power in the state by which the welfare and political influence of the kingdom of Italy would be established and recognized among the other great powers of Europe."

It was unfortunate for Italy that those foreign powers, which had been themselves fast bound in slavery for many years, should have triumphed, and have their chains removed simultaneously by virtue of a congress at which Italy was not properly represented; for she would have protested against the resolution of subjecting once more the different sections of the Italian peninsula to the old forms of government, with all the antiquated and despotic rules of former days, in open disregard of the progress society had made since 1799. Accordingly, Victor Emmanuel I., dispossessed in 1802, returned to Turin in 1814 with all his old inherent privileges, which Montesquieu had declared to constitute the Piedmontese as the most despotic government in Europe. It was hoped that the error committed at Paris, in not insisting that the king should adopt a liberal constitutional system, would be remedied at the Congress of Vienna; but no such measure was there suggested, and the Piedmontese king hastened back to his capital to revive the prestige of his former autocracy.

He commenced by abolishing the regency appointed by the allied sovereigns, at the head of which they had placed the Marquis of Saint Maysan, a distinguished statesman whom the natives loved, and then proceeded to re-establish the several departments of his government on the old footing of 1798, replacing in their posts the occupants of twenty years before if alive, otherwise their sons of fifteen or sixteen. The consequence of such a miserable and mistaken arrangement was an unexpected moral reaction, which proved disastrous to the government itself and to the country. Numerous families were at once deprived of all resources, while a deficit of many millions in the public revenue was occasioned by the entire ignorance and incompetency of the persons employed to perform the work assigned to them. On the other hand, the principal of the patrician families, who were accused of having served the preceding government too well and honourably, were declared incapacitated to fill any of the posts of honour in the administration. In such a manner were treated Counts Salmatoris and Balbi, the Marquis de Cavour, all the members of the house of de Salmes, the Marquises de Lascaris and de Brême, with many more, who were all deprived of the honours and dignities they had formerly enjoyed.

With the army, matters went on not less strangely. All the brave Piedmontese officers who had distinguished themselves in the wars of Napoleon, and had returned to their homes covered with scars and many tokens of honourable distinction, were thrust aside, and their offers of service scouted, except where dire want compelled the applicants to accept an inferior rank to the one they occupied before. The generals of division, Lieutenant-Generals Fresia and Seras, were rejected, and were received most gladly by the French king. Lieutenant-General Giflenga having offered his services, was thanked, and informed that he could only hope for the rank of captain.

In the mean time the regiments presented a most disorderly aspect: there were no officers capable of maintaining discipline, the non-commissioned officers were without authority, the soldiers without restraint. All was in disorder. The lodging, the clothing, and the instruction of the troops were mere words without any reality. The youngest colonel was fifty-eight years old.

This statement for which I have official authority, I have purposely introduced to show the dire effects of restoring the old royalty in Italy without a controlling constitution, and to point out also the absolute necessity that existed of adopting the scheme for a monarchical administration of the recovered provinces of Italy, such as I suggested while Napoleon was yet master of the field, and I fully developed in its entirety after his fall, accompanied with the outline of a free constitution suited to my countrymen. At the same time, the very melancholy description of political affairs in Piedmont given above, goes to show how absolutely necessary had become the revolution initiated by Charles Albert, Gioberti, and others, to whom I lent the aid of my pen from a foreign country, to be happily completed by Cavour some years later.

CHAPTER XXIV.

1814.

Florence—Signor Ferroni—Niccolini—Mascagni—Raphael Morghen—Benvenuti—State of Italy—Sympathy in England—Proceed to Lucca—Letter to Mr. Hamilton—Bonaparte's flight predicted.

The pleasant society in which I found myself rendered my stay in Florence very delightful, chiefly on account of the numerous acquaintances I made with persons of distinction and renown of both sexes, many of whom were remarkable for some peculiarity that had raised them to the head of their class. Such an intercourse had another result, for it enabled me also to appreciate properly certain individuals who had assumed out of their country a character to which they were not entitled. But a number of people of a different order, and chiefly among the learned and scientific professors, more than compensated for the less estimable portion of the society. I cannot resist the pleasure of naming a few with whom I successively became acquainted in the course of my visit to public galleries and private studios, and also during my attendances at different public institutions and hospitals.

First I would express a wish that those who were younger than myself, or about the same age when we first met in 1814, should they cast their eyes on these pages, will accept my references to their names as an evidence of the esteem and respect they inspired me with during our personal intercourse and by subsequent correspondence. I select as the first name that of Signor Ferroni, president of the Academia della Crusca, a profound mathematician, a man of great learning, of agreeable manners, and of a very pleasing aspect. The Abbé Zanoni, conservatore della Galleria Medici, a learned antiquary. L' Abbate Parigi—full of learning, but rather partial to light and frivolous literature, who would have shone in the art of punning did the Italian language admit of such atrocities—was a wit, and a welcome guest at a dinner table, where his manners and conversation made him a favourite. To this Abbate I owe my presentation to the Marchesa Mazzei, in the Piazza Pitti, a celebrated improvisatrice far more pleasing to listen to than the young fashionable improvisatrice Striggi. We found the lady full of poetic fire, and she favoured us with more than one example of her wonderful facility of weaving together poetical phrases on any subject proposed to her, whether rhymeless or with "*rime obligate*"—an inspired muse on Helicon.

At the Biblioteca Laurenziana, the one of several which I frequented in preference, and the best known in Europe for the vast collection of manuscripts, many of them precious as well as rare, there was Il Signor Furia as principal librarian. Signor Furia's knowledge of books and prodigious memory were equally remarkable, two most excellent qualifications for a librarian. It was impossible to converse with him for half an hour without coming away with an amount of information almost perplexing.

With respect to highly talented people, I may well feel proud at having been admitted, on the 13th July, to an agreeable dinner by special invitation from Niccolini, author of the tragedy "Polissena," which was crowned by the Academia della Crusca in 1810, followed at no long interval by other tragic poems, "Medea," "Edipo," and other dramas, all after the severest models of the Greek stage.

In my own particular department I rejoice at having known personally the celebrated anatomist Mascagni, an indefatigable practical dissector, who was able to design and have engraved a series of coloured human figures of the natural size, representing the various regions of the body and their internal corresponding organs in perfect assimilation to a real injected subject lying on a dissecting table. I possessed myself of a copy of this great anatomical work as soon as it was completed, which was forwarded to London the year after, where it was the admiration of all my medical friends. I readily promised the professor to assist him in disposing of some copies in England of his laborious work, that had cost so much exertion, attention, and labour, besides a heavy disbursement of money; and I am happy in the recollection that all the universities in Great Britain, the large medical and surgical colleges, did not hesitate to subscribe for a copy of a publication unparalleled in art, and a most valuable assistant in anatomical instruction. With this illustrious teacher of the medical art I proceeded to examine at the great Ospital di Santa Maria Nuova, very carefully (and well worthy are they of a minute examination), these famous preparations of the plexuses of the educting capillary vessels of the skin, which the good professor promised soon to publish for the benefit of our profession. I looked on the dear old man with veneration, devoting himself (to the neglect of every worldly consideration) to irksome occupations simply for the benefit of his kind, and with no prospect of profit to himself in this world. No philosopher has more truly laughed at worldly interest or mundane desires than Mascagni. Such was his indifference to appearances and personal comforts, that he might have been infinitely benefited by the assistance of a valet. He reminded me in habits and appearance of my old anatomical teacher in London.

Another and very different studio in which I found "subjects" also, but of pure art, where the human figure was drawn and engraved in all the perfection Nature has imparted to it, was that of Raphael Morghen, the prince of Italian engravers, and probably the most industrious and indefatigable of them all. Not fewer than two hundred and fifty-four are the engravings known to have been the produce of his burin in the course of a life which extended to seventy-five years, although for some years before his death he ceased to do more than superintend the work of the school he had formed. At my visit he took great pleasure in showing me that triumph of his art, the Transfiguration, which he had lately completed (1811). Another triumph was hanging in sight as a pendant to his Raphael, I mean La Fornarina. Can a human face be represented more lovely?

Another acquaintance enabled me to judge pretty accurately of the state of the art of historical and portrait painting in Tuscany. This was the case on my being admitted, through the courtesy of the painter himself—Signor Benvenuti—to view on his easels his two *chefs-d'œuvre* (as his admirers call them), the one representing Elise, Principessa di Lucca e Piombino, seated and surrounded by several of her courtiers, all portraits; the other being a representation of the death of Priam, a splendid historical design such as Italian painters only can produce, but faulty in colour. In this latter respect the Tuscan painters may be classed with those of the modern French School, who have adopted the red-brick colouring of David's historical works.

A lucky *rencontre* in Benvenuti's studio with the Marchese Strozzi, whom I had often met at the very hospitable mansion of the Marchesa Santini, procured me a better opportunity of judging of the style and imagination of the living Tuscan painters in almost every branch of their art, especially in frescoes, in his own grand palazzo, via della Scala, when I had likewise the opportunity of admiring an English garden really deserving of the name. The marquis had once filled the post of prefect of Florence, and was rather too partial to the late French government, of which, as prefect of an Italian city ridiculously converted into a French one, he had been one of the superior officials. I could excuse his partiality, for I knew that in his heart he was a true Italian, with patriotic sentiments entirely in unison with those I was anxious to propagate.

I had frequent meetings with this young nobleman, rich in information, and of most agreeable manners; as also with his friend Count Brunetti of Massa, formerly Secretary of Embassy at the Court of Naples from the Kingdom of Italy. I learned from them, that immediately previous to the fall of Napoleon and of Prince Eugène, my "Appello" had found its way into Tuscany, where copies were made in manuscript of the Italian version of that work, which were afterwards distributed throughout the southern provinces of Italy by the members of "Young Italy," many of whom, patricians though they were, had become converted to the idea of a united Italy, independent, monarchical, and constitutional. My intercourse with these choice spirits determined me at once to extend somewhat my next journey into the interior provinces, thus adding something to my originally devised excursions to Leghorn to examine the lazaretto and quarantine establishment in that place, such being the ostensible reason for coming thus far south from my native city. Visits at the same time to a few other neighbouring cities, such among others as Pisa and Lucca—in which latter city especially I was informed some political intrigues were being carried on with the connivance of the Austrian authorities—I considered to be equally essential.

Pending the expected resolutions regarding the future political condition of Italy, for which we were looking to the Congress of Vienna, my own attention could not be more usefully directed than to the consideration of the state in which my native land found itself after the Austrian arms again had penetrated into almost every part of it, under promises publicly proclaimed by their generals of bringing freedom and independence to the people. These promises were never meant to be realized, and indeed were repudiated as soon as made by the same congress in whose name they had been proclaimed. Thus the whole of Italy was once more enslaved, and the old tyrants once more enthroned. The sunny provinces of the peninsula alone were left undisturbed in the possession of a Gallic king, while to the old sovereign of the northern Alpine provinces, the dominion of his ancestors was restored without any condition or pact for securing the rights of the people consigned to his authority. But neither southern nor northern sovereign was likely to maintain his position long. He of the sunny provinces, who had declared himself ready to barter his honour to save his territories, was doomed to other and more awful destinies, whilst he of the northern regions, after in vain striving to revive autocratic and antiquated or exploded rules of government, would presently be compelled to yield to the nascent principles of freedom and independence in his own people and in the line of his own posterity.

It is painful to reflect, that while the destinies of these two parts of Italy were working out their fulfilment, the name of an English general should also have been found in the list of the military chiefs appointed by the congress to settle the fate of Italy, whose signature appeared under a proclamation addressed to the Italians of the Ligurian provinces, not less deceptive as to promises of freedom and independence never to be realized than the preceding proclamations. But Lord William Bentinck had his excuses for not succeeding at Genoa, as he did succeed afterwards in Sicily. On the present occasion, however, he too abandoned the northern Italians to their fate, and thus all chances of independence vanished, and Italy now again lay under the despotic sway of the Austrians, who insisted on keeping possession of it as their own, according to the declaration of their Emperor Francis to the Milanese deputation when calling on him for the reorganization of the kingdom of Italy. "Signori miei, queste sono provincie del mio Impero" (Gentlemen, these are provinces of my empire). And there was not one power in Europe to say No; not even England to tell his imperial majesty it was an outrageous usurpation! But all the powers united approved the act, and legalized a spoliation that endured more than half a century with all its disastrous consequences, though it was destined at last to recoil with tenfold severity on the alien perpetrators.

The Austrians had once more been allowed to fix their double-headed eagle's talons on the fair land of enslaved Italy, while their generals were promising to the people independence and a free choice of government in their mendacious proclamations! Was it not natural that such treatment should rouse the indignation of the Italians? and such a feeling I found generally prevailing in all the provinces I visited. General Count Nugent, at the head of a fresh corps of Austrian troops, entered from the north-east into the Venetian and Lombard territories, and proclaimed the independence of the people. General Lord William Bentinck, in the north-west, followed the example at the head of British troops, by a proclamation of liberty and independence to the Piedmontese and the Ligurians, who had implicit confidence in the English. But both these military chiefs were made to forfeit their word as well as the honour of the country they represented. The south of the peninsula was left in the hands of a French-made king; the north was rendered back to its own old sovereign, with more than his old despotic attributes; and the larger portion, the fairer, the richer, including the once powerful republic of Venice and the once happy centre, Lombardy, Tuscany, the Legations, and Rome, were suffered to become the usurped property of Austria, its satellites, princelets, and the Pope.

These, it will be said, are now become occurrences of such ancient date, and moreover the usurping power has since paid so dearly for his usurpation, that a reference to them in any modern biography might seem preposterous if not absurd. But not so! The occurrences are one and all such as must and will form part of the history of Europe. In them I have been mixed up, and I survive them. I laboured hard to prevent some of them, and was successful in bringing about in others results that were more desirable. What greater motives can a writer allege for referring to matters so intimately interwoven with his life? But in referring to the pregnant events that took place in the first half of the present century in my native land, I shall not travel beyond such as relate to occurrences destined (indeed intended) to lead to a far different and happier condition of political existence in Italy.

All who have perused the history of 1814, and then proceeded to that of 1848 and 1856, will acknowledge the happy and (as it has turned out) wonderful change between those periods, neither unexpected nor unmerited. To bring that change about, every good Italian lent to his countrymen in arms what help his own individual condition enabled him to contribute. For my part, I deemed it a duty, both as an Italian born and as a denizen of England, to keep the attention of the English people and their ministers close to the question by letters addressed to the Secretary of State for Foreign Affairs, and by frequent contributions to the liberal London papers, especially to the editor and proprietor of the "Morning Chronicle," James Perry, to whom I was well known, and for whose personal friendship (which continued to his last days) I had been indebted to His Royal Highness the Duke of Sussex, to whose private *déjeuners* at Kensington Palace we were both frequently admitted. There was an ostensible motive for my enjoying the frequent privilege of these meetings in the great love the duke felt for Italian literature, and his not less ardent attachment to the cause of Italian resurrection, as he was wont to call it. The editorship of my own journal, "L' Italico," led first to the Kensington meetings, many of the articles being there read in manuscript. There, in the presence often either of the Marquis of Buckingham or of Lord Douglas, a son of the Duke of Hamilton (both staunch friends of Italy), the best manner of shaping my Italian articles, which were to assist in accomplishing the reorganization of Italy, was discussed and settled. On these occasions also, Mr. James Perry would take notes for his own part in this patriotic work, by writing leaders in his broad sheet. Accordingly, in its columns of the summer and autumnal months of 1814 and 1815, not a few such leaders or communicated articles, either from Italy or concerning Italy, will be found, all picturing the iniquities of Austria, the sufferings of the Italian patriots, and their aspirations.

In my communications with Mr. Hamilton there was no attempt on my part to assume the office of "our own special correspondent;" and I well knew the difficulty of securing a safe conveyance for any letter I might choose to invest with the semblance of an *ex-officio* communication, and so commit the British government. Private letters could more easily be transmitted by private and sure hands, and therefore my correspondence was limited to that form only.

On the 6th of June, 1814, while at Florence, I had delivered to Colonel Campbell the despatch addressed to him which I had brought from Lord Castlereagh, a reply to which the colonel handed over to me to take to England, as he himself was on the point of setting off for Rome. I told him I should not be in London before the middle of August, and would keep his packet till then if he thought the ordinary post could not be safely trusted, to which arrangement he agreed. Some readers may think that I am rather too particular in noticing such petty matters, and perhaps accuse me of ostentation in parading the peculiarly courteous manner in which I was treated by the several officials with whom I came in contact. In this I have a legitimate object, which will appear evident in the relation of what is presently to follow.

Considering myself now a free agent—free, I mean, from responsibility as to the home government, I felt at liberty to indulge somewhat my propensity in favour of Italian independence, and consequently in an unrestricted intercourse with the "Young Italy" and the rest of the true friends of the good cause. Many of these I knew I should find in the principality lately ruled over by a sister of Napoleon, and where some political intrigue was being hatched which it would be of service to the friends of peace and order in Italy to thwart. To Lucca, therefore, I proceeded, leaving for the moment Pisa and other Tuscan cities.

The people of Lucca are indebted for the good road of access to their capital city to the Princess Elise: the scenery—good but not gay—through which it passes consists principally of small forests of olive trees, that may vie in gloom with the most sombre forests of cypresses. Lucca has nothing striking either at its entrance or in its streets. The Duomo, an edifice of the eleventh century, is a remarkable structure, with basso-relievi of that barbarous style which preceded Pisani the restorer, of whom there are in the Church of San Frediano, patron saint of the city, some other works, at the sight of which one is amazed that the same artist should have been able in the short space of a few years to produce them. Opposite to the church are some remains of a Roman amphitheatre, upon which dwelling houses have been built, preserving the round form of the original edifice, the materials, together with the columns taken from the ancient amphitheatre, having served to erect the church of San Frediano, in which I found a most excellent picture of Tofanelli, a Lucchese artist then recently deceased. More of his paintings are to be seen in Casa Manzi, at a short distance out of the town.

Professor Ciampi, from Pisa, who had found me out, introduced me at once to a few of "the choice spirits," among whom I may now mention aloud, without fear of any likely political detriment to the parties, il Cavaliere Lucchesini, the Secretario Trenta, Papi, member of the provisional government, the translator of Milton, who also had served as colonel in the English army in India. I must add, however, a few words respecting the latter distinguished Italian, with whom I became well acquainted by letters in subsequent years. Lorenzo Papi had published the history of the French Revolution in terse Italian, and the result of his Indian experience in a series of "Lettere Orientali." To his pen we are likewise indebted for some pleasing translations from the Greek, and I esteem his version of "Paradise Lost" into the Italian language an admirable work. When the old Duke of Lucca was travelling in Italy, he was asked his opinion of the celebrated Lucchese historian and poet; but the duke had never heard of the name in his diminutive capital; and Cantie, the historian, goes on to say, that, perfectly ashamed, on his return he had an interview with him, and made him his librarian and the tutor to his son.

My next letter to Mr. Hamilton, which I was specially desirous to convey to him without loss of time, owing to the important vaticinations with which it concludes, and which I hoped would be brought to the notice of the highest quarters, I now proceed to insert:—

"Lucca, 10th June, 1814.

"My dear Sir,—With the delivery of Lord Castlereagh's despatch, addressed to Colonel Campbell, British Commissioner in Elba, into whose hands at Florence I gave it three days since, I have accomplished all that I had been instructed to do, and according to Sir Robert Wilson's interpretation, I consider myself free from any further responsibility towards those by whom I have been instructed to perform a certain duty.

"In mentioning the name of the gallant general, I cannot deny myself the satisfaction of conveying to you the sentiments and opinion I have heard expressed in many quarters, by people in authority as well as in private life, with respect to the praiseworthy and admirable manner in which he fills his diplomatic post in those parts of Italy he has resided in, where his official conduct was remarked for the dignified and, at the same time, conciliatory spirit he displayed in his intercourse with those who had to transact business with him. As regards myself, I cannot be too thankful to him for the advice and countenance he has vouchsafed to me during our official intercourse, which has tended to confirm the friendship and regard I entertained for him.

"One of my objects in coming to Lucca was to test and decipher a certain mystery which hangs over the behaviour of King Murat, respecting whom the congregated powers at Vienna seem not a little suspicious, and yet they affect to trust. But I am not about to trouble myself regarding the affairs of the congress. Sufficient for me to try to ascertain whether we could venture to trust a man who entertained a clandestine correspondence with the 'Giovine Italia,' to whom he pretended that his offer to assist the Austrians was a mere *ruse.* Perhaps by visiting the governor of this province, Count Stahremberg, I might be able to learn some particulars of the supposed plot. Doubtless there was something in the wind, and the court at Porto Ferrajo seemed to have become an object watched with great jealousy.

"I had brought with me a letter of introduction from Count Nugent for the governor, and accordingly I applied to his secretary, an Italian from Parma (well known as a poet and author of a well-written tragedy), Signor Rossetti, to ascertain at what time I might present myself. The secretary was just on the point of joining Count Stahremberg at the celebration of a grand mass, which was taking place that morning in the Duomo, and he invited me to accompany him thither. I was courteously received by the count, and accommodated with a *prie-dieu* at his right hand. I recognized near me a Milanese acquaintance, Count Couvenoff, a chamberlain of the Emperor of Austria, and aide-de-camp to the general.

"The high mass was celebrated with all the gorgeous pomp of the Romish Church, accompanied by vocal and instrumental music, of which it may be said (whatever objections certain people may have to such displays) that it certainly was most appropriate and impressive. On its conclusion, Count Stahremberg, his staff, and his company walked in procession from the Duomo to the count's official palazzo, lately the Princess Elise's residence, there to partake of a grand *déjeuner* served up with all the display and attendants of the preceding possessor of the magnificent palace. Here again Count Stahremberg, who had in the mean time opened and read Count Nugent's letter, was profuse in his expressions of civility, and pointing out to me a chair on his right hand, he soon commenced a conversation, the tenor of which I suspect was to ascertain whether I had any intention or instruction to visit the island, or had any commission referring to the great personage residing in it. I frankly and at once informed him of the fact of my having brought an official despatch from the Foreign Office in London, which I had duly delivered to Colonel Campbell at Florence, and I should also take charge of any official letter he might intrust me with in return.

"To give him a further proof of my frank dealing, I added that I had also held some conversation at Leghorn with Count Balmaine, the Russian Commissioner at Elba, with whom I was well acquainted, since he had had occasion to consult me professionally in London for his own health, and ever since which time I had been honoured with his friendship. Our interview at Leghorn, I added, had been but a brief one, and the subject of our discourse had been entirely in reference to his own health, with a passing remark or two on the manner of living at the imperial court in the island. With regard to myself, I assured the general that I had not the slightest wish to visit Elba, otherwise I had had a legitimate excuse for gratifying that wish by the delivery of my despatch into the British commissioner's own hands, as I had been instructed to do. My frankness seemed to have produced a favourable impression, for on his part the count told me of certain suspicious movements going on in the island, and that he had himself ordered the arrest of two agents who were found recruiting soldiers for Napoleon. He added some anecdotes concerning the *ci-devant* Grand Duchess, who he said had suddenly gone off to the Congress at Vienna, while Count Bacciochi, her husband, remained at Bologna.

"On the subject of any political movement on the part of his own government towards either the sovereign of Elba or his sister, la Duchesse Elise, of course he was silent. But his reticence did not prevent my becoming acquainted with certain facts which I learned from unimpeachable authorities. An active correspondence is being carried on, with the knowledge of the governor, between King Murat and the Princess Elise, and between the latter and Napoleon. Two well-known agents are recruiting soldiers out of the late Italian regiments at a high premium, ostensibly for King Murat, who offers to assist with his troops the Austrian armies in their operations in Italy, as he had declared to the Congress at Vienna, but which troops may chance to be employed for very different purposes. The father-in-law and the son-in-law may find it worth while to make common cause, and by combining their whole interests secure both Italy and the restoration of the imperial diadem of France with the Emperor Francis to back them. Not a dreamy project this, by-the-by, if there be but daring enough in any party to undertake it.

"You will excuse me if I prose, but since I have been so much among diplomatists and martial heroes in my journey, I am become a schemer, and viewing political matters as they are here represented or suspected, does it not seem practicable that the plot known to be going on at this moment between the courts of Vienna and of Naples and of Elba, which are in reciprocal correspondence through the intermediate agency of titled personages, might culminate in the sudden appearance of Napoleon at the head of his old soldiers, while those of his brother-in-law advance from Naples conjointly with the Austrian troops already spread all over the rest of Italy, the possession of which they would naturally try to keep? At this conjecture, Francis, the father-in-law, upsetting the chess-board at Vienna, breaks up the Congress, joining with his whole army the recruited ranks of his bold French son-in-law, turns the tables against his compeers, and becomes the joint head of a new coalition! I ask *Quis vetat?* would the remains of the allied troops, the Russians, the Prussians, or the English, who had just fought and been decimated in their advance on Paris, prove sufficiently alert and in number sufficient to withstand such a terrible combination?

"Returning now from the imaginative to the real, I am not a little puzzled at learning from one of the members of the provisional government that the civil police, who on their own responsibility had arrested certain suspected spies and known agents of Napoleon, were ordered by direction of Stahremberg to discharge some and to treat the rest with leniency and consideration, and also that orders had been given to respect all letters that might arrive for the princess! Murat, Elise, Napoleon, and the Court of Vienna therefore are on good terms.

"A packet arrived a few days since from Vienna, directed to the government, for the Sovereign of Elba. The government, not wishing to appear as regards the Lucchese to take an open part in such a transaction, confided the packet to a young gentleman belonging to Porto Ferrajo, that he might deliver it to the Emperor. This young messenger, much attached to the Italian cause, mentioned his errand to Mr. Grant as a privileged communication. On inquiry the latter gentleman found the report correct, and ascertained that the young messenger, whom he knew personally, had actually sailed for Porto Ferrajo.

"Lord William Bentinck has abruptly superseded Mr. Grant in his consulship, thus depriving his countrymen, as well as the Italian community who transacted business with him, of a most valuable and conscientious civil agent, whose zeal and assiduity in the discharge of his functions and in his endeavours to be useful to your own department of the Foreign Office had earned him the consideration of a large number of friends, of whom I am happy to be one, and a most obliged one.

"In the course of the day, part of which I spent by invitation from the count in examining the Grand Ducal palace, Signor Rossetti, the governor's secretary, introduced me into a large and highly ornamented gallery, which I found actually encumbered with rich furniture and many ornaments taken from other apartments,—cases, boxes, and paintings all collected pell-mell. To explain this strange spectacle, a gentleman, whom I learned afterwards to be a member of the *Governo Provisorio* (for in taking possession of Lucca the Austrians did not at once oust the Grand Duchess, but appointed a number of civilians to administer the city temporarily), related the following anecdote:— 'Some treasure had lately been found in the city belonging to Elise, which she had secreted. The count, with much civility, had applied himself to ascertaining the fact, and no doubt in calculating also how much of the treasure-trove might justly come to himself as his share, for which purpose he made frequent visits to Florence and back, when superior orders arrived (within the last few days) to suffer things to remain as heretofore, and the count is balked of his anticipated booty, which accounts for the strange and yet magnificent masses and groups of valuables you see collected in this large gallery.'

"The count in the mean time had been pacing up and down the few remaining spaces in the place unoccupied, examining with his secretary at his side the various collections of plate, rich ornaments upon valuable marble and mosaic tables and in front of splendid mirrors, when all at once, as he was returning towards us, I heard him call out to Signor Rossetti in French, 'Il y a des fripons qui en cachent encore. Faremo un altro decreto' (suddenly changing the language from French to Italian, for he was versed in both), 'promettendo la quinta parte delle cose scoperte a chi le scoprira.' 'Si, si, certamente,' responded Rossetti; 'e vi aggiungeremo una pena di corpo, come si dice, cinquanta, o cento bastonate ai Signori che le celapero.'*

"*Je frémis!* Such is the expression I find written in my diary in that part in which the degrading expressions of the Italian poet are transcribed, together with the notice of the anecdote itself. I ceased from that moment to address the secretary, and was not surprised to learn that the Liberals were sadly grieved to find an Italian so gifted in intellect should be so lacking in love for his countrymen writhing under foreign oppressors.

"In the course of conversation with some of my literary acquaintances, and especially at the house of Madame Celami, *née* Orosco, to whom I had brought letters from Ugo Foscolo, and whose *salons* were always open for the reception of the *grand monde*, instances of Austrian oppression of the inhabitants of the *ci-devant* Grand Duchy were neither few nor insignificant of which I was informed, many being reported by persons perfectly disinterested and speaking apparently *de bonne foi*. But of such examples

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* Yes, yes, by all means; and we will add a corporal penalty of fifty or a hundred blows with a stick to those gentlemen who shall have been guilty of concealing any of the Princess's property.

I had heard quite enough in most of the places in Italy I had visited to satisfy me, that a state of affairs exists at present in my native country not likely to endure many years without a change. And above all, I think that the relations between Italy and Austria, Austria and France, France with Prussia and the rest of Europe, as they exist just now, are so strangely linked together that there must be more than one disruption of the principal links soon, tending to form new and different concatenations.

"*En attendant*, all tends to show that grave events are at hand, and that looking to the deep plotting manifestly going on at this moment in these parts, where the great lion is caged but not subdued, unless England can give a new direction to passing events by new measures, *Bonaparte will not be long in Elba after Christmas!* Above all, put no faith in the protestations of the King of Naples, nor in those of any of his creatures, Lecchi, Minutoli, De Gallo, Pignatelli, Rocca Romana. They are *Bad-faith* personified.

"Believe me, my dear sir, yours, &c.,

"A. B. G."

CHAPTER XXV.

1814.

Leghorn—Mr. Consul Grant—Visit the Lazaretto—The Countess d'Albany—Signor Papi—Proceed to Pisa—Professor Vacca—Professor Ciampi—Carlo Botta—Vicissitudes of an Italian historian.

My next movements shall be recorded in a letter :—

"Leghorn, 8th July, 1814.

"Dear Mr. Hamilton,—Mindful of my original intention of examining thoroughly the quarantine establishment at Leghorn, I proceeded thither this day, addressing myself at once to Mr. Consul Grant. Mr. Grant, who during the many years of his consulship gained the esteem of all the principal merchants of Leghorn, and a well-earned fortune as well as the regard and consideration of all who had any transactions with him, lives at present an almost secluded life, without, however, neglecting to keep his eyes as well as his ears open to all that is transpiring around him. As he told me soon after we first met, 'My dear Doctor, there is more mischief brewing in the air just now in these parts than the gentlemen in Downing Street, from whom you brought me this despatch (which we had just perused), dream of. If you go over to the island with the letters you have brought from the Foreign Office for Colonel Campbell, you may hear more about it. Should you dislike the visit, you will have him over, and possibly some other of the foreign commissioners at the court of the Emperor, who frequently visit Leghorn, and you may then consign to him your despatch from Lord Castlereagh, and so terminate your mission. If you will dine alone with me *a quatr' occhi*, as these people here say, we may next proceed to the theatre, where I will introduce you to the governor, who will facilitate your inquiries about the sanitary laws of the Lazaretto, and give you permission to visit the establishment in all its several parts.'

"We did so accordingly; that is to say, we dined (and very well too) and proceeded to the theatre, when Mr. Grant took his station deliberately in the grand palco as an *habitué*, followed by myself. But il Signor Governatore never came, and my presentation consequently to the Conte Spanocchi was adjourned to the next morning, when I had the honour of being very well received, every facility being afforded to me, and a number of official documents and returns I required granted without hesitation. The count seeing me in an English naval uniform, with which he was well acquainted, from having noticed it in many English men-of-war which appear from time to time before Leghorn, expressed surprise on hearing me speak in good lingua Toscana, until the puzzle was explained to him.

"It being early in the day, I expressed a wish to see the establishment at once. My visit occupied the best part of the morning and the whole afternoon, I taking notes of everything remarkable and useful, and copying plans of the different compartments or localities for the performance of personal quarantine, and those for the expurgation of the merchandise. As it is my intention to publish on my return to England a professional account of my present investigation,* I will not lengthen my letter by adding another word on the subject, except to say that I consider the whole establishment particularly well adapted to all the purposes for which it was formed and is sustained, *pace* the non-contagionists. In all my inquiries I had the assistance of the head sanitary officer, Doctor Palloni.

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* A letter to the Right Honourable F. Robinson, M.P., President of the Board of Trade and Treasurer of the Navy, "On the Plague and Contagion with reference to the Quarantine Laws, &c., &c., with a plan of the Lazaretto at Leghorn." London, 1819.

"On my return to the office of Count Spanocchi, to thank him for his courtesy, he desired his secretary, Signor Spighi, to supply me with every possible document, whether in print or written, which I might wish to have, that might throw light on the subject of my researches. I cannot speak too highly of the manner in which I was treated, both by the principal authority and his subordinates on the present occasion.

"By way of mere chat, I will add to my serious, a few words of the frivolous information that one is sure to pick up in any city when you choose to seek for it. I mean of course news of men, women, and manners; as, for example, —While in the grand palco at the theatre, I had pointed out to me, in one of the boxes, a lady who in her day had played a part of no trifling popularity. I allude to the Countess d'Albany. Having ascertained her address this morning, the moment I quitted the office of Count Spanocchi, I drove thither, and presented the letter I had brought, introducing me to her acquaintance, from one of the intimate friends of Alfieri, not many years dead, with whom it is well known the widow of the Pretender, Charles Edward, had lived in habits of the greatest intimacy. But Eloïse was as fond of the pictorial art, it is to be supposed, as she had been of the Apollinean muses, for on the death of her *dolcissimo vate*, she contented herself with living with a man the very antipodes of Alfieri in mind and body, a Monsieur Fabre, a French painter, whose only merit was the having painted a miserable looking portrait of the great tragic writer.

"The Countess d'Albany, like most elderly ladies from central Germany, looked older than her age. At sixty-two all traces had entirely vanished of that beauty that had for a time subdued a rough and drunkard Celtic prince, enslaved the greatest of modern tragic writers, and kept captive to the day of her death an obscure painter belonging to the most volatile nation in Europe. Nothing but the prestige of her name and the surviving graces of her manner could explain the desire travellers expressed on arriving at Leghorn to pay their respects to this last remnant of the Stolberg-Gelden, and of the Cardinal of York's families.

"I trust you have received duly my second letter, written from my own home in Milan, announcing my arrival from Paris. It inclosed Sir Robert Wilson's acknowledgment of having received the several despatches with which I had been intrusted, and also an Italian letter to yourself from my father, who upon hearing my full statement of the kind manner in which I had all along been treated by yourself and family, could not resist the desire of expressing in his own language to yourself his thankfulness for all your good offices and friendship towards his son so long absent, a great part of whose prosperity and success in life he justly attributes to your kind and persistent patronage.

"I remain, your very obliged,
"A. B. G."

Desirous to learn the state of feeling in the former provinces of Tuscany, which the French had converted into as many departments, placed absolutely under the rule of the Grand Duchess Elise, I proceeded to visit Pescia and

Pistoja, and ended with Pisa before returning to Florence. In both the two first-named cities I found the same spirit of hatred against the Gallic, not less than against the Austrian rule, and an equally intense desire to be emancipated from an ignominious thraldom. The *Giovine Italia*, and many of the most spirited amongst several hundred persons conspicuous for talent among the Lucchese, had planned a scheme for securing the independence of their state in the event of the post of Grand Duchess being definitely abolished and she herself exiled. Unfortunately, some of the members who belonged to the provisional government, when the moment of the final declaration had arrived, hesitated and drew back, upon which I received from Signor Passi the following communication, which I translate into English:—

"Lucca. 2 di Agosto, 1814,

"CARISSIMO SIGNORE,—A difference which unaccountably spread itself among my companions prevents me from carrying out what had been concerted between us, at which I am exceedingly vexed. If the affair *en grand* succeed, nothing can be more glorious, and I shall lend a hand to the utmost of my power. In the contrary case, and we fail, I hope that you will still do in our behalf as much as you can, being convinced at the same time of our gratitude and of all that I before explained to you by word of mouth. If you can by some safe channel send us news of yourself, and inform us what we ought to do, you will confer on me a great favour. I cannot say more at present, but remain, with affectionate esteem,

"Dear Sir, yours, &c.,
"L. PASSI."

The two systems had proved equally oppressive, and in the language of the many learned and distinguished men and professors one was sure to meet in every provincial city of importance, "the *Publica Salus* will no doubt be wrecked unless the Italians rise to a man for independence."

In these parts, again, I was able to trace evidence of the "Appello" having been received and read. My travelling companion was Professor Ciampi, whom I was reconducting in my carriage to his chair at Pisa, where I had the advantage of his guidance and assistance, not only in contemplating and admiring the truly beautiful specimens of architecture of which his city can boast, but also in understanding and duly appreciating those marvellous mural paintings in the Campo Santo (erected after the designs of Pisani), with which Giotto, Buffalmacco, Cimabue, and Agogna, between the eleventh and thirteenth centuries, gave birth to the pictorial art in Italy.

In the University of Pisa, which I visited with the view of paying my respects to the eminent Professor Vacca, to whom Ciampi introduced me, the *viri docentes* were still in a state of uncertainty and confusion, no one knowing when he might be dismissed to make room for some German teacher; for to such an absurdity had the Austrians pushed their interference wherever they ruled, as they had done at Pavia and Padua, and now in this city of Tuscany.

Andrea Vacca was not a man likely to meddle in politics. Enjoying a European reputation, much engaged in anatomical and surgical investigations, loved and esteemed by a large number of pupils, and respected by an extensive practice, which had placed him in very affluent circumstances (as I had an opportunity of judging during a visit I paid at his country house), he was not likely to look beyond the extensive circle of his own comforts and enjoyments. Yet he joined with Ciampi and myself when, in allusion to the complaints against the existing political condition of our fatherland, we exclaimed *Speramus meliora !*

Ciampi insisted on seeing me safe back to Florence, and I confess I parted with this truly good and learned man with more than common sympathy, and a wish that his future might make amends for his past adverse fortune. In that expectation, however, I was destined to be disappointed, as will appear from a letter I received from him, dated Pisa, 23rd February, 1815. I give a translation :—

"Some time since, by the channel you indicated, I addressed you a letter with the patent of member of the Academy of Pistoja, and with it some literary trifles of my own, a few of which I again forward in case the others should have miscarried.

"Poor we! to what are we reduced! Here we are, fast returning to the times of the Crusades unless God applies a remedy. The priests are the despots, and do not allow us to live. Unfortunate Italy! This is what she has gained after so many years of suffering! In France, at all events, a liberal system has taken ground, and something has been gained. Here the spirit is in chains. Here no one is master in his house. At every step new states are to be met with, which divide us into a thousand slices. What is our fate to be? What evil have we committed against human kind that we should be given up to theocratic rage and every political disaster? Shall every hope then be extinguished for us? England, so liberal, will she continue to look with indifference upon a nation thus oppressed and torn, who has ever been attached to her? We have some hopes in her magnanimity. I pray Heaven, in common with all true Italians, that England may not remain deaf to our aspirations.

"As regards myself, if things continue as they are, I think of expatriating myself.

"We have had no letters for several months, either from England or from France. The present you will receive through a private hand. In answering it, unless you have a safe channel for conveyance, be cautious, since spies watch everything here. Continue me your friendship, and farewell.

"SEBASTIAN CIAMPI."

Of three or four distinguished Italians who figure in biographical dictionaries under the same name, ordinary readers must have noticed that of Carlo Botta, the author of the excellent "History of America," in four volumes, published in 1809, in every way a standard work, whether as regards matter or style. It proved to be the most successful of the many endeavours made at that time to bring back *la bella lingua dell' Arno* to the state in which it flourished in the days of Dante, Machiavelli, and Guicciardini.

Botta was educated for a physician, and took part in all that related to the profession in his days, but more so, and by preference, in the political changes which were hourly taking place, and which led him to publish a History of Italy from 1799 to 1814. As a relaxation from his other serious labours, he wrote a poem entitled "Il Camillo, o Vejo conquistata," displaying a genuine poetical fire with an easy versification interspersed with not a few energetic beauties. After Virgil, I know not that I ever experienced more real pleasure in the perusal of an heroic poem in blank verse. With this eminent person, now consigned to perpetual fame, who died in 1837, aged 71 years, my acquaintance commenced in Paris in 1814, and was continued by frequent letters until, immersed in professional and laborious duties which permitted not the relaxation of friendly correspondence, I felt compelled to relinquish this as well as many other social enjoyments. Botta's biography has been written in every European language, but in none of them are to be found those affecting traits of his chequered life which in his intimacy he confided to me, and which enhance the beauty of his character as a father and a warm patriot, as will be found in a few of the letters he addressed to me between 1814 and 1816, letters which, for the terseness of the composition as well as for the picture they exhibit of the arduous life he had to encounter, may well find a place among the reports of the incidents of my own life. I limit for the present my communication of these epistles to a translation of two; one of which was received in the year of which I am now treating, reserving others for insertion in their proper places.

It is well that I should intimate as a preliminary, that the acquaintance on my part commenced with a letter I sent to him by a common friend, the sculptor Comolli, who exercised his profession with great success, sometimes in London, sometimes in Paris, in which letter I offered Botta my services respecting the best mode of aiding him in disposing of his works in London, being aware that a successful sale of them would be of great service. To that offer of mine the following was his reply :—

"Paris. 7th of November, 1814.
"No. 1, Rue du Paon, Faubourg Saint Germain.

"SIR,—The gain you propose to me of your friendship is a thing that I might sooner have desired than hoped for, so little used am I to find lucky ventures in this world, whence you may imagine whether I have not congratulated myself upon it and accept it willingly. I thank you in the mean time for the favour you do me, and I offer on my part everything in which I can obey you, and you may commence by taking possession of our friendship in commanding me.

"I gladly accept your kind offer to assist me in disposing of some copies of my work, 'The History of America;' and as you insist on my making known my intention on this head, I will say that two modes offer themselves for disposing of the said work in London: The first, that you should take charge of some of the copies to be disposed of for my benefit (a favour I hardly venture to ask); the other, that I should forward a certain number of copies to some London bookseller, while you in your rounds would take the trouble of recommending the work to such friends as you think likely to wish for and be able to read the work in the Italian language, naming to them the bookseller at whose shop it is to be had. The work, which as you know possibly through our friend Comolli is in four volumes, sells in Paris for twenty-four francs, but I deliver it to the trade for eighteen, and even seventeen francs if they take more than twelve copies, with a thirteenth copy for their benefit, according to custom, it being understood that the said copies are in sheets, and not bound.

"Matters being thus settled, I beg you to inform me by which of the two modes you are disposed to oblige me. If by the first, which as I before observed I would scarcely venture to suggest, though I confess it would be a boon to me, I would in that case despatch to your address a case containing twenty-eight copies, of which I should request you to keep four copies for yourself to do what you like with, and the remainder to be disposed of for my account. Should you, however, feel disinclined to take on yourself such trouble, and prefer rather the second mode proposed of disposal, I shall in that case be obliged to you to indicate any particular London bookseller to whom I could forward the case of twenty-eight copies, two of which I would esteem it a favour from you to accept from me—the other two would be given as a bonus to the bookseller, he selling the remaining twenty-four at the prices before agreed upon, unless the bookseller should prefer to purchase them all himself at the lowest cost, paying down the whole amount by a bill of exchange at three months' date, negotiable on Paris.

"In regard to costs of transport, custom-house duties, &c., the whole amount (the bookseller having paid them preliminarily) he would recoup himself either by selling the volumes dearer or by paying them to me at a less price *pro rata* on each copy. But I perceive that I am abusing a friendship which is yet quite young, but such is the great kindness of Comolli towards me, which I place on a par with your own, that I shall hope not to be deemed impertinent to you.

"I sometimes read the 'Morning Chronicle,' and I am conscious of having perused in it a most able article from your pen on the affairs of Italy. May Heaven at length listen to our old and just plaints, which surge in the midst of our unfortunate country!

"Il Signor Angeloni* will be gratified to hear from and enter into friendly relations with you. Please command, and do not spare me.

"Awaiting future news from you, I hold myself in the number of yours most devoted.

"CARLO BOTTA."

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* A celebrated Italian polygrapher in his day, and a great liberal, some of whose most eloquent letters I shall probably introduce in the course of my narrative of Italian affairs. He published an Essay on Guido d' Arezzo, the restorer of music, also a Treaty, "Della Forza nelle cose politiche." He was a member of the Roman Republic, and died in London in 1842, aged 84 years.

To minds attuned to such sympathetic feelings as the letter just perused cannot fail to awaken (a letter in which we behold a noble mind compelled by the needs of life to enter into repulsive calculations to facilitate the bartering of his brain-power for paltry lucre), the fact must cause no slight distress, as it did to me. It is a consolation to me, however, to know that not only one, but more than one package such as cited in the letter was successfully forwarded to a London bookseller during the two following years, intelligence of which I was fortunate enough to communicate to him; and on one occasion, while we were both in Paris, still more fortunate in handing over to him the pecuniary result at a moment when his worldly straits had drawn from his pen the following heartrending note:—

"Paris. 5th November, 1815.
"Rue de la Tixenderie, No. 41.

"My Dear Granville,—I am at length reduced to the last blade of grass, and if you do not help me by the sale of the remaining copies of my 'History of America,' and sending the little sum it may yield, I can hardly tell what may become of me. I pray you therefore, as much as I know and can, to take some trouble for me, for I can tell you that you will do me not only a very great favour, but the greatest service that one friend can do to another.

"The field here is sterile. Literature is quashed, and I am ruined. In my desperation I am printing my poem,* and say good-bye from my heart.

"Carlo Botta."

This literary luminary of the nineteenth century, this eloquent and truthful historian, was driven into still deeper scenes of distress. Bereft of his wife, and with three young children, boys, growing up by his side whom he dared not take with him to employment which was offered him in the United States, dreading, should he die, to leave them in utter poverty; and yet to leave them behind him and part, Heaven knows for how long, for that he had no courage!

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* "Il Camillo, o Veio conquistata."

Every Italian scholar with a pitying heart must experience many sharp pangs in his bosom while reading the following extract of another of his later epistles to me, picturing his domestic distress. The historian of America, the modern Tacitus, then crying out:—"But I have three children whom I love with the most impassioned love, for they are my own, for they are the children of an incomparable wife, who on leaving me, now eight years since, took her course to Paradise, and while dying recommended them to me!" Then speaking of going to the United States with his children, to fill a public appointment there, in another part of his letter, he says:—"How to get there with empty pockets? I have no capital to carry with me, and did I sell what little I possess in Piedmont, besides being forced to sell it at a disadvantage, the produce would scarcely suffice to defray the expense of the voyage.

"You will tell me that I can live on the emolument of the post the government will assign to me. Very true; but should I die! What then would become of my three poor infants, penniless in the world in a country so distant, parentless, and perhaps friendless! They would have no other resource left than to beg, and live, if they can live, on public pity."

CHAPTER XXVI.

1814.

Quit Florence for Bologna—Presentiments of coming evil—An awkward horseman—A challenge—Arrested in the Opera House—An Austrian *procès-verbal*—Shuffling of the officials—General Montresor obtains my release—Reach Modena—Farewell to Milan—Grassi.

It is now time to turn my face once more to the east and north. With such a round of visiting acquaintances and friends by whom I had been most courteously treated, it was a puzzle to know how to say farewell when the day came at last to bid adieu to the Italian Athens. Perhaps one of the most pleasing features of a frequent international meeting of literary, scientific, or artistic persons, is the satisfaction of finding yourself conversing with the very individual whose historical work has instructed you, whose poems have delighted you, or whose artistic labours have often gratified your sense of sight and your imagination. This is what I experienced on becoming successively acquainted with the many great and distinguished characters I met during my peregrinations through the most enlightened provinces of Italy. A personal knowledge brings the work of the author or artist alternately or together before you, and you enjoy a double pleasure at one and the same time, for your recollection is doubled. What a treat ought it to have been to the living Romans, after having perused his Odes or Epistles, to have looked on Horace himself, pacing the Forum by the side of Augustus! or how delighted would have been the contemporaries of Lord Somers could they have cast their eyes on the recluse of Chalfont Saint Giles when his great poem was suddenly divulged to English readers twenty years after it was written!

I availed myself of an idea which my late quasi-diplomatic character suggested, of addressing a more or less brief or more or less affectionate note to every one, excusing my abrupt departure under the plea of having received sudden orders to return, an excuse which was not altogether an invention on my part, inasmuch as Colonel Campbell had in reality, as he said he should do, committed to my charge a reply to Lord Castlereagh's despatch which I had brought from Paris.

The journey to Bologna commenced very early in the morning. I slept the whole way, arriving at my old hotel, la Ville de Paris, the same afternoon, at 6·30 P.M., on the 14th of July, 1814, vexed to find both the fair mistresses of the two *conversazioni* I used to frequent absent from town. My mind was at once made up. No further delay than a day or two's rest, then off on my return to Milan, and thence straight to Paris. But *l'homme propose*, &c. Upon waking the following morning, after a most refreshing night, the first object I noticed on the breakfast table was Madame Martinetti's card, with two lines, "*Collazione alle undice. Senza scuse.*" The *déjeuner* was a *tête-à-tête* one, except for a moment when the great architect came in for a squeeze of the hand on his way to his office. It was agreed that I should dine with them, and drive out in their *calessino* to the Montagnola before the opera.

Some of my readers will feel disposed to laugh outright at a learned doctor admitting that he is an inveterate believer in all sorts of popular superstitions, forebodings, and presentiments. I am alarmed at the spilling of a salt cellar; I don't like to meet a hearse while going out of the street door; I would not undertake a journey or any important work on a Friday; and the breaking of a looking-glass would throw me into fits. Now this morning, soon after our *tête-à-tête déjeuner*, I became suddenly depressed in spirits, to such a degree that my fair hostess fancied I had been taken ill. This state of nervousness and depression endured after I had returned to my hotel and was making ready my luggage for my positive departure at noon on the succeeding day, leaving out only the evening dress for the dinner and the opera.

On taking my place at dinner, the knife and fork laid before me crossway startled me (I dare say I turned pale), but I said nothing. There were two attendants. At the next course, the other valet replaced my plate, and again the fatal cross was laid before me! I looked round to the three guests to see if it was the habit of the servants of the house. They had no cross, only the doctor; and again the third time the same symbol made its appearance before me with the setting down of the dessert and corresponding plates with gilt knife and fork, the two latter of which articles again contrived to be laid down in a crucial form! Ah! now there was no mistake. Some great *crossing* was about to befall me. I had better shut myself up for the rest of the day, give up the projected drive and the opera, and wait until I can escape in the morning from the doomed city. To make matters still more formidable, I found on looking at my calendar that it was Friday! All this mind-work I of course kept to myself, albeit I must have appeared rather more stupid than was my wont.

After dinner I excused myself and retired. La signora would send the carriage at the proper time to fetch me. Instead of returning to my hotel, I called on Quadri, a *littérateur* and a liberal, with whom I had been intimate ever since my first visit to Florence, when I had become acquainted with him, and together we took a walk outside the town, and next directed our steps whither every one goes, to La Montagnola. The fresh air and the lively, instructive conversation of my companion had nearly restored my energy and good spirits, when lo! an Austrian hussar officer, mounted on a fleet bay, coming at full gallop along the round ride just outside the foot promenade under the trees, as he brushed by us knocked over, at two feet distance before him, an old beggar woman who was at that instant crossing from the centre fountain to the outer walk, which she had almost reached. A cry of horror was heard, and the woman was being placed on one of the inner benches, motionless, when the culprit again galloped round a second time, without as much as turning an eye towards the group of spectators assembled on the spot of his military prowess. I noticed near me some whom I knew to be military officers of the late kingdom of Italy, though in plain clothes. They were murmuring. There were also several Austrian officers of the garrison, both riding and walking. No one had aught to say but cry "Shame! shame!" when presently, behold the violent rider for the third time tearing along! I felt the blood boil in my veins as I beheld him approaching. My head swam as he reached the spot. I let go Quadri's arm, stood out in the open ride with a stretched-out arm, and fortunately seizing the loose curb bridle, gave a sudden jerk to the bit. The horse reared and threw his rider, when I let go the bridle amidst the "Bravo l' Inglese!" What became of the horse I knew not, but guessing what would become of me unless I instantly assumed the initiative, I went forward towards the rider, who was then on his feet, though rather shaken, and addressing him in French, but neither in anger nor with petulance, I said, "You are a very awkward horseman. Just look at your work on this bench," pointing to the fallen woman. "You knock her down and do not even give yourself the trouble to inquire whether she still lives or not."

"E vero, e vero; e un infamia" (It is true, it is true; it is a shame), cried the people about us. But the offender had by this time gathered around him some brother officers, some more saucy than the rest, one or two of whom appeared inclined to insult me personally, but I believe were deterred from doing it at the sight of many Italian ex-officers in the crowd who were applauding.

Quadri stood firm by me. The most insolent of the Austrians came near enough to tell me, "On demandera raison de ce scandale" (We will have satisfaction for this scandal). "Quand il vous plaira, capitaine" (When you please, captain), and I placed my card in his hands. The *calessino* of Signora Martinetti in the mean time had wormed its way through the crowd of carriages to the front, and she pressed me to get in.

"I knew something cross would happen to me," were the first words I uttered in the carriage, and as she insisted on knowing what I meant, I recounted to her the crosses at her table, and told her with great gravity that nothing of the kind would have happened had not her servants crossed the knives and forks. There was a general laugh, and nothing more was said.

We spent some time with my friends in front of a fashionable café to eat gelati, and then they proceeded to the opera, where madame had her permanent box open to all visitors.

It was decreed that this result of the unlucky crossing of knives and forks should lead to a practical lesson administered to the would-be Italian reformer on the laxity of discipline, the gracelessness, obliquity, and want of principle which at that epoch marked the character of the chief Austrian authorities and their subordinates, the officers of the army, in my native land. What wonder, after such an example, that the Austrians so qualified should be charged by the Italians with more or less misconduct and mal-practices in those places in which they had located themselves as masters?

In detailing what follows, I refer to the *procès-verbal*—an official document pretending to give an account of the occurrence at the Montagnola. I had fully anticipated a *fracas*, and had consequently requested to be driven to my hotel, purposing to walk to the opera later. My idea was to put on my uniform and proceed to the theatre in it. A little reflection made me alter that intention. Judging from the known inbred ungraciousness of these young soldiers, I had no right to expose my royal blue to their possible impertinence, and so I decided on visiting the opera in my ordinary dress, and in it I entered Madame Martinetti's box. There was present young Eckhard, the son of the general commanding, at whose table I had dined twice during my former stay in Bologna. He left the box as I entered, and the lady and I talked of what had happened at the Montagnola.

My visit did not last long. In the corridor outside I met the captain again, who invited me to enter with him the large box belonging to the *état-major*. Here five or six officers, among whom I recognized the famous rider, jumped up simultaneously and surrounded me, screaming, some in German, some in Hungarian, and some in bad French or worse Italian, that I had insulted the whole corps by challenging one of their brother officers, who are strictly forbidden by their army regulations either to give or accept a challenge. "En ce cas, messieurs, vous permettrez que je me retire" (In that case, gentlemen, allow me to retire). Being near the door, I had no difficulty in throwing it open and making my retreat from these infuriated warriors. But they followed me. I recognized among them young Eckhard and the Marquis de Caratsay. One or two of them hustled me down a short flight of steps to where a sentry was standing, who at the bidding of Captain Eckhard arrested me, and calling out for the sergeant on duty, I was conducted to the guard-room of the theatre. After the closing of the theatre, I was marched off to the neighbouring quarters of the detachment, where, notwithstanding my formal protestations, I had to pass the night *à la militaire*, lying down just as I was in evening dress on the slanting bare boards which form the ordinary sleeping place of an Austrian soldier. All demands on my part to see the commanding officer of the guard, or to have a note conveyed to the general commandant, were treated with derision. No officer made his appearance, and I tried to reconcile myself to my fate, sleeping as I never had slept before, in spite of the stench of a dozen long pipes loaded with the most detestable tobacco. A brief extract from the *procès-verbal* and one or two official letters will tell the story of this unprovoked, illegal, and disgraceful arrest, for which I obtained no other redress than some ignorantly-worded written apology in Italian from the principal offender, and a concluding phrase soothing to my feelings in Lord Castlereagh's reply to Count Metternich's complaint against me on the occasion.

The said *procès-verbal* commenced with a palpable falsehood. "In consequence," it stated, "of what occurred at the theatre last night, between certain army officers and il Signor Granville, wishing to *afford him protection* against any *personal violence* and *place him in safety*, he was detained and left in the guard-house for the night. He was examined by the commissary of police the following day at his own hotel, whither he was permitted to proceed under a military escort, which was placed *en permanence* in the house during his arrest. His trunk and papers were searched and examined, and on finding several packets of letters sealed and directed to various persons in France and England, which had been introduced by him into the country *in violation of the postal laws*, they were all seized and removed, as were his passport and his sword, which he surrendered at the request of Captain Usiach, aide-de-camp to the Commandant de Place, who was present at the examination. The examination was then continued as to the identity of the person, to discover how it was possible that he should be both Signor Bozzi of Milan and Doctor Granville of London. That looked very suspicious, and his passport by no means explained the enigma, although it certainly recited both those names and character as applied to him."

The examiner insisted next on my repeating the story of my different journeys into the interior, in support of which I showed him the various visas at the back of my original passport, granted to me by Maréchal Bellegarde at Milan on the demand of General Sir Robert Wilson, such as those of Spanocchi, Stahremberg, Strozzi, and others; and in the end, being pressed by me to declare the reason of my arrest in the theatre, and by whose order, the examining officer pretended that it had not been done by the said officers on their own authority, but by orders from the high imperial commissioner, Count Strasoldo, and the Baron Eckhard, who was not satisfied with the identity of my person (although he had received a private letter of recommendation in my behalf from the Austrian general, Count Nugent, who had known me in London). In fact, the *procès-verbal* was a pure shuffle to screen a parcel of half-civilized soldiers wearing epaulettes, of brutal habits, and scouting all discipline.

The short correspondence on my part that followed the examination, addressed to Baron Eckhard, complaining of the arrest, brought a verbal message through the *Commandant de Place Usiach*, declaring that he, the baron, had never given orders for my arrest or to keep me under arrest, but that Count Strasoldo, the imperial commissioner in the provinces of Bologna and Ferrara, had issued the orders for my arrest from information and instruction he had received from superior quarters. As regards my request to forward a letter from myself to Lord William Bentinck at Genoa, or to the Foreign Office in London, he regretted that he was not authorized to comply with my request. On this I had no other alternative but to address the following letter to Count Strasoldo :—

"Bologna. 21st July, 1814.

"EXCELLENCY,—I am made to believe that my arrest, which still continues, this being the fourth day, depends on your excellency, who gave the orders as civil governor and imperial commissioner in these provinces. I am therefore obliged to address myself to your excellency for an explanation of such treatment, from which my personal conduct, my public character, and the uniform I wear of a nation in close friendship with Austria should have guaranteed me."

The answer was not long in coming :—

"In reply to yours of the 21st instant, I do not hesitate in the least in giving you the following answers: *I have never received any order to cause you to be arrested, nor have I had any hand in the arrest of your person on the evening of the* 17*th instant, &c.*

"I pride myself to be, &c.

"GIULIO, Conte di Strasoldo."

How could one deal with such shuffling in high places? I was attacked and hustled by five young fellows full of ire (not wine, certainly) in a theatre, and arrested without a proper order given, or an officer on guard to give it. At home, my wardrobe and my chancellerie (as my good old friend Count Simon Woronzow used to denominate his papers) were ransacked, and my sword required of me. I was dealt with as a perfectly unknown stranger, though I was the bearer of a passport from the Minister of Foreign Affairs of Great Britain, *visé* in Paris by Talleyrand, and a second passport from Field-Marshal Bellegarde, Commander-in-Chief of the Austrian army in Italy. I naturally complained of my arrest, and of all the other proceedings, to three of the officers in high places. Each denied the charge, casting it on another. No one, then, had ordered my arrest, and those *scapestrati* (as I may rightly call them in my own vernacular) were the only guilty parties! However, the situation was becoming somewhat serious. I recollected my poor fellow-citizens thrown into prison by these very Austrians, and condemned without even the sham of a trial to the dungeons of Spitzbergen or alle Bocche di Cattaro, at the sight of which I remember also shuddering when sailing in front of them down the Adriatic only a few years before. I was aware that the papers seized in my rooms had been forwarded to Vienna, and who knows with what concocted story along with them! My name, as a recent political writer on Italian interests, was unfortunately too familiar at the Congress of Vienna. "Away with him! away with him!" would exclaim those plenipotentiaries, "*al carcere duro.*"

Such words are soon written, and in Austria as quickly obeyed. Should they treat me as they treated my fellow-townsman and schoolfellow, Confalioneri, or like Silvio Pellico, who from England will claim me, or be able or willing to rescue an improvised cabinet messenger condemned to a foreign prison? Such were the perplexing reflections that were passing through my mind, not very likely to make me very cheerful, when the waiter of the hotel brought in a card with "Lieutenant-General Montresor" written on it. Admit instantly. "I'll tell you at once, without apology for the intrusion," said the general on entering; "on arriving last night in Bologna, I was assailed with so many rumours respecting the arrest of an English officer under iniquitous circumstances, and who cannot obtain redress after having been under arrest some days, that I at once deemed it my duty to ascertain the truth of the report."

Fortunately I had retained in my pocket the passport from Lord Castlereagh, with an additional memorandum signed by Mr. Hamilton, Under Secretary, which testified that I was charged with despatches. A private letter from the last-named gentleman I had also with me, both of which I at once placed in General Montresor's hands. In addition to which, opening "Steel's List," without which a naval officer in those days would no more think of going about the world than he would without his Prayer-book, I pointed out to him my name opposite the date of 1808, October 24, "A. B. Granville, full surgeon."

"Quite enough; and now what is the story of the quarrel?" I related it in a few words; when the general took his leave, adding, "I shall go immediately to Baron Eckhard, the commander of the forces, vouch for your identity, and claim your release, which I am sure to obtain; but I strongly advise you to take yourself off the very instant you are released, which will be by the return of your sword and the removal of the sentinels from your door."

All this turned out as anticipated, and I set off with four horses for Milan. The transaction with General Eckhard, however, did not take place as expected, for he sent one of his aides-de-camp to beg me to call upon him to receive my sword from his hands. Well, that was flattering, and showed that the good General Montresor had accomplished his voluntary friendly task well. Still I did not wish to leave anything else undone which ought to be done before leaving, for fear of accidents. So I settled my bill at the Ville de Paris, was liberal of my *mezzi scudi* among the waiters and the maids, not forgetting even the squad of Croat soldiers that had formed my guard of honour for nearly a week, and drove to the Government House, at the porter's lodge of which I deposited my card for the baroness, who was by-the-by an English lady, and had been very courteous, and then ascended to the cabinet of the baron. With a neat turn of phrase he placed my sword in my hand, while to my surprise, addressing his son, who was present, he said, "You have written two forms of apology to Monsieur Granville, neither of which satisfies him, nor can you blame him for it. But there is one thing an officer and a gentleman who has so far forgotten even for a moment the rules of equitable dealing and *les manières convenables* should not be ashamed of, and that is to express regret." Young Eckhard uttered the words, and with my free hand I grasped his, then bidding good-bye to both, I rushed down stairs and jumped into the carriage. A few minutes saw me through the gate; my servant on the dicky behind my Parisian hired *calèche* keeping a sharp look out to see that we were not pursued, for I did not consider myself yet safe; nor were my surmises fanciful, as the sequel will show.

I may as well get through the remainder of my story at once, though it took some months to complete it. Catch an Austrian diplomatist making light of any affair! Not he; especially if he be one of the old Metternich school, with their protocols, notes, memoranda, and explanations! The original documents I insert in the Appendix to this volume will be found not devoid of interest:—1stly, as completing the story of my adventure at Bologna; 2ndly, as showing the duplicity of character in persons filling the most responsible post; 3rdly, in pointing out how easily a simple fact is turned into something mightily important; 4thly, how determinedly Austrian public officers will deviate from truth when useful to them so to do; and, lastly, these same documents (from their genuineness and the rank of the writers, as well as the fact of their being published for the first time) will constitute a not uninteresting interpolation into the diplomatic history of Europe in the year of our Lord 1814, memorable for the fall of the great Napoleon.

That wretched political *échafaudage*, yclept the Austrian Empire of the days of Metternich, has tumbled so completely to pieces under a more able German constructor, that it is not really worth while to look back to its heroic annals, else one could not help thinking of the indignation our present foreign minister would have expressed at the presumption of the Austrian chancellor recommending, as he did, the English cabinet to keep a sharp look on their liberals, whom he calls Jacobins, in England, and to recall the general commanding the English troops in Italy because he refused to do his, the chancellor's, bidding! Would he have dared to address such injunctions to Palmerston? Would the suggestion be ventured in any despatch to the present Minister for Foreign Affairs? But Lord Castlereagh, who was a juggler of such wonderful skill as to be able to turn his back on himself, possessed likewise the cognate ability of all such performers, that of submitting to any amount of pommelling

However, I was now out of the scrape, as Lord Byron got out of one exactly similar in 1822, according to my friend Captain Medwin's account of the affair in his "Conversations," and I meant to avoid any fresh chance of being again kidnapped under some quibble which the caprice of the lowest myrmidon might urge against me ere I had cleared the Austrian confines. I had found sufficient time in the evening before appearing at the Government House to bid adieu personally to all my kind friends, especially Madame Martinetti, la Marcolini, and the Princess Ercolani, by visits in their respective boxes at the opera which facilitated this, nor did I forget my polyglot friend Mezzofanti. I came away from Bologna, therefore, with a clear conscience I may say.

Once on the high road, I directed my course to Modena, so as to arrive by the evening of the 24th of July, and be present at a grand court ball given in honour of the two Archdukes Francis and Maximilian and the wife of the former, a very handsome person. Here I heard the famous improvisatrice Bandettini, by whom I was presented with copies of her poems, and in whose company and a few select people I partook of the supper which followed the ball.

On the following day, after dragging through a sandy plain, I crossed the Po at Casal Maggiore, and lodged for that night at my cousins', the Forni. They insisted on my visiting the Duomo and the church of Saint Peter, in which last I found some truly superb paintings by Campi. An interesting motive induced me to halt again at Lodi before reaching Milan, for the purpose of having an interview with Mrs. Cosway, favourably known in London as the superior of a young ladies' academy founded by herself, many of whose pupils, like herself, were English. She escorted me over the establishment, to which no similar institution could boast of being superior. She intrusted me with a letter for her husband, and another for the Marquis of Douglas.

The moment I reached Milan and my own home I addressed a short official application for an audience to Maréchal Bellegarde, and spent that day and the following one with Professor Volta, with whom I dined, and with Professor Quadri, who had accompanied me in my carriage from Bologna, his professional duties being in Milan. Volta, who as one of my late teachers treated me with almost parental familiarity, spoke much of his own and of Sir Humphry Davy's discoveries, and expressed himself flattered at the manner in which the Royal Society of London had honoured his scientific labours.

Another *tête-à-tête*, and I may add a philosopher's repast, I had was with my most respected and truly great teacher Doctor Rasori, whose name and works are well known to my erudite English colleagues. For a master and his disciple to meet thus, when the latter has advanced in knowledge and experience in the course of twelve years, and can undertake to discuss serious subjects respecting which he could only accept lessons formerly from his interlocutor and be thankful, is one of those circumstances that make a never-failing impression. Besides which, I could not forget that it was he who decided my fate when my own parents and myself were hesitating as to what my final destination should be. The Honourable and Reverend Mr. Finch, with whom I had once travelled, and Il Cavaliere Benincasa, who intrusted me with an important message for the Margravine of Anspach in London, both paid me a visit at my father's. Ugo Foscolo likewise came to bid me adieu, and commissioned me to set him right with some of his London correspondents who had complained of his silence. I could not look at this clever and shrewd Greek, so fond of the Italian cause, without apprehension as to his personal safety: with his fame for patriotism, to continue under the wings of the Austrian bird was running an awful risk. Fortunately a good inspiration took him to England not long after. Here he lived in peace in one of the cottages *ornés* of the Regent's Park, fretting at the ill fate of Greece and Italy, hoping always for better days to both countries, but leaving behind him his doubts, his anxieties, and his bones to English earth, whence regenerated Italy came to recover them with suitable reverence on the 7th of June, 1871.

To wind up at last all my Milanese exploits and parental greetings, a party of I know not how many cousins, with my good father also, assembled along with myself at the country house of a great friend of our family, the famous Professor Rafaelli.

The interview which Maréchal Count de Bellegarde had accorded me lasted but a few minutes, and consisted only in his informing me that he had made his report to Vienna, and in his affixing his signature to my fresh passport, made out for Turin, Geneva, and Paris.

I must here insert a letter which in fact decided me on taking Turin on my way, rather than any other pass over the Alps: it adds to the interest which one feels through a knowledge of the true condition of enslavement to which the men of intellect in Italy were reduced at the return of the dark days of Austrian rule. The writer, Grassi, was a Turinese, who, having abandoned the law, devoted himself entirely to literature, in which he acquired great reputation, having moreover conducted a literary journal with great success, until it was despotically suppressed by the returned

Austro-Sardinian government after the fall of the kingdom of Italy. He wrote a sketch of the history of Piedmont, and an essay on synonymes in the Italian language. Another philologic work is likewise attributed to his pen, though published anonymously, namely, "A Parallel of three Dictionaries, Italian, English, and Spanish." Grassi also translated the Satires of Persius, and wrote several letters on the true origin of the Italian language. Three years before his death, that is, nine years after the following letter was written, he was struck with sudden blindness:—

"Turin. 2nd August, 1814.

"MY DEAR AND VERY ESTEEMED FRIEND,—I received this morning your letter, which gave me great pleasure, for to tell the truth I thought you a thousand miles from us, without hopes of hearing from you for a long time; instead of which, lo! you are staying in your sweet native air of Milan! I learn with great satisfaction that your journey into the interior has proved very agreeable, and I hope that, having become personally acquainted with some of our eminent men of letters, you will represent them to the English in the light which their learned labours entitle them to be. Italy is still rich in great men, more than is commonly believed, and I hope that you will, like a good Italian, be among strangers the proclaimer of our glories. If on your arrival in England you will inform me of your intentions in regard to the journal you edited once, that is, whether you mean or not to continue it, I, who in the great changes that have taken place have become a thoroughly disengaged man, confined to my library, where I wear my brain on books for eighteen hours a day, could send you every month or two some good extracts from works recently published in different parts of Italy, or short notes on current subjects that appear from the press in our country; and should you deem it useful, some dissertations also upon one or other point of Italian literature. Once acquainted with your intentions, and the ambassador from England who arrived here would be disposed to take charge of forwarding such matters to you, I shall be able every month to keep up my engagement with exactitude.

"I say nothing about myself. I await the result of the Congress of Vienna to know what will become of the different Italian governments; for as to our own country, there is little to hope, the present rulers being unwilling, on false principles, to employ persons who have served the last French government. They blame us for having been virtuously loyal.

"It is also possible that I may be tempted by the idea of coming to salute the blessed land of Albion, and if Italian letters be truly cherished there, I can tell you that many fine schemes are flying about in my head which I think and hope would prove essentially profitable. In the mean while, if you do not object, I can make a small essay of what I could perform with the articles for 'l' Italico,' and you, as a good friend and a good Italian, will aid me with your counsels. I do not trouble you any more about books, since having lost my employment I have been obliged to sell the best part of those which I had acquired at great cost. My journal has been suppressed, nor do I know whether it will be restored to me, but I believe not. Therefore, study and the muses will help me to forget these annoyances and human miseries.

"Gioberti,* Vassalli, and Balbi are quaking, and with good reason, for their professorial chairs. The venerable Caluso had to bear not a few vexations. See to what excesses violent political passions will proceed!

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* A short and brilliant career was his, but in the course of it two distinct phases marked him as a man fit to be the precursor of Cavour, to complete the great work Gioberti and Carlo Alberto inaugurated, and which Victor Emmanuel and Cavour accomplished. At the date to which my text refers, Gioberti had lost every place, and went into exile. The great movement of '48 brought him back on the scene of his former successful efforts against Jesuitism and Mazzinism. Under his auspices, when Minister of Foreign

"I delivered your letter addressed to Pallavicini to a Piedmontese officer, who assured me he should have it before night. Gioberti is in the country. On his return I will remind him of the offered recommendations he promised you for Paris. Lord Bentinck arrived in Turin yesterday. I cannot answer about Mr. Hill, but I believe he is in town. The noble lord will remain some days. Write to me from Milan, or from Paris, or London respecting all I have propounded, or rather take a trip hitherwards.

"GRASSI."

Affairs, my two English letters to Lord Palmerston were translated into Italian, and the king named me Chevalier of Saint Lazare and Saint Maurice. This eminent man, my epistolary correspondence with whom I repute to be a great honour, was not only an able politician and political writer (though educated for a mere man of science), but also a sound and brilliant philosopher as well as an ethic writer, as appears from his work entitled, "On the Supremacy, Civil and Moral, of the Italians," published in French in Paris in 1843. He was then in exile, from which the bursting shell of 1848 recalled him to become minister of foreign affairs and president of the government. He only survived the triumph of his and my own principles three years, having died in 1851, at the age of fifty.

CHAPTER XXVII.

1814.

Arrive at Geneva—Visit Sir Humphry Davy—Madame de Staël—Lady Charlotte Campbell—Mr. Faraday—Invitation to Coppet—Meet Sismondi and Pictet—What is a gentleman?—Letters of Dr. John Davy.

I WAS getting impatient to be once more on the high road, not so much from any weariness that had got hold of me, but from a conviction that my next meeting with other and different people would be one of individual and intellectual gratification. I had to pass through Geneva, where I was commissioned to perform a public duty, and where also I knew that I should meet with those at the sight of whom my heart would rejoice, while their conversation would be an intellectual treat. So the arduous crossing of Mont Cenis at the end of September was borne very patiently.

Arrived at the gates of Geneva, I found them closed, that little republic having during the recent warlike disturbances between Italy and Austria deemed it safer to keep their own house closely shut up, especially after having had the two field guns which guarded the gates taken away by the Austrians. These very pieces of artillery, on the loss of which they had applied to Maréchal Bellegarde through the intercession of the British Commissioner General, Sir Robert Wilson,—these very guns I was coming to announce the immediate restoration of to the Grand Conseil, in a despatch Sir Robert had committed to my care, addressed to D'Ivernois, the president, who received the announcement and the messenger with scarcely less transport than he received the field-pieces themselves on the following day. As a matter of course I had to accept a gracious invitation to a public banquet from the Conseil Administratif, in return for the trifling service I had rendered them as a messenger.

I could not help sympathizing heartily with these honest republicans at beholding their naïve and national enjoyment at the recovery of these two *symbols of independence*, the possession, to wit, of arms to defend it. However, neither the satisfaction of having performed an act grateful to so many citizens, nor the pleasure derived from the social reward of a festive demonstration, could detain me long from the spot, not many paces distant outside the bastions (since demolished), where dwelt the greatest English chemist of the age, and near him that first among the literary and philosophical women whom the Revolution of 1789 had brought to light in a country above all others in Europe rich in that class of a gifted fair sex. Need I name Madame de Staël? Verily, here was a treat in store for an inquiring traveller of my temperament. My respects were necessarily due first to Lady Davy, who resided not far distant from Coppet. To her villa therefore I directed my steps. Sir Humphry was absent for the moment, but seated by the lady's side I instantly perceived the daughter of Necker, such as I had seen her in her temporary habitation in Argyle Street, London, in the preceding year. On that occasion the meeting was the mere slight introduction of a stranger to the lady of the house surrounded by hundreds of visitors—done! and it has vanished. Here, on the contrary, the introduction was a deliberate act, contrived *a quattr' occhi*, followed by that kind of magnetical impression which the eyes of a lady must infallibly cause when they happen to be as those of Madame de Staël most assuredly were.

Strange as it may seem, the eyes were not only the first, but the only feature in Madame de Staël's physiognomy, I might say of her whole person, which produced an impression and which absorbed all attention. Large, lustrous, almond-shaped, with a mobility of pupil that obeyed every inward feeling and guided its direction, and so profoundly black when dilated as almost to modify the velvety and violet tint of the iris. One of her biographers, a lady, Madame de Saussure, has said "Le génie éclatait tout-à-coup dans ses yeux, qui étaient d'une rare magnificence." I have, like most men, looked on many female faces with absorbing admiration, but that admiration in general was equally distributed over the entire personal attractions. In Madame de Staël, the whole and the undivided attractive features that caught and retained your exclusive regard and admiration were her eyes, and on turning from them, even after some minutes' observation, one would be at a loss how accurately to describe the rest of her person without a fresh inspection. That inspection, fortunately for me, I had ample leisure to enjoy, first under the hospitable roof of her friend, and again at Coppet itself.

It had been my good fortune to be of some little service to Lady Davy the year before, when Sir Humphry obtained from Napoleon permission to visit the Continent, then in arms against France. That permission, which was solicited by the Institute and accorded to the high reputation of the petitioner, restricted nevertheless the number of his attendants to one, besides Lady Davy and her maid. Limited thus to a single attendant, Sir Humphry had the good fortune to find the young chemical assistant in the laboratory of the Royal Institution, Mr. Faraday (who was destined to become its prop as well as its star), not only willing, but a volunteer in charging himself with all the duties and functions of a confidential attendant. Sir Humphry meditated going at once into Italy, for which purpose a passport from the ambassador of Piedmont—which had just been wrested from France—became necessary, and this document I obtained for them from the Count d' Aglié, the Sardinian minister in London, whose private physician I had the honour to be, as well as the official medical member of the legation. On forwarding the passport to Lady Davy in 1813 she acknowledged it with the following note:—

"I return you thanks in Sir Humphry Davy's name for your obliging letter of last night, and I request you to convey to Count d' Aglié his acknowledgments, and also his regret that the count is indisposed. Sir Humphry's journey cannot be certainly fixed beforehand, since his movements will be guided by health and weather, &c. He intends to go by Nice; but he may enter Italy by Mont Cenis. He therefore wishes a double security in a *lasciar passare*, which you have procured him for either frontier pass, the Var, or the Col de Tende, or by Mont Cenis. I am very much obliged by the concluding expression in your letter, and I beg, in presenting my own good wishes, to join those of Sir Humphry, whose departure will be very speedy.

"Yours sincerely,

"JANE DAVY.

"London. Saturday evening, 1813."

My introduction to Madame de Staël on the present occasion, it will be seen, was by a person herself distinguished, to whom I was not a stranger. It was therefore a cordial introduction, and as such it was apparently accepted by madame, who at once began to question me about her favourite country, my own native one, whence she was aware I was just returning on my way to England. "What could I say to a writer like you, madame, who have painted us such as we ought to be, and might be, but which unfortunately we are not? Everything we have in still nature and ancient art, which you have represented with such magnificence and in so dazzling a style, has no power to touch my countrymen of the present time. Rendered almost brutish in their susceptibilities by the harsh manner in which they have been treated, as well by your countrymen as by the Germans (whom, by-the-way, you have thought worthy of praise), the love of the fine arts with the Italians, of letters, of sciences, or the art of governing still exists, but it is suppressed. Nothing remains but the desire for a resuscitation and for vengeance which burns in their breasts and disturbs their heads. There is now a general supineness. This can scarcely last for ever, nor even any length of time. There will be a re-awakening, which will be fearful and decisive. But when will this be? There cannot be much further delay." "So much the better," replied the daughter of Necker.

She next inquired after some of the Italian ladies who had made for themselves a name in literature, and chiefly in poetry, some of whom she had known personally. Of the wonderful discovery of Volta she had heard fully from her present host, Sir Humphry, and she regretted not having been presented to him when at Milan. She spoke of Parini, Cesarotti, Niccolini, and Monti, whose wife she considered to be the most splendid statuesque woman she had ever beheld, either in ancient sculpture or in living flesh. She seemed to look upon me with something like increased interest when I acquainted her with the fact that I had had the honour of acting with that lady at the amateur Teatro Filodrammatico in Milan, in one or two tragedies of Alfieri, and in the imperishable one tragedy by her husband Monti—"Aristodemo."

Lady Davy interposed with an exclamation, that the reading of "Corinne," and the present account of the celebrated beauty just named, made her impatient to find herself again in Italy, and she grudged the terrible giant screen that every day stared her in the face, rising between herself and that highly favoured region, as she rose at early morning to open the casements of her chamber to catch the Alpine breeze so laden with fragrance.

"Well," I remarked, "you will very soon be in the very centre of that region you so much covet," for Sir Humphry had informed me in London that he counted on writing to me from Rome in November. "Take notice, dear lady," I said, "of what Rome is at present: Pagan in studies and erudition; Christian in faith and adoration. If God, who is worshipped there, will but help us, within fifty years the world will salute Rome as the capital of a powerful kingdom, virtuous, intelligent, and happy I trust, but which will no longer love either the beautiful or the fine arts, or care only little for them."

"What, then," observed Lady Davy, "cannot all the good qualities you have mentioned be allied with the love of the beautiful? Is a whole people to be metaphysical and nothing more in order to be happy?"

"But the object of metaphysics," interposed Madame de Staël, "is the knowledge of things purely intellectual, and which do not appear to the sight. The most celebrated philosophers have made them their principal study."

"Granted," I said. "Then how can you expect that people accustomed to abstractions should appreciate, still less be able to enjoy, realities? A metaphysician might become an ascetic, and as such he may form to himself an abstract notion of some lovely fair saint in heaven, as Dante and Petrarca did, admire her, address his prayers to her, and direct all his aspirations to her; still he will not for all that be a lover of the beautiful."

On the day after this morning visit, the following invitation came from Lady Davy:—

"DEAR SIR,—You must come and dine with us to-morrow, but as we think that too distant, pray go this evening, in half an hour, to Lady Charlotte Campbell's, close to Geneva, outside the gate Cornivau, at a house called Les Grottes, and we shall be there to introduce you. Indeed, you had better return and sleep here. We shall be delighted, and I can settle for you about Madame de Staël's dinner.

"For the Chevalier and myself,

"Yours sincerely,

"JANE DAVY.

"Saturday evening.

"Pray go, and come to us this evening."

I did as I was bid, and my casual acquaintance with the interesting member of the noble family of the Argyles, which Lady Davy procured me, and thus suddenly commenced, was destined to lead in later years to days of great interest, which none of the present parties were likely to surmise or anticipate.

Lady Charlotte was herself a charming specimen of that British aristocracy which, young denizen though I was of Great Britain, and but little acquainted yet with high life in London, I nevertheless knew how to appreciate. The contrast which the few of its members whom I happened to have met in the world of the metropolis presented in my imagination with so many of my own aristocratic countrymen—effete, cast down, or reduced in circumstances by years of foreign oppression and tyranny—was too painful to reflect upon. In her graceful and gracious manner of receiving her guests, Lady Charlotte was well supported by her two fair daughters, only one of whom survives her, but both of whom had become in their turns the cynosure of their own respective circles in society.

I happened to be a sort of lion for the night, from the circumstance of my having been the bearer of the official announcement of the restoration of the guns, and (as I soon found out) from my adventure at Bologna having oozed out and made its way to Geneva. I was rather glad at this double chance of being for the time made a subject of notoriety, which no pre-eminent antecedent in my own individual existence could have secured to me.

It was late when Sir Humphry hinted to his lady a retreat, and on that night I enjoyed their hospitality. It was on my retiring to my own room soon after, that I recognized and addressed the young assistant of the Royal Institution. Mr. Faraday, who had kindly conducted me to my apartment, did not speak many words; indeed, the hour was not propitious, and the immediate proximity of Lady Davy's own room rendered a long conversation inadmissible. He, however, expressed his great satisfaction at what he had seen of the Continent, and seemed to enjoy, as if paid to one who was part of himself, the admiration he saw profusely showered on his great teacher and protector by the eminent men with whom Geneva then abounded. I have since (that is, fifty-four years subsequently) read in Doctor Bence Jones's able biography of that young aspirant for glory, who was to become a correlative constellation in the world of science with his teacher, a letter of Mr. Faraday, in which some painful insinuation appears to lurk respecting his own personal position with Sir Humphry abroad. In a letter to a Mr. B., dated in September, 1814, after admitting the many advantages he enjoys in his position with Sir Humphry, he goes on to remark—" But if I wish to enjoy those advantages, I have to sacrifice much; and though those sacrifices are such as a humble man would not feel, yet I cannot quietly make them." In the June preceding (June 17, 1814) there had been a meeting between the two great electro-chemists—

"Volta called on Davy! a hale, elderly man, very free in his conversation;" and that is all Faraday has to say of Volta!

He certainly did not express himself to me as if he were dissatisfied that in his intercourse with the family he was not treated as if he were an independent gentleman. I can well conceive, however, that even with his innate humbleness of character, our departed and loved Professor, full of the sublime aspirations that were in him, might at times have felt mortified at his own state of dependence. But had not his own great teacher himself been in a like condition at the commencement of his wonderful career? Moreover, Faraday in his own case enjoyed a mitigating benefit for a dependent man which his great teacher had never known, namely, that of being cheered by the graciousness of the mistress of the house he lived in, and encouraged by the esteem of the master himself, esteemed by all.*

I know not whether my first interview with Madame de Staël impressed me with higher notions of her intellectual powers than I entertained already from the perusal of her writings; possibly it did, looking at the additional charm I enjoyed of the melodious intonation of her voice with the fluency of her well-turned phrases, all aided by the expression of her wonderful eyes; or perhaps, again, from that expectation we are apt to form of still loftier qualifications in a person we find so gifted. But the result of our first interview was to make me reluctant to encounter her again at close quarters, and with such an ample opportunity for discourse and the interchange of ideas which a select private dinner party with only a few persons affords.

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* Dr. Bence Jones states that in Mr. Faraday's journey with Sir Humphry, he was a year and a half away, during which he kept a diary, remarkable for the minuteness of the descriptions of all he saw, and for its cautious silence regarding those he was with. Only a few extracts are given. The following, which I add to them, are intended to caution the biographer as well as the general reader, that if Faraday's diary was very minute, it was also, like most diaries, not always accurate. With reference, for example, to his first appearance and residence in Paris, where Sir Humphry was warmly received, Faraday tells his mother, in a letter dated 29th December, 1813:—"We left Paris this morning, after a residence of *three months*." But in another letter, also to his mother, dated Rome, April 14th, 1814, he says:—"I have said nothing as yet to you, dear mother, about our past journey, which has been pleasant and agreeable (a few things excepted). We first went to Paris, and stopped there *two months*." Faraday forgot to refer to his diary while writing the present letter. But a difference of one month in eighteen of a residence on the Continent is a notable one. I demur to another remark of Faraday's biographer. Lady Davy's character, or rather manners towards their attendant, he has inaccurately represented.

Madame de Staël had laid an injunction on her intended guest, that he should visit her earlier than the usual dinner hour, in order that he might enjoy, from the front terrace of her château, the charming view of the lake and its lovely shores, backed by the Jura on the one side, and by the king of the Alps on the other. She had promised me at the same time a probable additional pleasure, in the presence of one or two friends with whom I should certainly be glad to become acquainted. These observations were intended as a special communication to myself, for I was included in the general invitation addressed to Sir Humphry and Lady Davy. These select friends turned out to be Monsieur de Sismondi and Pictet. No better selection, even for something better than a mere dinner party, could have been made. The fair mistress of the feast could not have summoned to her side two more choice spirits than, first, the man who had accompanied her in more than one of her travels in Italy, and who admitted always that the polishing of his own native rude character and manners was due to the association he had enjoyed on those occasions. The second, a very old friend of her father, whose views and principles in matters of state and political economy had almost always coincided, for Necker and Pictet were bound all their lives in intimate friendship—the latter proudly pointing out on this occasion to the company assembled the very room in which the elements of the "Compte Rendu" were brought together. For myself, I was thankful that chance had given me the opportunity of knowing personally two individuals, the work of one of whom, concerning my own native land, I was well acquainted with and grateful for; while the occasion I had frequently had in recent times of addressing letters to the other distinguished person, Monsieur Pictet, after he had founded the journal entitled the "Bibliothèque Britannique" (afterwards called "Universelle"), rendered him almost a personal acquaintance.

No sooner had these two guests joined us at the usual hour of dinner, which our own party had anticipated for the purpose of enjoying the panorama before us from one of the four angular turrets of the Château Coppet (a sort of plain, massive, quasi-feudal structure, with many windows and no ornaments), than we all sat down at the festive board, and the flow of soul commenced. As the latest arrival from foreign parts, and coming from a country which was just then a common topic of conversation, and one so well known to most of the guests present, it may be supposed that I had to sustain the first fire of questions. I had, fortunately, much to tell that could interest generally; but in one particular case individually also, since I had it in my power to give to one of the guests present some account of my very recent visit to the small town of Pescia, in Tuscany, which so particularly interested Sismondi, whose parents sleep in the cemetery of that place, near the family domain of the delightful Walchiusa, in which both had passed not a few years of their happy life. At my simple account of the visit I had paid to that sacred spot, Sismondi exhibited all the tokens of a sensitive heart which the *bonhomie* of his countenance (enlivened, however, by very intellectual eyes) would of itself lead one to expect.

Fortunately, the broader question of the resurrection of Italy was broached at this moment, and the part I had taken in endeavouring to rouse my countrymen to a sense of their own character and of the greatness of their ancestors, diverted the feeling from a partial to a more general sympathy, and the conversation between Sismondi and myself continued on the subject of his great work, the "Histoire des Républiques Italiennes," and on the great admiration I entertained of the matter and style of a more recent publication, "Sur la Littérature du Midi de l'Europe," from his fluent and eloquent pen, itself a vast field of knowledge, far more valuable than any discussion on the republican *régime* of restless populations. I believe that my casual mention of the fact of my being personally acquainted with Sir James Mackintosh, who had encouraged me in my periodical, "l' Italico," and of my having been a fellow-collegian with the husband of Bianca Milesi, Doctor Mojon, a Piedmontese physician first practising at Genoa and next in Paris, completely riveted the friendly intercourse between Jean-Charles Sismondi and myself, upon which Madame de Staël, with that sort of sweet *à propos* which she alone knew how and when to find, congratulated me after dinner.

These topics of general conversation, and my own dialogue with Sismondi, left little time for any except a mere occasional interpellation by Madame de Staël to me, or from me to herself, to which our intercourse for the moment seemed destined to be confined. Nor was I sorry that matters had taken that turn almost naturally, for, as I have said, I stood in awe at the idea of a closer and continuous conversation with her, so prompt her remarks, so sudden and rapid her repartees, so stringent her propositions, and so learned her references and citations, all uttered with a quick yet pleasing intonation that would leave me no chance to meet her on equal terms. I felt then (and well do I remember it) that the anecdote of the *gaucheries* of the English guests at Lady Bessborough's *souper*, when asked to meet and welcome the daughter of Necker in London, must be correct.*

Nothing could be more amiable than the lady was on the present occasion. She very possibly suspected my shyness, and tried to help me on. A slight opportunity of showing that I was not unwilling to join in the spirit of amenity that prevailed among the other guests offering itself, I profited by it to venture on a critical opinion on the English term "gentleman" (which, by-the-by, has so frequently served as a *cheval de bataille* in conversation in society abroad and in French families in England). On the present occasion it seemed to be the opinion of all the guests, that no equivalent to that term could be found; upon which I ventured to make the following observation: There is a writer, I said, in the "Revue des Deux Mondes," Camille Sendel, who seems to have solved the question we are now agitating. He was reviewing an account of the life and letters of Lady Mary Wortley Montagu in that periodical. Passing over for the present the great blunder he makes of qualifying her ladyship as the person who introduced vaccine and vaccination into Turkey, instead of the inoculation of small-pox, of which she had really the merit (for vaccine was at the time unknown), but passing over that mistake, as I said, when Monsieur Camille Sendel comes to speak of Mr. Wortley, her intended husband, he says, that he was a "vrai gentleman, mieux qu'un gentleman, un gentilhomme."

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* It came out in the course of conversation between Madame de Staël and Lady Davy, that the former confirmed the fact of the "*gaucheries de ces braves seigneurs de Londres.*"

What can be more impertinent than such a *réclamation* against the interpretation of a word admitted to be not only untranslatable, but without equivalent, in favour of another term which is universally employed in the designation of a *gentilhomme de campagne*, or a *gentilhomme campagnard*, neither of whom need be a gentleman for that?

Madame de Staël remarked, "Je lirais cet article le plus tôt possible. Les lettres de Milady m'ont toujours charmées, et je ne me serais jamais imaginé qu'elle voulusse épouser un tout autre qu'un 'gentleman' sans s'occuper de si c'était un gentilhomme ou non." * Upon which everybody laughed, and the conversation rolled on for a short time longer, until we were called away to the grand terrace to take our coffee and enjoy the sight of a glorious dip of the sun into the waters of the Leman lying at our feet.

Before leaving my quarters at Geneva and taking leave of Madame de Staël (of whose last movements I shall have to speak when we again meet in Paris in 1817), of Lady Charlotte Campbell, and of all the new acquaintances I had made in that snug and delightful Swiss city, I had a short interview with Sir Humphry respecting his brother, Doctor John Davy, a chemist who has left behind him a high reputation. It appeared that the doctor had an opportunity of entering the medical service of the army and filling a high post on the staff in a distant colony; but he was unable to accept either place unless he could free himself from his then engagements as a lecturer on chemistry at the Saint George's Hospital, courses of which were delivered in the great room of the Westminster Medical Society in Great Windmill Street, of which the late Sir Benjamin (then Mr.) Brodie, surgeon of the hospital, was the head. Sir

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* I will read that article as soon as possible. Milady's letters have always charmed me, and I never could have imagined she would have wished to marry anyone but a gentleman without troubling herself as to his being well born or not.

Humphry, knowing that my object was to settle finally in London as a medical practitioner, very naturally imagined that I should be glad to join such a school as teacher, and that possibly I might not be reluctant to take the place Doctor Davy now occupied. Should that be the case, he desired to tell me before we parted that he would feel obliged if I would put myself in communication with his brother on my arrival in London, and talk to him on the subject with a view to an arrangement.

I did not give Sir Humphry a definite answer at once, as I could not foretell what my future engagements might be, but I assured him the idea was one that suited me well, the more so that both his brother and Mr. Brodie were old acquaintances of mine, and I should like to act with them.

I may as well add at once that the arrangement in the course of time took place as Sir Humphry desired. I did not hesitate in putting myself in correspondence with the doctor, who was then in London, and in constant communication with his brother, who with Lady Davy had returned to Florence and Rome after we had parted at Geneva. The following letters from Doctor Davy will show on what footing we stood, and I may mention that the Doctor Harrison named in the second letter was a London physician acting as treasurer to the Committee of Lecturers (we did not then assume the more dignified title of professor, as it has become the fashion to do since) at the Windmill Street Medical School :—

"Frith Street, London. January, 1815.

"Dear Sir,—I have just seen Dr. Harrison, and he assures me that the lectures will be continued during the summer months, and that your assistance will be acceptable. He is decidedly of opinion that, should I remain at Dublin the lectureship will be at your service. On both these subjects, and the first especially, he says there is no room for doubt, and he desired me to inform you, so that you might commence when you pleased your preparations for the summer course. On Harrison's word I have perfect reliance, and I think you may depend confidently on it. Roget's opinion at present seems to be of no consequence, and if it were, for you it would be favourable. Pearson, you may be assured, will throw no obstacle in the way, and were he to attempt it, Harrison promises to remove it.

"Believe me, dear Sir,
"Yours most sincerely,
"J. Davy."

"Dear Sir,—The following is the postscript from my brother's letter which I promised to send you:—'I examined a very curious natural phenomenon in the Apennines, the fire of Pietra Mala.* There issues from the soil an enormous quantity of carburetted hydrogenous gas, which is always inflamed, and which makes a flame of eight or ten square feet. It is probably from a coal stratum acted on by the volcanic source of heat which probably exists everywhere in the south of Europe.'

"Yours truly,
"J. Davy."

"London. January, 1815.

"Dear Sir,—I have brought the packet you had the goodness to offer to forward to my brother at Rome. I hope it is not too large. Besides 'Berzelius' (which I have read, and think worth reading), it contains only a single letter. I have brought also a small quantity of potassium, which you will oblige me by accepting.

"Believe me, &c.,
"J. Davy."

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* This phenomenon, as witnessed by myself, has already been mentioned in my narrative while crossing the Apennines from Bologna to Florence in the night. Since that time an exhaustive account of the phenomenon by Sir Humphry Davy was transmitted through me to the Royal Society.

"Frith Street, No. 22. Wednesday morning.

"Dear Sir,—Allow me to remind you of to-morrow morning. Doctor Harrison has promised to breakfast with us at nine o'clock to meet you.

"J. Davy."

This was the meeting at which the agreement on my part of assuming to lecture at the Medical School was to be formally settled, as it actually was settled.

From the same to the same (a week later).

"Dear Sir,—I send you the packet you had the goodness to offer to forward to Paris. Not knowing Orfila's address, I have directed it to my friend Monsieur Rainier, who is acquainted with him. To-morrow morning, mercury and its combinations will be the subject of my lecture. If you have any small specimens of the yellow and red iodes to spare which you made, I would venture to petition for them to show my class. The quantity of iodine I have is so small that I cannot afford to make them.

"Believe me, &c.,

"John Davy."

APPENDIX.

Report from Maréchal Comte de Bellegarde to Prince Metternich.

Referred to in page 424.

Le 17 du mois, à l'occasion qu'à Bologne une femme tomba à la promenade publique sous le cheval d'un officier Autrichien, un inconnu en habit de bourgeois s'approcha de l'officier et lui dit, de mauvaise grâce, qu'il n'était pas permit de courir si vite à cheval à une promenade publique, en ajoutant que si cela était arrivé à Londres, le peuple se serait emparé de lui. On en vint à une dispute, qui pour le moment n'eut pas de suite, et qui pour le moment finit par la déclaration que l'inconnu fit, d'être le Sieur Granville, officier Anglais logé à l'auberge de la Ville de Paris. D'après ces notions deux officiers Autrichiens allèrent le chercher peu de temps après à son auberge, et ne le trouvant pas, ils allèrent au spectacle où il était, et ils l'attaquèrent par des propos fort déterminés. La querelle fut alors très-vive, et on en serait venu à une affaire, mais la garde survint et mit aux arrêts le Sieur Granville, qui était tout comme l'après midi sans uniforme. Monsieur le Comte de Strasoldo, Conseiller de l'Intendance Générale des Armées auprès de Monsieur le Général d'Eckhard, jugea à propos de mettre à profit cette circonstance pour s'éclairer sur les menées du Sieur Granville, qui lui avait été indiqué d'ici comme un homme très-suspect, d'après les renseignements donnés par la police ; et il ordonna en conséquence qu'on le soumit le lendemain à un examen, et qu'on saisit tous ses papiers. Il résulta d'après le procès-verbal du dit examen—1°. que le véritable nom est Auguste Bozzi. 2°. qu'il est Milanais. 3°. qu'au lieu d'aller tout droit à Rome, pour où on l'avait muni ici de passeport, sur demande du Général Wilson, il n'était arrivé qu'à Livourne, d'où il avait rebroussé chemin à Bologne, sans faire viser son passeport aucune part, et sans se présenter à Bologne au Commandant de la Place. 4°. que tantôt il se qualifié officier Anglais, tantôt chirurgien dans les flottes de Sa Majesté Britannique, et tantôt simple professeur de médecine. Dans sa chambre à l'auberge on a trouvé 18 lettres cachetées, une Anglaise non terminée, un extrait de registre des francs maçons, des cartes de visite, et un billet de permission pour entrer au Lazaret de Livourne. On a saisi régulièrement tous les papiers, et on en aurait peut-être trouvé de plus intéressant si on n'eut pas permit au Sieur Granville, après l'avoir mis aux arrêts, de rentrer chez lui pour quelques heures. Monsieur de Strasoldo envoya d'abord ici par courrier exprès le procès-verbal et les papiers du Sieur Granville, et demanda des ordres ; mais comme dans l'intervalle le Général Anglais Montresor est arrivé à Bologne, et a déclaré que le Sieur Granville était réellement au service de sa Majesté Britannique, le Général d'Eckhard et Monsieur de Strasoldo ont cru de ne pouvoir pas le retenir plus longtemps, et Granville a été muni de passeport pour venir à Milan, où il est arrivé avant hier au soir. Votre Altesse aura ainsi sous ses yeux tout l'ensemble de cette affaire, et sera à même de prouver au Ministère Anglais toute la régularité de notre manière d'agir vis-à-vis du Sieur Granville, dans le cas de réclamation de sa part. Il vient de demander dans l'instant même qu'on lui rende les papiers qu'on lui a trouvés, et qui sont marqués dans le procès-verbal, et on lui a répondu qu'on les a envoyés à Vienne joints au procès-verbal.—Signé, BELLEGARDE, Feld-Maréchal.

Copie d'une lettre du Prince Metternich à Milord Castlereagh.

(Confidentielle.)

Baden. 18th Août, 1814.

MILORD,—La confiance que je vous porte, milord, m'engage à m'adresser directement à vous, dans une circonstance trop importante pour qu'elle ne doive pas exciter toute notre sollicitude, et par conséquent également celle du gouvernement Anglais. Je vous ajoute des pièces auxquelles nous n'eussions pas attaché la même valeur, si l'individu qu'elles regardent ne se trouvait en des rapports aussi directs avec votre gouvernement. Le Sieur Granville, plutôt Bozzi, né sujet Bolognais, s'est rendu coupable de manœuvres que nous avons surveillées aussi longtemps que la chose a pu se borner raisonnablement à ce fait ; mais les pièces susdites fournissent des preuves tellement évidentes de trames odieuses, que nous devons viser à les déjouer de toute manière. Le Sieur Granville se trouvant en correspondance directe avec le Ministère Anglais, ce dernier court risque d'être induit en erreur par un individu qui se permit tous les mensonges dans le bût incontestable d'arriver à ses fins. Votre Excellence trouve dans les annexes des lettres qui lui sont adressées. Le Général Eckhard a cru devoir les respecter, et il a très-bien fait. Il y en avait une adressée au Sous-Secrétaire d'Etat: celle-ci a été ouverte, parceque Bozzi s'était vanté de la protection que Monsieur Hamilton lui faisait éprouver. L'Empereur m'a ordonné de blâmer en son nom l'ouverture de cette lettre. Votre Excellence la trouvera également parmi les pièces. Elle est sans doute de nature à mériter toute son attention. Tous les faits qu'elle renferme sont faux, ou bien ils ont souffert une fausse interprétation sous la plume du rédacteur. Le langage du Sieur Bozzi est au reste le même que celui de tous ses complices. Les Jacobins Italiens ont prit à tâche de dénigrer les gouvernements et de prêcher le mécontentement des peuples. Il est de fait que les mécontents forment dans ce pays-là la si faible minorité que toute inquiétude est superflue. Les mécontents dans la classe des propriétaires du véritable peuple, le sont en sens inverse de ce que les représentent les Jacobins; ils blâment les gouvernements de ne pas retourner *strictement à l'ancien ordre des choses.* Telles sont les plaintes exclusives qui nous arrivent de toutes les parties des provinces ci-devant Autrichiennes, et qui déjà sont rentrées sous notre administration. Avec le ferment révolutionnaire qu'entretiennent les restes de l'armée Italienne (cette quantité disproportionnée de généraux, d'officiers, et d'employés de toutes genres), ce ferment se trouve soutenu et appuyé par des agents se disant Anglais en abusant de leur caractère. Il n'est pas moins vrai que des désordres partiels et momentanés pourraient avoir lieu. L'Empereur est si convaincu, milord, que les vues de votre gouvernement sont entièrement opposées à ces manœuvres, qu'il m'a ordonné de vous prier de nous soutenir dans nos recherches, et dans nos mesures toutes dirigées dans le sens d'écarter des troubles qui ne feraient que des malheureux. Un des moyens les plus efficaces pour arriver à ce but, est que le gouvernement Anglais surveille les Jacobins Italiens en Angleterre, et qu'il rappelle de l'Italie le Général Lord William Bentinck, qui, malgré les plus pures intentions, a singulièrement favorisé les menées des perturbateurs de l'ordre des choses, qui réclament également le besoin de repos que nous avons tous, et le système d'équilibre politique de l'Europe.

Je désire également, et ce vœu est fondé sur celui d'éviter des compromissions pénibles par la suite, que vous veuillez bien, milord, désigner sous le sceau du secret les individus avoués par vous, et qui pourraient se trouver chargés des commissions en Italie. Ils éprouveront tous les genres de protection, tandis que le gouvernement aura la faculté de sévir contre la foule d'aventuriers qui se compromettent journellement, et qui aussi souvent que l'on veut sévir contre eux prétextent des commissions de votre gouvernement, qu'ils sont

qien loin de pouvoir prouver. Je vous soumets même l'idée, s'il n'y aurait pas un véritable avantage si pour le moment vous placiez près du Gouvernement Général à Milan un agent *sure et accrédité par vous*, qui par ce fait même aurait droit à toute notre confiance, ce qui faciliterait infiniment la marche du gouvernement en contribuant au maintien des meilleurs rapports entre nous.

Je profite, &c., de votre Excellence, &c.,

Très-humble serviteur,

(Signé) METTERNICH.

Copy of the reply from Lord Castlereagh.

(*Private.*)

Verona. 8th October, 1814.

MON PRINCE,—I received the day before yesterday your Highness' letter to me, marked private, of the 18th of August, from Baden, respecting the conduct of a person named Granville or Bozzi, who was arrested at Bologna by the orders of Count Bellegarde on the suspicion of his being a spy, and on whom were found letters directed to Mr. Hamilton, one of the under-Secretaries of State, of a very indiscreet nature. Without entering into any of the circumstances attending his arrest, I take the earliest opportunity in my power to assure you that such a person has never been in the service of the British Government. His history is this, as far as I can learn from Mr. Cooke, the Under-Secretary. He is by birth an Italian, and a surgeon in the British Navy. Mr. Hamilton, my other under-secretary, became acquainted with him long ago, somewhere in the Archipelago, and they travelled together in the Levant. On his coming to London he renewed his acquaintance with Mr. Hamilton, who placed him about his children to teach them Latin and general science. In the last spring he expressed a great wish to visit his aged father, whom he had not seen for the space of twelve years, and asked Mr. Hamilton to facilitate his passage to Italy, who allowed him to be charged with despatches, and desired him to write to him familiarly respecting the general state of affairs. He wrote accordingly two or three letters to Mr. Hamilton, and they all had a tendency to give the same colouring to affairs as is painted in the letter which has been seized. As to sending to your Highness secretly the list of our agents in Italy, I should be most happy to do so if we had any whatsoever, unless his Majesty's consuls can be so designated. As to the other part of your Highness' letter, I will take an early occasion of conversing with you.

I know not in what situation Granville is, or has been since his arrest. His interfering against the violence of an officer, who rode over an aged female in the street without necessity, seems to be a proof of human sensibility, and I think no person who was acting as a spy would have so openly committed himself.

CASTLEREAGH.

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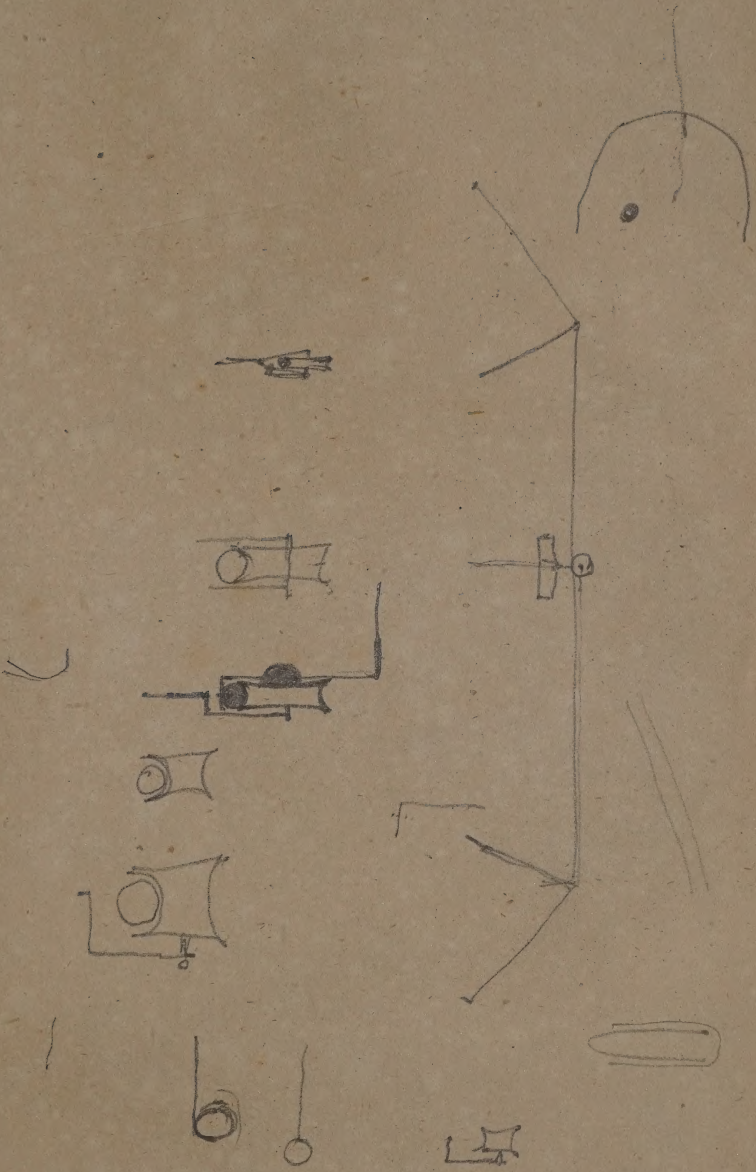

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